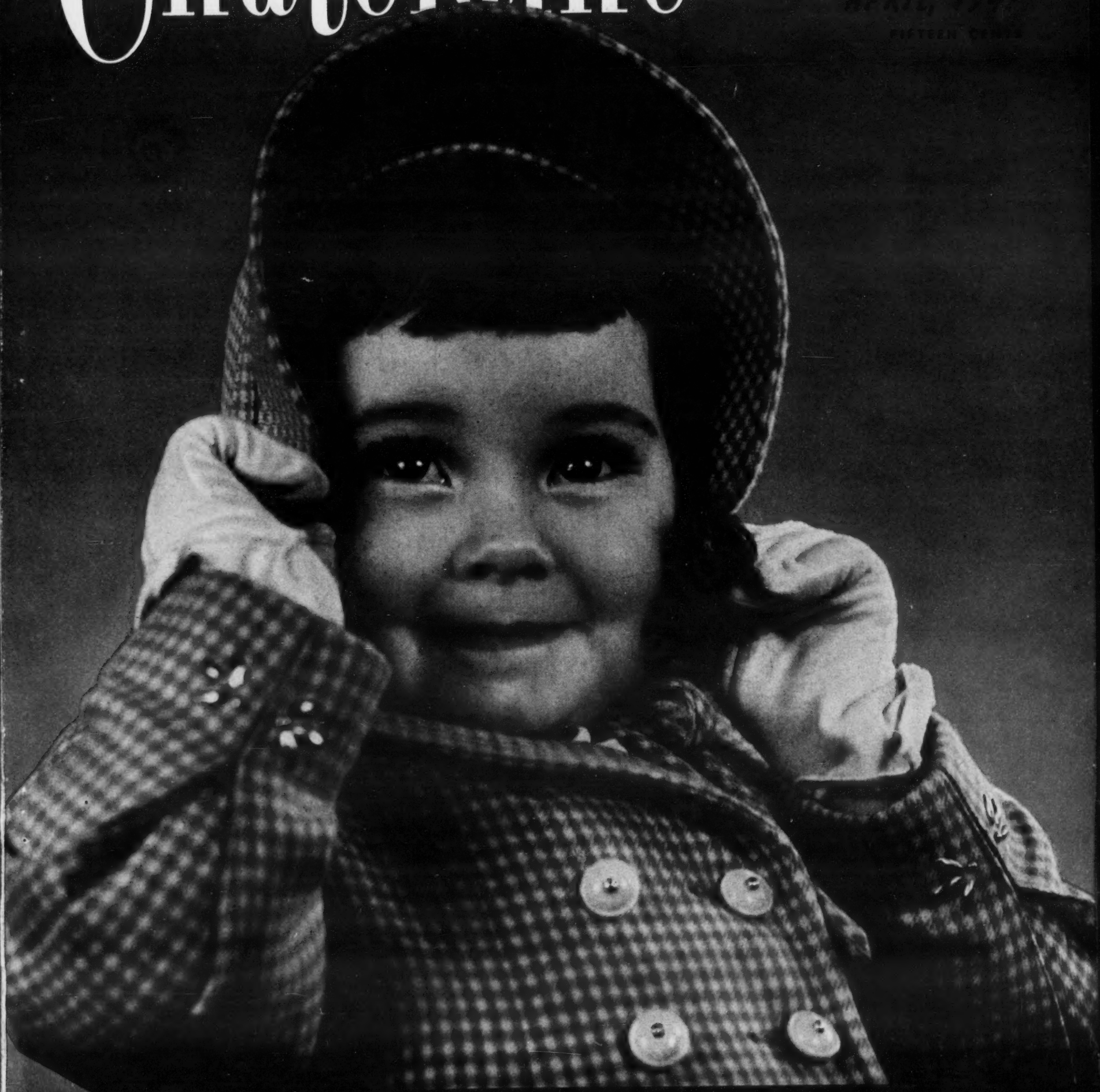
Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

APRIL, 1947

FIFTEEN CENTS



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Race Hatred

- - and you

RACE HATREDS explode suddenly.

We read of them in our newspapers. The ensuing tragedy may be a massacre in Europe, or a lynching in the States. It may be that of a small boy of alien race turned off a public rink in our own home town.

When we read of these things, most of us shake our heads vaguely. It's all too bad, of course, but it's got nothing to do with us.

Are we sure it hasn't?

Back of these public explosions are thousands of unremembered little acts and words, by thousands of thoughtless people. Careless phrases and habits of thought build deep-rooted prejudices, and set the atmosphere for such events.

People are beginning to think about this fact. It has been found, for instance, in a recent university survey, that out of 185 current American short stories, 80% of the "good" characters were of Anglo-Saxon origin.

Almost as large a proportion of the "bad" characters were labelled as belonging to one of the minority groups. Someone "foreign."

Group labels have become a habit in our news columns. Watch them and see. When a white man is arrested the fact that he is white is never noted. If he's a negro, it's included in the story.

Think of any racial group and you'll find that our reading has given us tags for them. Negroes are lazy, Jews wily, the Irish superstitious, the Italians criminal.

This "tagging" goes on subconsciously in our daily thinking. Newsmen and writers are becoming conscious of this fact and are working to eliminate as much of it as possible.

They can lead the way to a greater realization on the part of the rest of us, that we, too, in countless thoughtless ways are building intolerance, misunderstanding and ill will.

Yet each one of us would be certain that what we were striving for continually was tolerance, understanding and good will.

It's particularly important that the women of Canada give some serious thought to this question, in their own minds, their homes, their communities.

We know that one of the tests of true democracy is a tolerance of minorities. We Canadians are a nation of minorities. I found the latest figures on our racial origin startling evidence of this:

	%
British	49.5
French	30.3
German	4.0
Scandinavian	4.2
Russian	.7
Ukrainian	2.6
Italian	.9
All others	7.8

Canada today spells freedom to millions of people. We are a nation noted for our broad tolerance. Are we taking it for granted?

There's so much we can do in every cycle of our life.

Ourselves first: What do we really think? What degree of tolerance have we?

Our families: Have we ever asked children of other nationalities to come to our homes? Are we thoughtlessly building prejudices through careless conversation?

Our clubs and our communities: Are we studying the best thinking of the day on the problem? Do we know what other towns and countries are doing to increase racial understanding? Are our community committees really representative of the people?

The nations of the world can never be truly united until they understand and trust one another. They can only do that working through the communities of the world.

That means your home town. And you.

Byrne Hope Sanders

Chatelaine

VOL. 20 NO. 3.

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BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, C.B.E.
Editor

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Managing Editor

ALMEDA GLASSEY
Associate Editor

ADELE WHITE
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Teen-age Features

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Home Planning

E. CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.
Child Health Clinic

* * *

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Business Manager

NOEL R. BARBOUR
Advertising Manager

G. V. LAUGHTON
Circulation Director

* * *

H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial Director
Maclean-Hunter Publications

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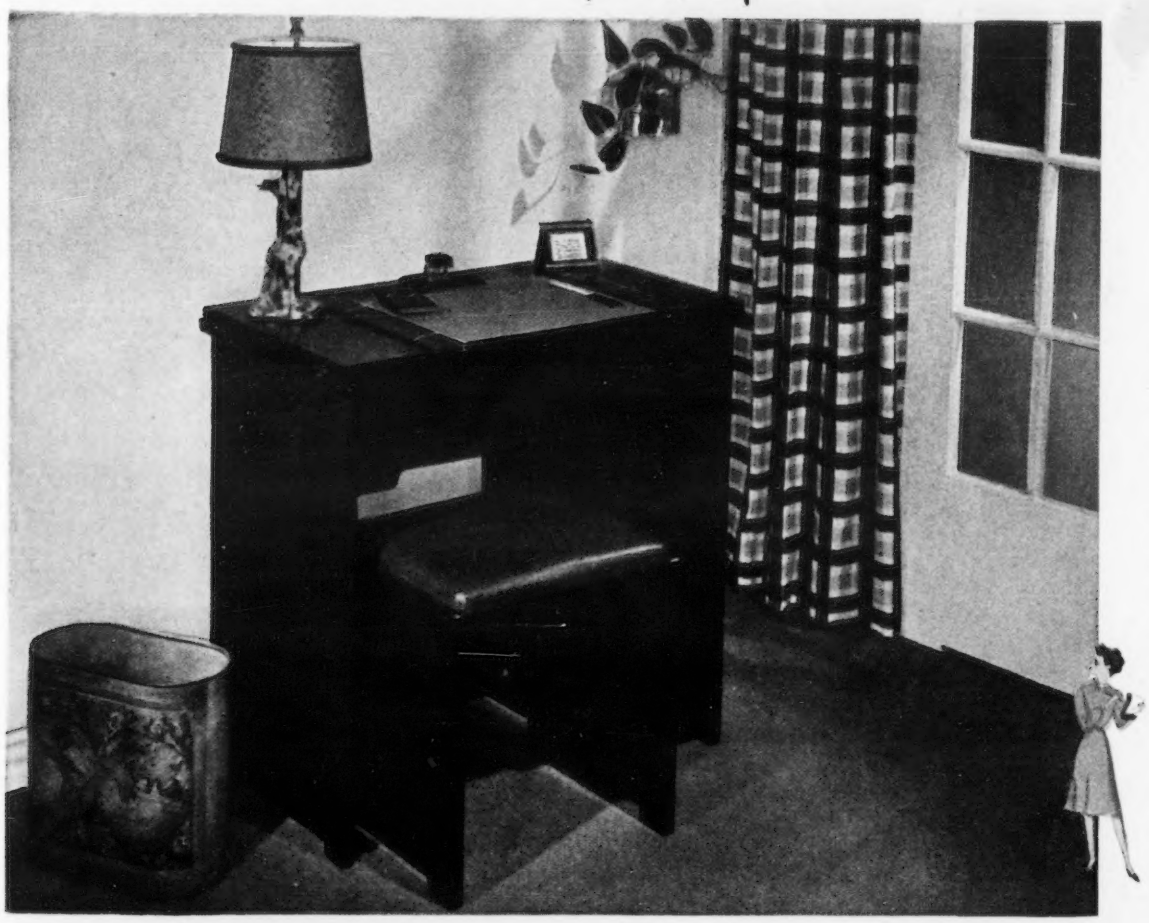

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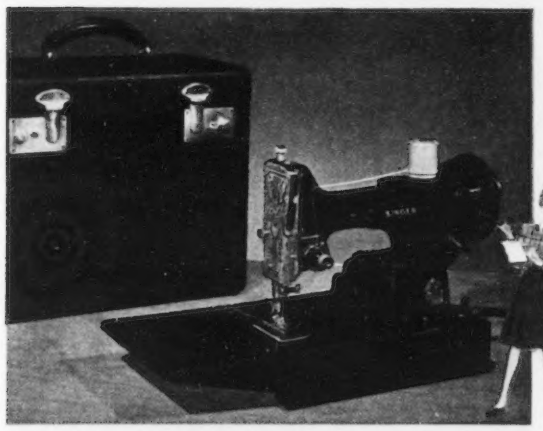

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COMPETITION

VARIETY is the spice of life, and competition is the sauce. Spices and sauces are not essential to good nutrition, but without them our meals would be dull, lacklustre affairs. On the other hand, if we were served *only* sauces and spices, not only would we sadly lack nutritional requirements, but our palates would soon be jaded.

It requires little skill to boil meat, potatoes and vegetables, but it takes skill, artistry and imagination to add the spices and compound the sauces. These, when added with a heavy hand, spoil the feast and ruin digestion.

Variety will be discussed in a future article; here we are interested in competition. Competition is not an essential aspect of human behavior, but can be a thrilling, exciting and satisfying interlude between periods of co-operative enterprise or individual endeavor. It is important, however, to keep in mind that these latter patterns must remain the "meat, potatoes and vegetables" of our civilization if it is to survive.

No more common, and none the less erroneous, opinion prevails than that competition is an instructive and hence inevitable human characteristic. Theories of business management, national fervor, international agreements invariably assume that man is born competitive and—so what? Just because man today behaves, almost universally, competitively does not imply that he is born to do so, or that he must so act. The men in our hemisphere almost universally wear pants, but surely such apparel is not congenital or even biologically compulsory.

Frustration is a Need

A child is born under the necessity of satisfying his basic needs, hunger, thirst, etc. As he grows and develops he envisages certain situations which he *thinks* will satisfy his needs. Thus he learns to desire certain things. His wants thus grow out of his experiences and obviously his wants, desires, goals and wishes outgrow his attainments. This basic frustration is the root of his emotional life. All emotions stem from frustration. Without frustration there would be no intellectual growth. The child is frustrated, strives to overcome this obstacle in order to attain his goal. Thus he learns, he increases his skill, he adds to his repertoire of behavior.

He learns that there is a challenge: in dressing himself, his shoe sticks at the heel; in eating, the food slips off the spoon; in walking, one foot gets in the other's way; in talking, the sounds won't fit into a pattern. In every case he wants something and is frustrated through lack of skill. The more urgent his desire, the more he tries, the more likely he will succeed *and* his accomplishment is enhanced by the effort. This thrill of overcoming obstacles is the one thrill in life that is undying and unending of possibilities and is within everyone's grasp, however large or small the original endowment. The infant and octogenarian, the retarded and bright, the craftsman or the artist can equally enjoy this thrill because it is an intimate part of the self. It requires no social formula for its enjoyment.

However, as the child grows up he finds that other human beings are very exciting as well as comfortable and comforting objects. He does not know, of course, that they are *alive*, any more than he knows that he is. He learns only that they react to him differently than a ball, or a rattle or a toy teddy bear.

Thus when the infant pushes against his mother's arm he meets resistance, a form of frustration. He enjoys this counteraction. Later on with increase in skill he finds he can run away from his mother or father, who playfully run after him. Hide-and-go-seek is a form of frustrating interaction. All parents know that the children get as much fun out of "finding" as "being found" and furthermore that the seeking and the hiding are the thrilling parts of the "game." For this is a game, and only in games is this competition valid or healthy. This form of activity is the "sauce" of life. Too much of it makes for emotional indigestion. Care must be taken that this emotional thrill does not supplant the emotional satisfaction of solving problems without social stimulus.

Competition should be confined entirely to games where the end is never important. The thrill in chess is in frustrating and being frustrated, not in winning. The thrill in any game is to pit one's skill against the *skill* of an opponent, not against the opponent as a person. This, of course, may be considered rank heresy by most of the readers of this article, because they have probably been corrupted by our very customs and traditions which they uphold so strenuously on the one hand and because, on the other hand, they support just as strenuously our Christian ideals which are unutterably opposed to such feral practices as "beating" someone at all costs.

The important satisfaction in games is the play, not the end. The more skill the task demands the more thrilling it is; chess is more satisfying than checkers; bridge more than "Old Maid" or "Snap," and soccer more than push ball.

Competition or Co-operation?

But, and it is a big but, it is inevitable in our communities that our children should early come under the influence of almost universal competition. "You must be head of your class." "Why can't you keep your room tidy, like your brother (or sister)?" "Play your piece at the recital so everyone will think you the best player." "The

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Chamber of Commerce"—"racial superiority" —"the other side of the tracks" —and so on. Is it any wonder that the child soon looks upon every other human being as a potential rival? Brother and sister compete for parental approval; father and mother compete for the children's affection; friends (?) compete for position; nations for favored sites; and so on until it is no wonder the average person looks upon competition as a necessary and inevitable component of modern living, and now the atomic age has caught us hugging our Frankenstein's monster.

Let parents realize that competition is the *sauce* not the *meal* itself. Games are an important form of emotional development. But co-operation in learning, emulation in skills and admiration of the attainment of others—these traits could be as easily learned as the present-day "dog-eat-dog" behavior.

Let education desist from grading students, setting up arbitrary and artificial goals in the form of prizes, gold stars, or futile "honors" and the children will soon find the thrill in solving problems, the joy in skilful accomplishment and the harmony of common interests.

Let the children, while young, still enjoy the thrill of controlled (by rules) frustration on the playing fields and courts, but let us not prostitute their emotional lives by urging the necessity of beating somebody the whole 24 hours of the day.

How can one ever attain even occasional serenity if one is constantly worried about living in a city whose sewage disposal facilities are not as accommodating as those of a rival city? Or whose skyscraper is still three stones lower than another's?

On Sunday your child will hear "The meek shall inherit the earth," but not from Monday to Saturday! ✚

Child Health Clinic

Continued from page 109

infection may spread up to the middle ear. Your physician can best advise you on these questions and if he recommends that your child's tonsils and adenoids be removed you would be very foolish not to agree to have it done.

Your Question Box

Question: I am writing to you for advice regarding my children's hair. These little girls, ages 3½, 5 and 6 years, have quite dry skin.

I thought I would give the oldest one a mild permanent and let it grow into pigtails as it is quite thick. Would you recommend that or would the permanent be harmful? What shampoo or hair treatment, diet, etc., do you recommend for the younger two?—Mrs. A. E. R., British Columbia.

Answer: So far as I know, castile soap should be quite suitable for washing the hair. In regard to a permanent wave for your little daughter of six, I do not think that would cause any trouble.

I would suggest that you give the children one regular daily dose of fish-liver oil. (It would be best to check with your physician before you do this.) The extra vitamin A in this fish-liver oil would possibly reduce the dryness of the skin. Plenty of yellow and green leafy vegetables would increase the intake of this vitamin, as would also the use of liver—say once a week at least. ✚

"You're not s'posed to enjoy this ride, mom!"

BABY: This may not be any joy ride for you, Mom—now that *you're* being *me* for a day!

MOM: Joy ride! I should say it isn't! Wriggling around in these straps makes my skin so uncomfortable I could *howl!*

BABY: I hoped you'd get to see it my way, Mom! *Now* maybe you see why you ought to keep my skin protected with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Write your own ticket, lamb! But tell me now, why do you need *both?*

BABY: That's a cinch, Mommie. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil to smooth me over after my bath. And more of the same at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

Other times, Mom, lots of soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to chase chafes and prickles and keep me purring!

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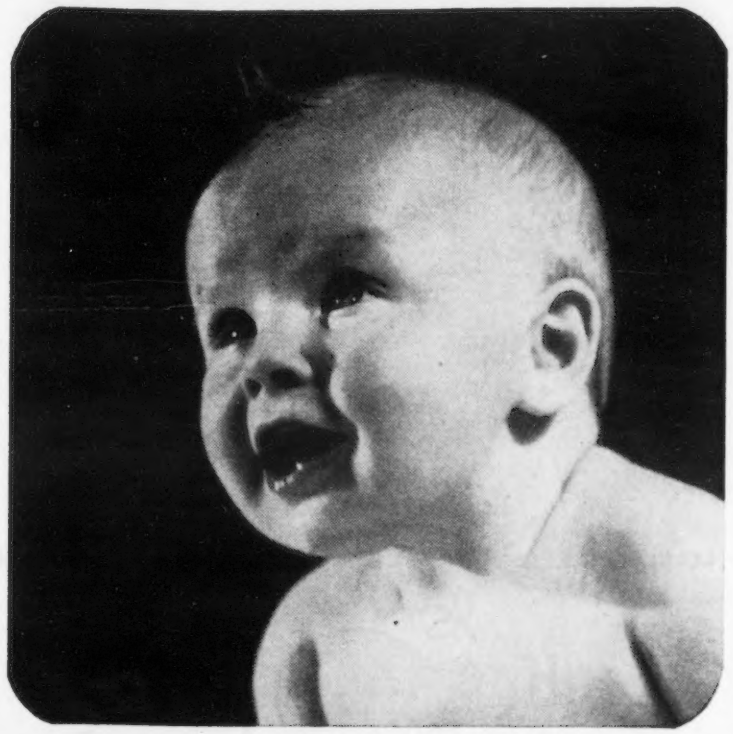

Ears and Hearing

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

MOST MOTHERS are anxious to know how they should look after their babies' ears. Actually the only thing necessary is to keep the visible ear and the outer part of the external canal or opening clean, but this should be done with care. Do not use absorbent cotton wound around toothpicks or matches to clean the canal, because of the great danger of injuring the delicate tissues. A good way to make an applicator for cleaning out the ear is as follows: Pull out a thin piece of absorbent cotton until it is about two inches square. Lay a toothpick with its point in the centre of the cotton. Then roll the cotton tightly around the pointed end of the toothpick and pull the toothpick out. What you end up with is a narrow cone of absorbent cotton about two and one half inches long. Moisten this with cool or cold boracic acid solution (one heaping teaspoonful to a glass of boiling water) and gently clean out the outer ear and the opening of the canal. The damp cotton is very soft and if you follow these directions, you will not injure the outer ear. In older children a little olive oil or mineral oil on absorbent cotton is a great help in cleaning out the outer ear and the folds behind the ear. Rub off any surplus oil with a piece of dry cotton. This method reduces considerably the amount of rubbing needed and therefore makes it a much more pleasant process for the child.

Not infrequently little children shove beans, peas or other small objects into their ears. Don't try to poke them out yourself as the chances are ten to one that you'll only push them in farther. Above all, don't try to syringe them out with water because beans or peas swell when they are wet, which of course makes their removal more difficult. You should take your child to your physician to have the foreign body removed.

The lining of the outer canal produces wax which serves to waterproof it. Sometimes it forms in excessive amount and gathers in a lump on the eardrum, which is a tough little membrane that completely separates, in a normal ear, the external canal from the middle ear. Such a lump of wax may cause partial deafness. An ear specialist always examines the eardrum when there is ear trouble, and if he sees a large amount of wax he will likely prescribe a solution to be dropped into the outer canal for some days. Then he will probably have the softened wax syringed out. It is very rare for any infections to occur in the outer canal. Despite the popular belief to the contrary, infections of the ear do not come down the external canal from the outside. They originate in the throat and come up the Eustachian canal, which connects the middle ear with the throat.

On the inner side of the eardrum is the middle ear. It is a little box-shaped cavity about the size of a large pea. Arching across the top of this chambes is a little chain of three tiny boner which connect the eardrum on the outer side with the inner ear on the inside. If these little bones are damaged by an infection, the hearing is not as good as it should be.

The lining of the throat is continuous

"Bobby's just too good!"

JANET POWER
Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

"THIS may sound queer, Mrs. Power, but my little boy is just *too well-behaved.* I read letters to you from other mothers about the problems they have. And I'm beginning to get worried because I have NO PROBLEMS with Bobby. He's 10 years old and I *have* brought him up carefully, taught him to be good—but now I'm beginning to wonder whether he may be REPRESSED, or something. He's a *real boy,* good at sports and popular with the other children—and yet he's polite and obedient, truthful too. Could I be worrying needlessly?"

Well, Mother, indeed I DO think you're worrying needlessly! But it's so unusual to get a letter like this, I wanted to share it with other mothers.

You see, I think you have done a very good job of rearing young Bobby—if he manages to combine the *good habits* you've taught him . . . with those *'real boy' characteristics* he needs!

You mention in another part of your letter that Bobby occasionally gets into a bit of youngster-mischief—but that he "owns up" about it right away and takes your corrections with *very good grace.* Well it sounds to me as though Bobby is a QUITE NORMAL BOY and you should stop your worrying. There's a good deal of talk these days about childhood repressions and psychoses—perhaps too much talk, if mothers worry about a child who IS good!

So if I were you, Mother, I'd be thankful to have a son who gives little trouble—just let him go on the way he is and continue with your own good training!

Breakfast-Time Blues

So many children object to their breakfast . . . fuss with their food . . . that this meal often ends up as an unpleasant start to the day. If this happens in *your* home with *your* children, remember that this morning gloom can often be brightened up by serving kiddies a cereal that's amusing AND attractive. Have the kiddies listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop that Rice Krispies make in milk or cream. They'll forget to fuss—and they'll be back for more Rice Krispies! Rice Krispies is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Janet Power

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-25, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay $5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My child likes the dentist"
writes Mrs. Ellis

"To spare my child terror of the dentist, I always took her with me whenever I had to go. She watched as 'Mummy's toof's' were attended to. So she accepted the idea of dentist offices and the sound of the drill. In fact, she insisted on playing this 'game' too. Thus, when the child received her first filling she went through the experience with complete composure."

with the lining of the Eustachian canal. When, in a case of tonsillitis or sore throat, the throat is red and swollen, the lining of the Eustachian canal may become similarly affected. Sometimes the germs causing the trouble spread up into the middle ear where they cause an infection or even produce an abscess. This is more apt to happen in babies than in older children, as the Eustachian canal is shorter and wider in babies. This is one reason why you should never let anyone with a cold, sore throat, tonsillitis, bronchitis or flu go near your baby, and why you should not take him into crowded places. Keeping him in the best of condition physically and suitably clad will also reduce the chances of his catching colds.

An infection of the middle ear causes earache. If a baby with a cold starts to scream and will not stop, no matter what you do to help him, it is likely that he has an earache. He will probably be restless and feverish as well. Older babies sometimes pull the sore ear, and children of course can tell you where the trouble is. If your child has an earache you should consult your doctor, but (please!) avoid calling him in the middle of the night unless it is very severe. Laying a hot-water bottle under the sore ear will at least temporarily lessen the pain in the case of an older child. By using a small funnel-shaped speculum and a bright light, your physician can see the eardrum, and from its appearance and shape he can tell a good deal about the infection on the other side of it. If it is evidently an abscess that would be better drained, he can make a small opening in the proper place in the eardrum, which will allow the matter to run out, but which will not interfere with hearing later on. Sometimes the abscess ruptures the eardrum or injures the tiny bones. As a result of the latter, the child may become partially deaf. Another unfortunate sequel to middle ear infections—and this occurs more often when they are neglected—is the spread of the infection into the mastoid region. This usually can be cured only by operation. For this and other reasons ear infections are dangerous and should never be neglected. It is surprising how casually many mothers look upon running ears. This is quite wrong and this condition should never be treated lightly or ignored.

The inner ear which is enclosed in bone is even more complicated than the parts already described. Deafness can be due to a variety of causes and if your child has defective hearing it should be promptly investigated, because it can be much more effectively treated in the early stages. Anyone with normal ears should be able to hear a loud-ticking watch held four feet from his head, or the quiet talking of a person 20 feet away, who is standing so that his mouth cannot be seen. A surprising number of school children, about four per cent of them in fact, have defective hearing.

The adenoids are situated very close to the point where the Eustachian canal opens into the throat. Sometimes the adenoids are so large that they block this opening and this causes partial deafness. In this case the removal of the adenoids relieves the trouble. Tonsils that become infected and sore frequently are also a potential danger, because the

✦ *Continued on page 111*

YOU CAN'T AFFORD
To Be Without This Book!

IN AN EMERGENCY IT MAY WELL SAVE A LIFE!

Suppose illness or accident were to strike suddenly in your home — would you know what to do until the doctor arrives? If your child complained of pains in the side, would you dose him with medicine? What would you do if a member of your family inadvertently took the wrong pills and you suddenly realized they were poison?

Never before has it been so vitally necessary that every home should possess an absolutely reliable medical reference book that tells you exactly what to do in an emergency . . . a book that discards professional wording and presents the facts in *clear, easy-to-understand language.* You can never tell when you may be called upon to handle an emergency yourself — without any help — until the doctor arrives. Let this wonderful book assist and advise you. At the unusually low price of only $2.50 postpaid, it should be in every Canadian home. Countless homes have already purchased this book and every mail brings testimonials to its value. Mr. F. M. of Montreal, says: *"Am delighted with EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR. I can say without any hesitation that it is everything it is advertised to be. Definitely a BARGAIN."* A Canadian medical authority comments, *"EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR is modern and quite reliable."*

KNOW YOUR BODY — BE HAPPY!

See how your body is made—what makes it work—where warning pains occur. Your copy of **EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR** will bring you **two** full-color body charts which explain the intricacies of the human body. By consulting this book you will be able to recognize and understand warning symptoms . . . where ignorance might cause delay and aggravate the complaint. Special attention is given to the proper first-aid treatment to render in emergencies.

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576 PAGES

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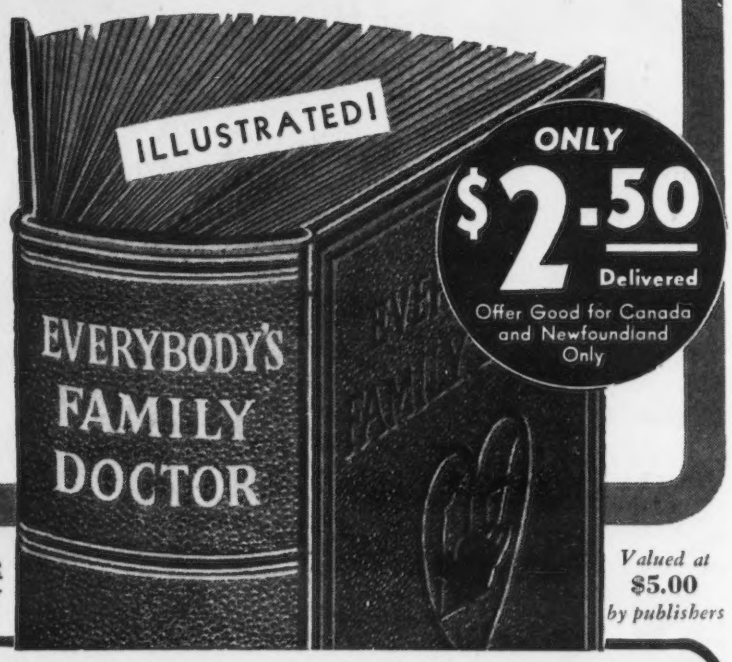

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ately deposit in the bank the balance to cover future needs—those occasional expenditures which you have estimated.

You will need to keep a record of these future purchases so that you will not spend more than your budget allows. Likely you have your own method of doing this. If not, an easy one is to take a notebook and set aside a few pages for each separate grouping: shelter, clothing, health, etc. At the beginning of each section, list in detail the articles, with prices, which have gone into your budget, and the total. Before you buy anything make certain that it appears in your budget and see how much has been allowed for it. On a left-hand page enter each week the amount you deposit to cover items in this class. Then on a right-hand page put down your purchases as they are made. If you keep these pages totalled, you can see at any time how you stand.

A similar method may be used to keep track of regular expenses. Or you may just put the money for each group into a separate envelope—one envelope for food, one for household operation, etc. When you shop use the money out of the proper envelope and you will be able to tell at any time how much is left. Put accounts into the envelope or jot down how the money is spent, so that you will know where it has gone.

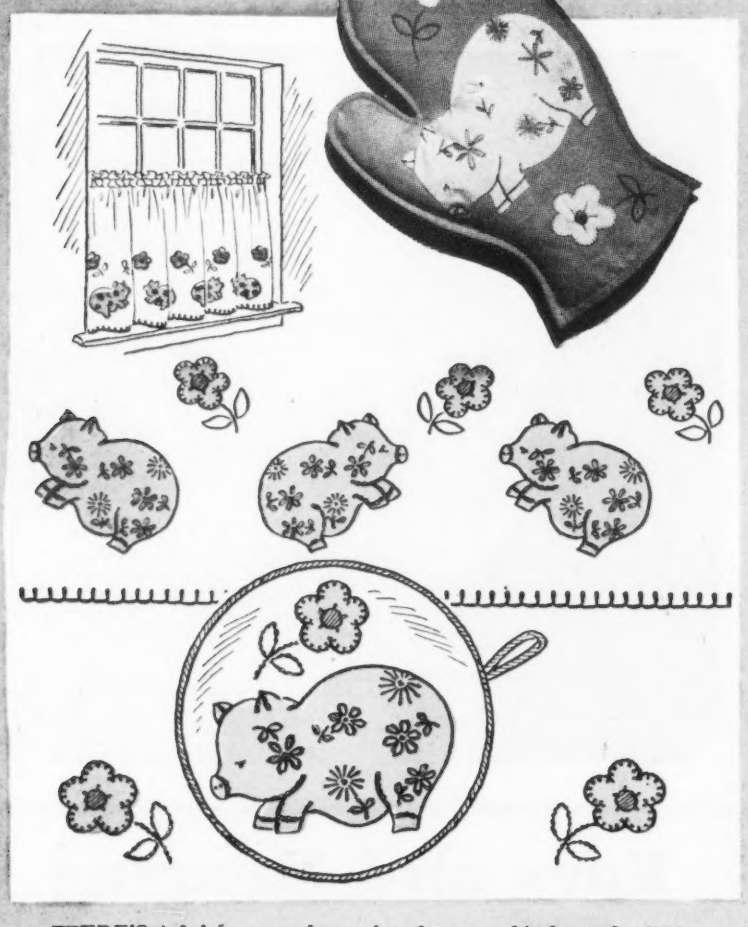
BUT TO prepare a budget and to keep records is only the beginning. Your budget is merely the pattern to guide you in the job of controlling your finances. Before you can make your dollars do the most for you, you will have to master the art of shopping, know what, how, when and where to buy. You will have to learn the general principles of proper nutrition, what to eat to be healthy. Of course you know how to cook, but you will have to learn how to prepare appetizing and healthful meals at lower cost. You will have to select clothes more carefully; perhaps learn to make some of them. You will study home furnishing and decorating to make your home attractive and gay with less money. You will look for simpler, less expensive and more satisfying pleasures. You will learn how to care for your possessions so that they will last longer.

All this sounds like a lot of work. It is. Indeed, it is an important part of your lifetime career—homemaking. But honest effort usually brings its own reward. Ask any woman who has stuck to the task of reducing if it was worth all the effort. She will tell you that she has been more than repaid, that it is now a pleasure to look into the mirror and a simple matter to find clothes to fit. Not only does she look better but she feels better. Moreover, to her surprise, she discovers that she enjoys the diet which at first seemed such a hardship. No longer does she want to eat between meals. Rich and stodgy food offers no temptation.

So, too, you will be well repaid if you stick to the task of making your budget work. Your reward will be limited only by the amount of time and effort you put into the job. When you master your finances you find a sense of security and stability, for you know that you are in a better position to cope with whatever may come. You secure a higher standard of living for you can buy things you couldn't afford before. And you gain a new and absorbing interest. There is no deeper satisfaction than that which comes with achievement. ✚

GOTHAM HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED,
SALES OFFICES
DOMINION SQUARE BUILDING
MONTREAL, CANADA

Kitchen Wear

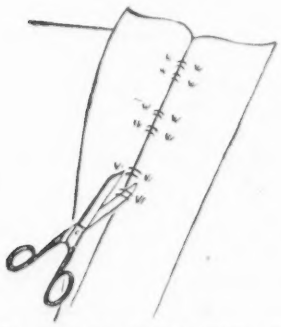


HERE'S A bright new decoration for your kitchen: the little pig that stayed home (done up in tiny embroidered sprigs) and five-petalled blossoms, all to be worked in appliqué. The two motifs are combined in the sketch for kitchen curtains, mitts and holder, but can be used separately if desired — and on tea towels, bathroom curtains, etc., indeed wherever there's a spot to be cheered up with amusing and colorful appliqués!

Instructions for making (including measurements for potholder, diagram for mitts, and the two applique motifs) may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S161, Price 10c.

How to Make a Dress

Continued from page 75



To complete tailor's tacks, remove pattern, then separate material and clip thread in centre.

The fitting problem has been solved for the woman who sews alone—and fits herself. The trick is to anchor your dress to your body before starting your actual fitting.

How is it done? Well, after you've slipped into your dress, the first thing you do is stand erect, and fasten your dress at the waistline closing; then straighten the seams, also see that your shoulder pads are in place, otherwise your blouse will not hang properly. The next thing is to pin your skirt to your foundation garment in the centre front up near your waist, then put another pin about seven inches below this. Be sure both pins are caught securely in your foundation garment. Now stand up straight again, and put both hands behind your back and pin your skirt in the back exactly as you did in the front.

By fastening your dress to your figure like this, you can reach for the pins without danger of its slipping out of place, and, besides, you'll get a more accurate fitting.

These few hints should help to get you off to a good start on that new spring dress. Actually, the whole thing in a nutshell is:

1. Buy your pattern according to your bust measurement.
2. Place your pattern on the straight grain of your goods.
3. Cut with care, and don't ignore the notches.
4. Fit your dress with plenty of ease, if you want it to wear a long time—and who doesn't these days! ✚

"Sunnivale"

HAND WASHABLES

"QUALITY-CONTROL" TESTED!

STYLE

"Sunnivale" — the famous spun rayon fabric, known to every woman that sews — is a perfect medium for Summer fashions such as "Simplicity" pattern shown.

FABRIC

"Sunnivale" is a crease-resisting spun rayon fabric made by Dominion-Burlington, noted for picturesque colours and prints.

FEATURE

"Sunnivale" now adds a new laurel to its crown — it's been proved *Hand Washable* under Courtaulds "Quality-Control" Plan. That means the entire range of colours was proven fast to light, hand washing, crocking, perspiration and hot pressing! To *keep* these colours fresh we suggest you wash by hand with gentle "Lux".

"Sunnivale" is sold at these and other leading stores across Canada.

Hudson's Bay Company, Vancouver, B.C.
Hudson's Bay Company, Calgary, Alta.
R. Williams & Sons Ltd., Regina, Sask.
Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Man.
Robert Simpson Company, Ltd., Toronto Ont., Montreal, P.Q., Halifax, N.S.
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Veto CHECKS.. PERSPIRATION

says Gertrude Scott Director, Arthur Murray School of Dancing Toronto

"As director of a dancing studio, it's absolutely necessary that my teachers be ultra-fastidious, therefore, the regular use of a deodorant is a 'must'. I find Colgate's Veto stops perspiration odor and checks perspiration better than any other deodorant. Veto is so easy to use — rubs in completely . . . in a jiffy."

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Approved Safe for Fabrics.

STAYS MOIST IN JAR

Never Gritty or Grainy!

Protein Without Meat

Continued from page 97

2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
1 Cupful of chopped onion
¼ Cupful of flour
1 Cupful of milk
1 Cupful of liquid from fish
2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
½ Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of pepper

Simmer the fish for about 20 minutes in one quart of boiling water, with 2 slices of onion, 2 teaspoonfuls of peppercorns, 1 bay leaf and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Drain the fish and flake coarsely. Save the liquid. Arrange fish, carrots and sliced eggs in a greased casserole. Heat the dripping, add the green pepper and onion and cook slowly till tender. Blend in the flour, add the milk and a cupful of liquid from the fish. Stir constantly until thickened. Add the lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and seasonings. Pour over casserole ingredients. Top with plain or bran pastry and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 30 minutes or until the crust is lightly browned. Nine servings.

Stuffed Eggs on Noodles

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

6 Hard-cooked eggs
1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
1 Teaspoonful of chopped onion
¼ Cupful of mayonnaise or salad dressing
4 Tablespoonfuls of butter or shortening
5 Tablespoonfuls of flour
2 Cupfuls of milk
Salt and pepper
½ Pound of processed cheese
6 Ounces of noodles, cooked and drained
¾ Cupful of soft bread crumbs

Cut the eggs in half lengthwise. Remove the yolks, mash and combine with the parsley, onion and mayonnaise. Fill the whites. Melt the butter in a double boiler, blend in the flour and add the milk slowly. Cook until thickened and smooth, stirring constantly. Add the salt, pepper and cheese and stir until the cheese is melted. Add half the sauce to the noodles and place in a greased baking dish. Arrange the stuffed eggs on top and cover with the remaining sauce. Sprinkle the crumbs around the edge and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until brown—about 20 minutes. Six to eight servings.

Foamy Tomato Omelet

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Cupful of tomato juice
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper
½ Teaspoonful of grated onion
4 Eggs, separated

Melt the butter in a double boiler, add the flour and blend well. Gradually add the tomato juice and cook until thickened and smooth, stirring constantly. Add the salt, pepper and onion. Cool. Stir into the beaten egg yolks and beat well. Beat the egg whites until they stand in soft peaks, then fold into the yolk mixture. Cook in a frying pan until the bottom is set and browned. Transfer to a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) and continue cooking until the whole omelet is set—15 to 20 minutes. If desired, serve folded over a savory sauce, string beans, macedoine of vegetables or fried mushrooms. Four servings.

Crispy Baked Eggs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Cupfuls of corn flakes
1 Tablespoonful of melted butter or mild dripping
6 Eggs
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine the corn flakes and the butter, tossing lightly with a fork. Place the corn flakes in six well-greased muffin pans or custard cups, pressing lightly to form nests. Break each egg into a saucer, then slip into a nest. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. If desired, top with a little grated cheese. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) until the whites are set, about 20 minutes. To serve, loosen carefully with a knife or spatula and lift onto a heated serving plate. These may be served with tomato sauce or mustard relish. Six servings.

Souffle Supreme

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1½ Cupfuls of milk
1 Teaspoonful of salt
Dash of cayenne
½ Pound of processed cheese, sliced
6 Eggs, separated

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler and blend in the flour. Stir in the milk slowly, then add the salt and cayenne. Cook until the sauce is thickened and smooth, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat, add the cheese and stir frequently until it is melted. Beat the egg yolks and stir in a little of the cheese sauce, then return to the double boiler and mix well. Cool to room temperature. Beat the egg whites until they stand in soft peaks and fold into the cheese mixture. Pour into a greased casserole, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) for 1¼ hours. Serve at once. Six to eight servings.

Tomato and Relish Sandwiches With Cheese Topping

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

6 Slices of toast
Prepared mustard
⅓ Cupful of chopped onion
⅓ Cupful of chopped green pepper or green pickle
6 Slices of tomato
½ Pound of processed cheese

Spread the toast with prepared mustard. Combine the onion and green pepper or pickle and sprinkle over the toast. On this place a slice of tomato and season with salt and pepper. Cover with slices of cheese and place under low broiler heat until the cheese has melted. Six servings.

Cheese and Bean Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Cupfuls of cooked dried beans
8 Ounces of processed cheese
4 Cupfuls of corn flakes, slightly crushed
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of thyme
3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
½ Cupful of milk
2 Eggs, slightly beaten

Mash the beans and combine with the cheese. Stir in the remaining ingredients and pack into a well-greased loaf pan (4½ x 9 inches). Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 45 minutes. Let stand for 5 minutes then turn out on a heated platter. Serve with creole or Spanish sauce. Eight servings.

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CIRCLE BAR HOSIERY

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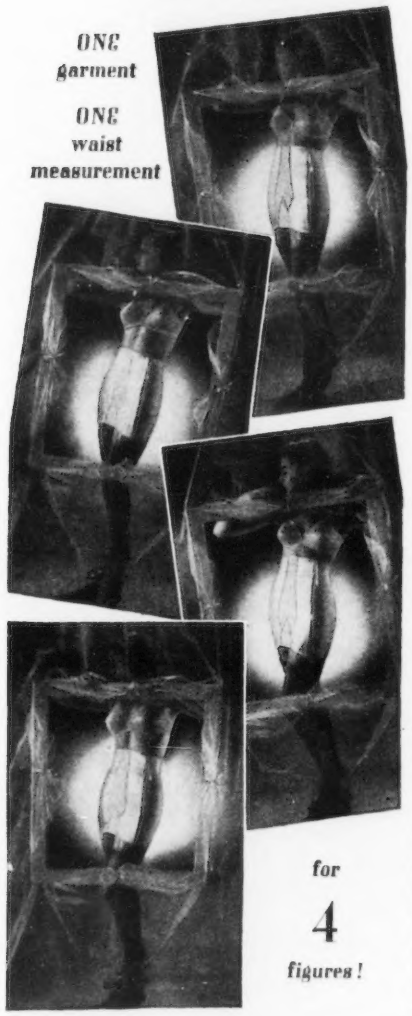
Four in One

New Proportioned Girdles



Short? Tall? Slim? "Hippy"? Which are your proportions?

Just as varied cup sizes in each bust measurement solved the problem of correct, comfortable fit in brassieres, so do the new "proportioned" girdles give control with comfort at and below the waistline. No more time-wasting fitting and alterations! From three simple measurements—waist, hip and length—your *corsetiere* can now supply you with the correct garment for *your* proportions. Try a Nature's Rival *bra*, also, to complete your comfort.

NATURE'S RIVAL*
BY
Parisian
CORSET MFG. CO. LTD.

Master Your Finances

Continued from page 89

What can you do about it? Frankly there is no simple or speedy remedy. Balancing a budget is a lot like reducing. There is no quick easy way to take off surplus pounds, no sure-fire method to make you slender and willowy in no time at all. To reduce, you go on a diet. No longer do you eat whatever takes your fancy. You start to count calories. You stop nibbling between meals. You deny yourself afternoon teas and midnight feasts.

Likewise there is no simple way to cut off excess expenditures. When you have a budget, no longer do you buy whatever takes your fancy or let your money dribble through your fingers. You become critical of what you get for your dollar. You watch your nickels and dimes and make them give you something worth while. In just such a discriminating attitude, go through the list of all your expenditures. At a glance you will see some foolish or careless purchases. Study each item carefully. Is it really necessary? If not, weed it out. Can you afford the amount you paid for it? If not, prune it. Take a bit off here, and a bit off there, until gradually you have brought your total expenditures within your income.

NOW BEFORE your budget is ready, you need to check to see that your expenditures are wisely distributed. Once more let us look to the body for an illustration. You may not be one of those who are troubled by overweight, but nevertheless when you try on a dress you find that you bulge in all the wrong places. You may be too large in one spot and not big enough in another. To iron out the offending bulges and to tone up and develop flaccid muscles takes time and effort. Morning and night, day after day, week after week, month after month you exercise, you roll, stretch, bend, twist and kick.

A budget may have exactly the same weakness. Your total expenses may be well within your income but still your spending may bulge in the wrong places, more may be going for one item than it is worth, and then you may be skimping on something which is essential. As the wants and desires of no two families are the same, there is no yardstick which shows exactly the percentage of family income which should go for each item. Usually from 20% to 30% of income goes for food, depending upon size of income, size of family, etc. Of course, the smaller the income, the larger the percentage of it must go for food. It is considered that shelter costs, including fuel and light, should take about 20% to 25% of income. Savings should be at least another 10% and a reserve for unforeseen expenses should be about 3%. First see that your budget provides adequately for the necessities, those items which bring most lasting benefit. Then put in what comforts you can afford and, last of all, take care of luxuries and those things which give only fleeting enjoyment.

ONCE YOUR budget is made, how can you keep track of everything? When the pay envelope is received, take out enough to cover the things you must buy before next payday. Then, as nothing causes buying itch so quickly as a roll of bills in the pocketbook, immedi-

New baby! New budget!

"I can just imagine the look on Hugh's face when the nurse told him it was a boy," said the beaming grandmother.

"You have no idea," said Blanche. "When little Winnie was born, he seemed almost afraid of her — handled her like a china doll. But a boy . . . that's different! Peter is only a few months old, but Hugh is wondering already what he will be when he grows up."

"It wouldn't do Hugh any harm to take things more seriously."

"He is, mother. Right away he said to me: 'New baby! New budget!' He's figuring how we can cut down on luxuries. 'There are three of you to provide for, now,' he said. Yesterday he arranged for a medical examination, and he's been talking to his insurance man about a policy that will take care of little Peter's education. A boy in the family has got him thinking."

Life Insurance

Woman's Way to Independence

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their agents.

You (AND A MILLION OTHER WOMEN) will cheer these

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...and everything you cook is simply wonderful!

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MONTREAL 30, QUEBEC

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RHUBARB

herald of Spring

By JACQUELINE ROY

Welcome as the first robin, rhubarb brings a tangy foretaste of another season to March menus. In pie it needs no introduction, but you'll like it too in these new and unusual puddings.

YES, IT'LL cost you something in sugar, but it's worth it! For rhubarb (though it's actually a perennial vegetable) is recognized as the first fruit of the season on Canadian tables, and its annual debut does something for the spirit as well as the appetite.

Some strange folk like to munch it raw, in the manner of celery, but the general run of us want it properly sweetened, stewed or baked until tender. Wonderful in pie, of course, especially when you use egg for a thickener; good in jellied rhubarb snow, or warm from the oven in upside-down cakes, or in these new puddings that are easy to make and remarkably light on the sugar supply.

Spanish Rhubarb Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Cupfuls of diced rhubarb
½ Cupful of sugar
½ Cupful of water
1 Teaspoonful of grated orange rind
2 Eggs, separated
½ Cupful of cooky or cake crumbs
4 Tablespoonfuls of fine granulated sugar

Combine the rhubarb, sugar and water and cook gently for two minutes. Add the orange rind and cool slightly. Beat the egg yolks and stir the rhubarb slowly into them. Add the cooky crumbs. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Beat the egg whites until they form soft peaks, sprinkle the fine sugar over the top, a tablespoonful at a time, beating between each addition. When the meringue is stiff, spread lightly over the top of the pudding and continue baking at 325 deg. F. for about 15 minutes longer or until the meringue is golden brown. Serve hot or cold. Six to eight servings.

Rhubarb Betty

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

4 Cupfuls of diced rhubarb
½ Cupful of sugar
1½ Cupfuls of rolled graham wafer crumbs
¼ Cupful of butter or shortening, melted
½ Cupful of corn syrup
¼ Cupful of hot water
¼ Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the diced rhubarb with the sugar and let stand while preparing the remaining ingredients. Combine the rolled graham wafer crumbs with the melted butter. Mix the corn syrup, hot water and salt. Put a layer of the

MRS. RICHARD T. DARBY, MONTREAL, SAYS

THIS POTROAST SEASONED WITH MUSTARD APPEALS TO THE MEN

"We are fond of well-seasoned food. This recipe for pot roast is one of my favorites, good hot or cold and always economical."

POT ROAST

Take about 3 lbs. beef, dredged in flour. Put this in pot with 3 tbsps. fat. Brown it well on both sides. Add 3 onions (cut up if desired), 1 green pepper, 1 tsp. dry mustard, pinch of thyme, pinch of curry, pinch of marjoram, a little celery, ½ cup water. Cover tightly. Simmer for two or three hours, turning it once.

Write to Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for your copy of our new recipe book, "Culinary Art". It will give you many novel and interesting ideas for delightful dishes. 31B

KEEN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD

"Oh, see what Dickie can do!"

The canary is such a clever little pet—no wonder children love this songster so! And, mother, the canary is easy to look after . . . just be sure he gets a balanced diet of BROCK'S BIRD SEED to keep happy and singing.

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Keep them singing with

BROCK'S BIRD SEED

sugared rhubarb in a greased baking dish, cover with a layer of buttered crumbs and pour a little syrup mixture over the crumbs. Repeat the layers until the ingredients are all used, having a layer of the crumbs on the top. Cover and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Remove the cover and continue cooking for half an hour or until the rhubarb is tender. Six to eight servings.

Rhubarb and Pineapple Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of diced rhubarb
1 Cupful of shredded pineapple, fresh or canned
½ Cupful of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
⅓ Cupful of sugar
1 Egg, well beaten
1 Cupful of pastry flour
2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
Pinch of salt
¼ Cupful of milk

Combine the rhubarb, pineapple and ½ cupful of sugar and spread over the bottom of a greased baking dish. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. Cream the butter and remaining sugar together, add the egg and beat thoroughly. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Pour over the hot fruit and continue baking for about 35 minutes. Four to five servings.

Rhubarb Shortcake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Cupfuls of diced rhubarb
¾ Cupful of sugar
1 Teaspoonful of grated orange rind
2 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
¼ Cupful of shortening
½ Cupful of sugar
½ Teaspoonful of true vanilla flavoring
1 Egg, unbeaten
1 Cupful of pastry flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
¼ Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the rhubarb, sugar, orange rind and orange juice, stir well, and let stand for 10 minutes. Simmer gently until tender and pour into a greased 1½-quart baking dish. Cream the shortening, ½ cupful of sugar and vanilla together until fluffy, add the egg and beat until light. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt, then combine with creamed mixture. This makes quite a stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls on top of the rhubarb. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes or until done. Eight servings.

Rhubarb Prune Pie

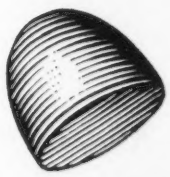
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1¼ Cupfuls of diced rhubarb
1 Cupful of stewed prunes
⅔ Cupful of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1 Egg, well beaten
Plain pastry

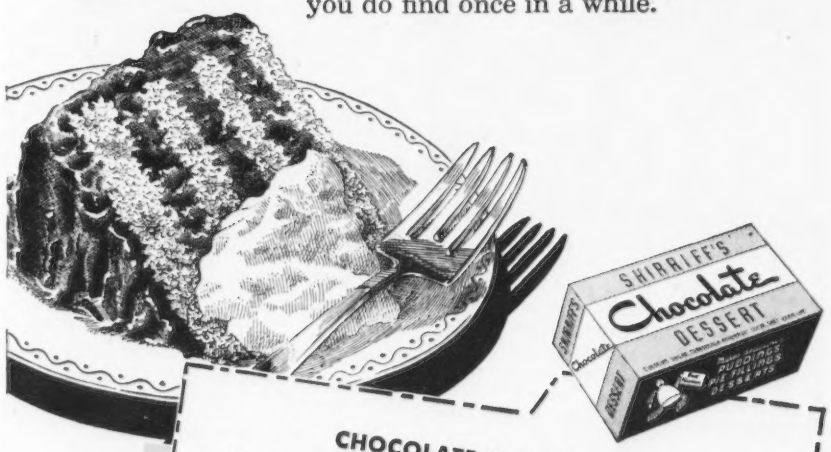
Stone the prunes and cut in quarters. Combine the sugar and flour, stir in the egg and then mix with the rhubarb and prunes. Pour into a 9-inch pie plate lined with pastry and top with strips of rolled pastry, lattice fashion. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350 deg. F. and continue baking for 30 to 35 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold. ✤

M-m! the "Bud" flavoured kind!

TRADE MARK REG'D CANADA



She's seen mother prepare Shirriff's dessert, so she knows how the "BUD" keeps the rich liquid flavour sealed air-tight. Shirriff's Dessert is still hard to get, but here's a novel way to use that precious package you do find once in a while.



CHOCOLATE LAYER DESSERT

Prepare SHIRRIFF'S CHOCOLATE DESSERT as directed, using 2¼ CUPS MILK. Cool. Cut sponge (or plain white cake) of suitable thickness into 3 or 4 layers. Spread cooled dessert between each layer and over top and sides. Garnish with chopped almonds or pecans or grated chocolate. Chill thoroughly. Top each serving with mint-flavoured whipped cream coloured pale green.

SHIRRIFF'S DESSERTS

A "BUD" FLAVOURED PRODUCT

Heavenly SPICE CAKE!

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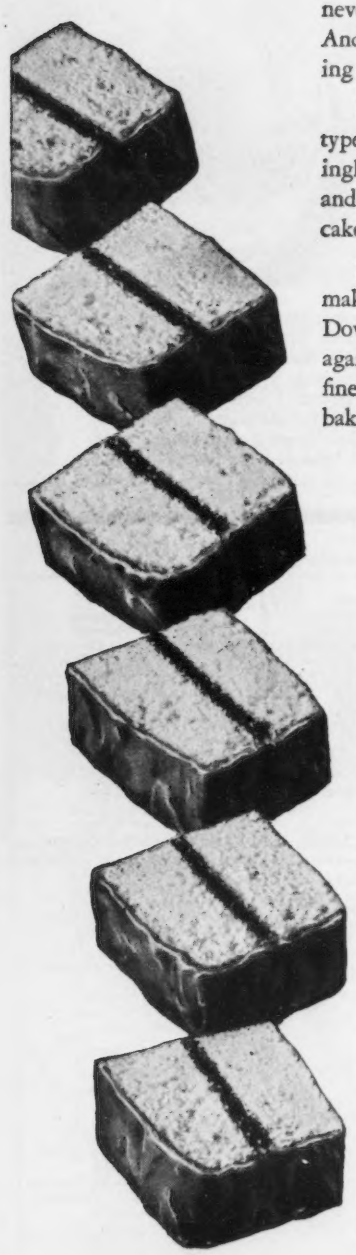
Light and fluffy as your fondest dream . . . fragrant as a country kitchen . . . Spice Cake like this is *sure* to make the Man of the House say — "I never tasted such wonderful cake in my life!" And you can *always* depend on the same outstanding success, if you use Swans Down Cake Flour.

Regular or economy recipe, sponge or butter type — Swans Down makes *every* cake outstandingly moist, velvet-crumbed, meltingly tender and flavorful. And fine-textured Swans Down cakes *keep fresh longer.*

Made from wheat selected for its special cake-making advantages of soft, tender gluten, Swans Down is milled by an *exclusive* process, and sifted again and again through silk until 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Beginner or expert—you'll bake a *better* cake with Swans Down.



OLD-FASHIONED SPICE CAKE

2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
⅓ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ cup shortening (part butter preferred)
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, unbeaten
⅓ cup molasses
1 cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices; sift three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; cream until light. Add eggs one at a time; beat well after each. Add molasses and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Delicious filled and covered with caramel frosting, and sprinkled with chopped nuts. Or use jam filling and a favorite frosting.

How Swans Down is Different from Ordinary Flours:

FINER—as icing sugar is finer than granulated!
MORE EVEN—as graded peas are more even than ungraded!
LIGHTER—as riced potatoes are lighter than whole ones!
WHEAT SELECTED FOR SOFT GLUTEN—as you choose meat cuts for tenderness!

Tested Recipes on Each Package

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A Product of General Foods

S246M

SAFETY *in the Kitchen*

YOUR workshop, the kitchen, is as much in need of safety engineering as any factory. You may not be concerned with elaborate guards for moving belts and machinery, but you're using mechanical equipment and you, too, need protection.

Fortunately, however, you don't have to construct a lot of fancy devices to safeguard you from possible dangers. Good common sense, a few safety rules well mastered, and an adequate first aid box in a conspicuous handy spot in the kitchen are all that are required.

Falls are one of the more frequent of kitchen accidents. They can easily be avoided if you:

Take care of your floors thoughtfully. Wax the linoleum lightly, allow it to dry well, then polish. When grease or food spatters on the floor wash it off *immediately*. (Wiping isn't good enough—it just increases the slippery area.) Avoid the use of scatter rugs that curl or slide over the surface of the floor.

Use a sturdy stepladder or stepstool instead of a tippy chair when you're reaching for that elusive item on the top shelf, or changing the light bulb.

Keep your stairways well lit, the treads in good repair and the steps free of toys, rubbers, etc. A low shelf beside the cellar stairs is a good place to store the overshoes you and the children remove before coming into your spotless kitchen.

Burns need not be so frequent as statistics prove them to be. For fire is not a tool to be used lightly, nor should anything hot be handled casually. By all means:

Store matches in a metal container well away from the stove. It's easier to walk an extra step or two than to deal with a burst of flame from an overheated matchbox.

Store kerosene and coal oil *away from the house* and use great care when filling tanks or lamps. *Never* use kerosene to start a balky wood stove. Take time to re-lay the fire and start afresh. Don't look for suspected leaks in the gas line with a match. That's what flashlights were invented for.

Teach children never to meddle with the switches on the stove; store matches out of their reach. Youngsters should never play with matches, but can learn at a fairly young age how to use them with proper respect. Giving the young fry permission to light a candle under parental supervision occasionally will lessen their desire to play indiscriminately.

Make it a habit always to turn the handles of pots and pans to the back of the stove. Projecting handles, combined with someone in a hurry, may lead to a bad scald.

If you must lift pans of scalding liquid be sure you are adequately protected by potholders, and that there isn't a child within half a block of the kitchen. Youngsters have a terrible trick of being very affectionate just as mother is carrying a kettle of hot water to the sink, sometimes with disastrous results.

Use a *dry* potholder when you're lifting anything hot from the stove; *dry* oven mitts when you're delving for a potato at the back of the oven. Water conducts heat very quickly and wet protectors are often worse than no protection at all.

Always pull the plug of the iron, toaster or other electrical heating appliance if you have to leave for a moment or two. You can *never* be sure how long you'll be detained, and an overheated iron can do a lot of damage in a comparatively short time.

At least once in every household fat in the frying pan or broiler will flare up. Clap a lid over the frying pan immediately, douse the broiler pan with salt (the meat's probably ruined anyway). There can be no fire without oxygen, or air, and a tight-fitting lid or a liberal coating of salt will quench the flame. Don't fan the fire by trying to carry it to the sink, or scatter it with a sudden stream of cold water.

Shock. The lineman climbing the pole across the street isn't the only per-

Clap on the lid and smother that blaze! It can't get away from you if you strangle it now while you're standing at the stove.

Keeping your fingers crossed isn't enough. You have to be informed, and alert, to prevent kitchen accidents. Here are some common-sense rules

by Jane Monteith

Stand straight and steady on your sturdy step-stool when you reach for anything above eye-level. The other one's for sitting.

son who needs to be careful. You're probably using electrical equipment every day and may even, on occasion, try to make minor repairs.

Be sure your hands are dry when you remove that flickering bulb. Water is an excellent conductor of electricity as well as heat; the combination of a defective socket, wet hands and your body throws the circuit wide open.

Throw the main switch when you change a fuse. Disconnect the iron when you're tightening screws in the plug.

Cuts. You can't peel potatoes with a dull knife, but you can store that knife in a safe place. A special hanging box, or rack, for knives will protect both them and yourself. Failing that, a knife section in your cutlery drawer is a good idea.

Always wash sharp knives separately, holding them by the handle with the cutting edge away from your cloth. Don't drop them into the dishpan and then start fishing—that's asking for trouble.

Wrap broken glass or chinaware in several thicknesses of paper, tie securely and label *Broken Glass*. Then place the bundle on the top of the garbage container or sink strainer so you'll be sure to see—and avoid—it the next time you have to dispose of waste.

Use a wad of damp cotton or paper towel to pick up those little broken bits you can hardly see, but certainly will feel if you don't get rid of them.

Invest in a good can opener that won't leave ragged edges on your cans. Then treat the sheared lids with respect as you dispose of them.

Get rid of badly chipped enamel bowls or pots. The glaze is very similar to glass, and bits of it are just as sharp as a piece from a broken tumbler. Not good eating at all.

Poisons. Many of the cleaning agents you use every day are poisons. Be sure to store them on a high shelf away from the children, and label them carefully. Such materials as lye, dry-cleaning solvents, ammonia, etc., must be handled with respect.

Keep a weather eye out for your gas stove when you're leaving the kitchen. If a kettle boils over onto the burner, or a sudden draught blows out the flame, gas will continue to flow and there is danger of asphyxiation. Investigate any suspicious odor in the kitchen at once—that's your warning signal.

Mental Hazards. Your kitchen is really no more dangerous than any other workshop. Accidents can happen, but reasonable precautions will cut down their frequency and lessen their seriousness. Expect the best but prepare for the worst, keep calm if an emergency should arise, and you'll be eligible for a household Safety Award for an accident-free home.

The next person to use the waste disposal can will have a cautious respect for the parcel. Not just wrapped securely, but labelled!

The Choice of GOOD TASTE in MARMALADE

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For fish, meats, soups, for giving tang to a tomato cocktail, C & B THIN (Worcestershire) Sauce is "just the thing".

C & B MINT SAUCE
Lamb calls for mint, and C & B Mint Sauce is the handiest, most satisfactory way to apply this essential touch.

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LIGHT, FLUFFY CAKES WITH THIS WONDERFUL FLOUR

BANANA UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Prepare a deep 8- or 9-inch square pan: In the pan, melt 4 tablespoons butter. Add ⅔ cup brown sugar or corn syrup. In this, arrange ripe banana slices, 1 inch thick (or banana sections).

For the batter: Measure 2 cups once-sifted Maple Leaf Cake Flour. Sift twice with 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream slightly 7 tablespoons shortening or soft butter, and gradually blend in ⅞ cup fine granulated sugar. Beat and add 1 egg.

To 1 cup thoroughly mashed ripe banana add 2 tablespoons milk. Sift dry ingredients into shortening mixture alternately with banana and milk; combine after each addition, and with last measure of liquid include 1 teaspoon pure vanilla.

Spread batter in prepared pan and bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 60 minutes. Turn upside-down on heated serving dish, cut in squares and serve hot with cream, plain or whipped.

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Dinner in a Hurry

by **Eleanor Black**

Dessert in a jiff: baked tart shells filled with prepared pudding mixture.

IT'S RUSH, rush, rush, in this high-pressure industrial age of ours—and sometimes there's scarcely time to cook a proper meal. But, by way of compensation, the busy mind of industry has developed many time-saving tools and labor-saving techniques to shorten the never-ending race from kitchen to dining room.

Planning is essential, of course. Make a mental note of the week's tasks and social engagements before you go out to the stores; then buy your supplies for those extra-busy days with an eye to ease of preparation as well as palatability.

The oven meal is a great mind-easer when you're expecting afternoon callers who are apt to stay later than you'd planned. While you're getting lunch ready, mold a meat loaf and prepare the evening's dessert (to be stored in the refrigerator), scrub potatoes and tuck them into the cold oven. Preparing a canned or frozen vegetable will be but the work of a moment at dinnertime.

It's an easy thing to excuse yourself for a minute, pop into the kitchen, light the oven and get things going. Fifteen minutes after you bid your guests good-by, dinner can be on the table.

Don't forget that genii of the kitchen, your pressure saucepan. A utensil that will make a delicious stew half an hour after you've hung up your hat is a mighty handy thing. It will cook green vegetables in a jiffy, produce melt-in-the-mouth swiss steak while you set the table, and tenderize hard-to-cook beets in a matter of minutes instead of hours.

Packaged muffin and biscuit mixes not only ensure you a shower of praise from your customers in the dining room, but can be put together in half the usual time. Keep a supply on hand to smarten up a pot-luck dinner for unexpected guests, to whip up in a hurry if the bread man forgets to call, or for general good eating purposes.

Quickly prepared tossed salads provide balance to vitamin-shy meals. A few stalks of celery, a head of lettuce and a bit of chicory or several leaves of spinach livened up with tiny cubes of cheese, radish slices, onion juice or what-have-you-in-the-icebox, can be tossed together in a wink.

Keep a bottle of French dressing in the refrigerator at all times. It mellows from day to day; the last bit is usually the best—especially if there's a slashed clove of garlic in the bottom of the jar.

It's downright miraculous what you can do in a few minutes with packaged pudding powders.

If you're caught without an idea for dessert, you can have a tender blancmange in 15 minutes; chill it in the frig while you're eating your first course.

Use slightly more milk than the recipe calls for and you've a soft pudding sauce for fruit or gelatine desserts. Add a little less, and you're all set with a perfect filling for tarts, pies or Boston Cream cake.

Try some variations: a touch of black walnut flavoring plus a generous sprinkling of walnut meats to butterscotch pudding; a bit of almond flavoring plus a garnish of sliced peaches to vanilla; a nip of peppermint to chocolate.

Chops and steaks are luxury food, but if you're in a hurry and want an especially nice meal, they're more than worth every cent they cost. Fastest, easiest and best way to cook them is in the broiler.

For quick company fare—serve tomato juice cocktail in the living room; cook your potatoes, squash or turnip in the pressure saucepan; place a generous bowl of tossed salad on the table and whip up a black walnut pudding while the chops are broiling.

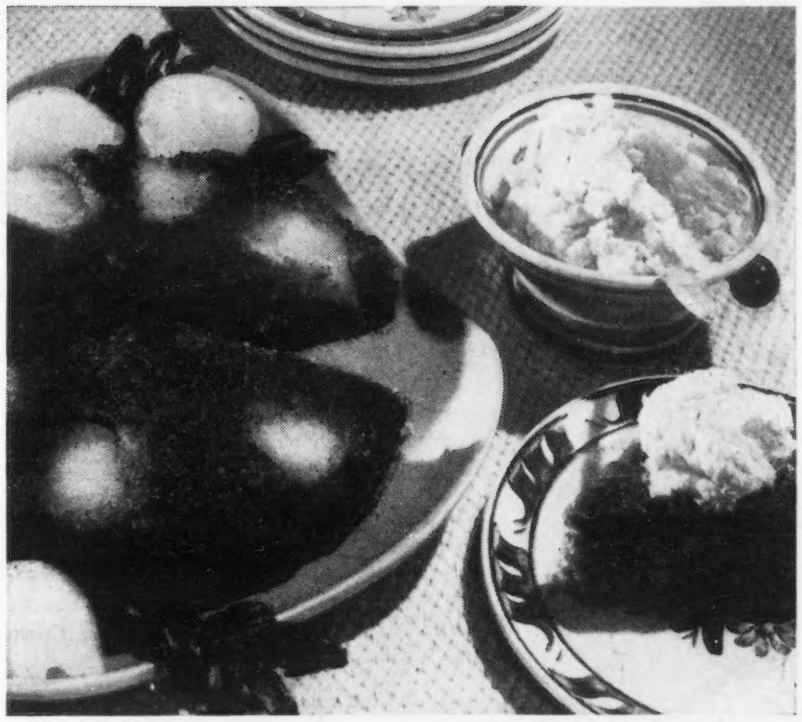
Ready in no time at all—and excellent eating! ✚

SAT 1
SUN 2
MON 3
TUE 4
WED 5
THU 6
FRI 7
SAT 8
SUN 9
MON 10
TUE 11
WED 12
THU 13
FRI 14
SAT 15
SUN 16
MON 17
TUE 18
WED 19

Meals of the Month

MARCH

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SAT 1	Orange Juice Cereal French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Sliced Bologna Lyonnaise Potatoes Carrot Sticks Vanilla Blancmange with Jelly Sauce Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Jellied Applesauce with Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 2	Apple Juice Bacon and Eggs Brown Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Salad Greens French Dressing Layer Cake with Seven-Minute Frosting Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Roast of Lamb Mint Jelly Browned Potatoes Peas Frozen Prune Whip Coffee Tea
MON 3	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Corned Beef Hash Mixed Pickles Celery Half Grapefruit Leftover Cake Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Lamb Raw-fried Potatoes Buttered Carrots Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 4	Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Lettuce Salad Russian Dressing Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Veal Chops Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Jellied Grape Sponge Coffee Tea
WED 5	Half Grapefruit Brown Bread and Milk Raisin Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Corn Pinwheels Tomato Sauce Green Salad Stewed Figs Wafers Tea Cocoa	Crispy Baked Eggs Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Rhubarb Betty Coffee Tea
THU 6	Orange Juice Plain Omelet Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Toasted Crackers Pineapple, Nut and Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Riced Potatoes Creamed Turnips Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea
FRI 7	Applesauce Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Baked Bean Loaf Ketchup Carrot and Celery Sticks Diced Fruit in Jelly Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Tartare Sauce Fried Potatoes Spinach Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 8	Tomato Juice Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Wieners Mustard Sauerkraut Canned Peaches Chocolate Nut Squares Tea Cocoa	Creamed Vegetable Soup Oven-cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Beets Steamed Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 9	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Scrambled Eggs and Bacon Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Parsley Potato Soup Crusty Rolls Tossed Green Salad Johnnycake Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Green Beans Diced Carrots Apple Pie with Cheese Coffee Tea
MON 10	Stewed Figs Cereal Graham Gems Honey Coffee Tea	Chicken Broth Mixed Vegetable Salad Gems (leftover) Caramel Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Hamburger with Onions Boiled Potatoes Beets Orange and Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea
TUE 11	Orange Halves Cereal Tiny Sausages Toast Coffee Tea	Waffles Syrup Head Lettuce French Dressing Canned Fruit Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Peas Relish Tray Boston Cream Pie Coffee Tea
WED 12	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Croutons Celery Hot Biscuits Jam Tea Cocoa	Cheese Souffle Supreme Baked Potatoes Creamed Carrots Shredded Cabbage Slaw Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
THU 13	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Assorted Cold Meats Chili Sauce Pan-fried Potatoes Fruit Salad Vanilla Wafers Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Green Beans Cauliflower Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 14	Stewed Fruit Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Curried Vegetables and Eggs on Toast Prune, Cheese and Orange Salad Crisp Rolls Tea Cocoa	Baked Trout Creamed Potatoes Spinach Cherry Rolypoly with Cherry Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 15	Half Grapefruit Cereal Corn Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Noodle Soup Ramekins of Fish (leftover) Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Onion Gravy Mashed Potatoes Corn Lettuce Salad Baked Custard Coffee Tea
SUN 16	Orange Juice Cereal Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Savory Potato Salad Carrot Sticks Olives Strawberry Ice Cream Small Cakes Tea Hot Chocolate	Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Baked Potatoes String Beans Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
MON 17	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Devilled Egg Salad Celery Curls Brown Bread and Butter Canned Plums Cakes (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Beef Scalloped Potatoes Braised Carrots and Onions Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
TUE 18	Grapefruit Juice Fried Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cheese Soup with Parsley Cabbage and Raisin Salad Bran Muffins Jam Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Mashed Turnips Peas Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 19	Applesauce Cereal Bran Muffins (leftover) Jam Coffee Tea	Broiled Ciscoes with Lemon Potato Cakes Fresh Fruit Cup Nut Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Spinach and Poached Eggs Baked Potatoes Carrots Steamed Fig Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea



PEAR UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE. Combine 2 tablespoonfuls butter, melted, and 1/3 cupful brown sugar in the bottom of a cake pan. Over this arrange slices of peeled, cored pears and sprinkle with ⅛ teaspoonful nutmeg. Beat 2 egg yolks, then beat in 1 cupful warm corn syrup, 1 teaspoonful vanilla and 1 tablespoonful melted shortening. Sift together 1 cupful pastry flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder and ¼ teaspoonful salt; stir in ½ cupful ready-cooked bran. Combine with egg mixture. Beat 2 egg whites until they form soft peaks and fold into the batter. Spread over the pears and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 35 to 45 minutes. Eight servings.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
THU 20	Orange Slices French Toast Made with Brown Bread Corn Syrup Coffee Tea	Baked Squash with Sausage Stuffing Celery Curls Spanish Rhubarb Pudding Tea Cocoa	Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Butterscotch Blancmange Coffee Tea
FRI 21	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Corn Custard Tossed Salad Stewed Apricots Cookies Tea Cocoa	Steamed Haddock Parsley Sauce Potato Cakes Green Beans Jellied Fruits with Soft Custard Coffee Tea
SAT 22	Sliced Bananas Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Italian Spaghetti Coleslaw Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Cold Sliced Veal Creamed Potatoes Lyonnaise Beets Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 23	Grapefruit and Orange Cup Grilled Sausages Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Chicken Soup Toasted Brown Rolls Cheese Mixed Fruit Salad Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Ginger Carrots Jellied Rhubarb Ring with Vanilla Ice Cream Coffee Tea
MON 24	Apple Juice Cereal with Raisins Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Casserole of Vegetables with Cheese Sauce Bran Muffins Jam Tea Cocoa	Braised Oxtails or Dressed Spareribs Baked Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
TUE 25	Orange Juice Bread and Milk Popovers Honey Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread Green Salad French Dressing Baked Pears in Molasses Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Onions Relish Tray Brown Betty Coffee Tea
WED 26	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Asparagus Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes (with cheese) Jellied Applesauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Finnan Haddie à la king on Toast Points Carrots Frozen Broccoli Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 27	Orange Halves Buckwheat Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Pea Soup Assorted Sandwiches Celery Curls Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Riced Potatoes Turnips Rhubarb and Pineapple Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 28	Tomato Juice Cereal Coffee Cake Jam Coffee Tea	Curried Eggs on Toast Tossed Salad Canned Fruit Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Boiled Salmon Tartare Sauce Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Plum Whip Coffee Tea
SAT 29	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Heart Mustard Pickles Celery and Potato Salad Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Ice Cream Cookies Coffee Tea
SUN 30	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cold Salmon Cabbage and Peanut Salad Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice or Veal Cutlet Creamed Potatoes Spinach Steamed Marmalade Pudding Marmalade Sauce Coffee Tea
MON 31	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Tomato Rarebit Celery Gherkins Bran Muffins Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Vanilla Rennet Custard Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea

Hot Clues

to the great Mustard Mystery

Heinz found a formula long ago which still baffles experts, but delights hungry folks who like peppy meals and snacks.

Sunday suppers are a treat
When serving Mustard with cold meat.
Of course on Heinz you will insist—
It adds a zest folks can't resist!

On sandwiches, especially cheese—
You'll find Heinz Mustard's sure to please!
And at the table keep a jar—
It helps make butter go quite far!

RECIPE: Melt three tablespoons butter. Add one and a half tablespoons flour and blend well. Cook until bubbling. Add one cup of milk and continue cooking, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add one quarter teaspoon salt, half a teaspoon Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, four teaspoons Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard and one hard-cooked egg. Mix well. Serve over hot cooked vegetables, browned corned beef hash slices or fish. Yield: Approximately one and a half cups.

Heinz prepared Mustard

GENUINE STONE-GROUND

Protein—without Meat

by Jane Monteith

MANY of you menu-makers, in your search for variety, have been heard to cry aloud for a different kind of meat. Well—zebra steaks have yet to come from the African veldt to Canadian dining rooms, but, take heart, there are many other protein-rich foods which stand ready to break the monotony of beef and provide adequate nourishment for the family.

Fish

This year more varieties of fish have been quick-frozen and packed than ever before—and in larger quantities. Salt-water fish, with their special tang, bring much-needed iodine to so-called "goitre-belt" areas. Fresh-water fish, though lacking in iodine, are an equally good source of vitamin A and muscle-building protein.

Treat fish with care and imagination and you will be repaid a hundredfold in satisfying goodness. Steam and accompany with a tartare or unsweetened lemon sauce. Smother fillets with chopped onion and green pepper, then bake or broil. Roll steaks in seasoned flour and fry quickly to a delicate brown. Serve stuffed fillet roll-ups in a creole sauce; make chowders, pies or scalloped dishes.

Eggs

The utilitarian egg, containing the essential vitamins A and D which are lacking in meat, yields a far better return for your money than a roast of beef.

Suitable dinner dress will be expected, of course! Hard-cook and devil eggs and serve them with a cheese or curry sauce. Concoct an omelet of the French or foamy type and fold over any one of a myriad of savory sauces. Nest poached eggs in a bed of spinach, and round them build a colorful vegetable platter. Break eggs and slip into wells formed in a casserole of mashed potatoes—seasoned with pimento—and bake. Or line muffin tins with corn flakes to form a cup for crispy baked eggs.

Cheese

The high calcium, phosphorous and vitamin A content of Canadian cheese cannot be duplicated in any other food but the milk from which it is made. If fluid milk and milk puddings are not popular with your family, cheese should play a particularly prominent role in your meals.

Such a highly concentrated food is seldom eaten by itself, but the distinctive flavor of cheese blends successfully with many foods. Macaroni and cheese needs no introduction of course. Cheese omelets and soufflés combine two excellent protein foods. Cheese sauces enhance many vegetables that could appear on a vegetable plate—cauliflower, broccoli, onions, etc. Rarebits, made with tomato juice or soup, do a satisfying job in meatless menus.

Devilled eggs nestling in creamy noodles make tempting supper fare.

These meatless dishes provide a happy combination of nutritional value and satisfying goodness for thrifty menu-makers. Fish, eggs and cheese, with their abundance of body-building minerals and vitamins, bring variety in color and appetite appeal to the family dinner table.

Spanish Fish Fillets

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Pound of fish fillets
1½ Cupfuls of bread crumbs
2 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Egg, slightly beaten

Divide the fish into four long fillets. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Combine the bread crumbs, salad oil, parsley, salt and egg. Spread on the fillets, then roll them up like a jelly roll and pin with toothpicks. Stand the stuffed fillets upright in a casserole, pour Spanish sauce around them and bake, covered, in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes.

Spanish Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil
½ Cupful of chopped onion
1 Cupful of tomatoes (canned)
¼ Cupful of chopped green pepper
1 Bay leaf
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Whole clove
¼ Teaspoonful of sugar

Put the salad oil in a frying pan, add the chopped onion, and cook until clear. Add the remaining ingredients, cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Blend 1 tablespoonful of flour with 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water and ½ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, then stir into the tomato mixture. Pour over the fish in the casserole. Four servings.

Finnan Haddie a la King

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Pound of smoked fillets of haddock
1 Can of condensed mushroom soup
⅓ Cupful of milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimento, if desired
2 Hard-cooked eggs

Soak the smoked fillets in hot water for 20 minutes. Heat the mushroom soup and the milk, then add the green pepper and pimento. Chop the egg yolks and stir into the soup mixture. Add the fish, which has been flaked with a fork. Reheat and serve on toast points; garnish with the chopped egg whites. Six servings.

Fish Chowder Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1½ Pounds of fish fillets
1 Cupful of cooked, diced carrots
2 Hard-cooked eggs, sliced
¼ Cupful of mild-flavored dripping

✦ *Continued on page 104*

Saucy Tricks

Every Good Cook Should Know

Transform plain dishes into food folks talk about! Use HEINZ 57 SAUCE . . . the mingled richness of prize tomatoes, Heinz Vinegar, mustard and spices!

Gravies lose their pallid look—
Take on a racy savour—
Stews taste better, too, when blessed
With Fifty-seven Sauce flavour.

The makings of delicious sauce
For seafoods and for fishes,
Heinz Fifty-seven Sauce lends new zest
To scores of plain meat dishes.

RECIPE—Combine half cup top milk, three tablespoons Heinz 57 Sauce, one teaspoon salt, half teaspoon paprika. Mix well. Pour Sauce over asparagus, broccoli, lima beans or green beans and simmer for ten minutes. Thicken with flour, if desired. Yield: Approximately ¾ cup.

Heinz 57 Sauce

Made from Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes, onions, lemons, sugar, mustard, vinegar and spices

I've thrown away Harsh Laxatives

I found a simple mild remedy for those who have trouble keeping regular—so away with the usual harsh laxatives—*which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition.*

Lemon and Water did the Trick

You, too, may find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily *first thing on arising*—insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system *regulate itself.*

And it's good for you!

Lemon and water has other positive health values. Lemons are an excellent source of Vitamin C. They alkalinize, aid digestion. Surveys show that over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.

Juice of one lemon

In a glass of water

First thing on arising

Lemon and water helps the system function *normally.* It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Take it every morning—*first thing on arising.*

California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

6 Methods for Finding a Duplex *Continued from page 91*

purchase price of my house. The ad will run as soon as I clean up my present bills with the local papers which got behind because my coal arrived three weeks earlier and two tons more than expected.

My comments, based on months of research, have been substantiated by authoritative opinions from people in all walks of life, and present countless ideas for methods of finding a duplex. So fascinating and absorbing are these possibilities, they could quickly lead one right into an advanced study of the higher economics, the expense of which, however, can be borne only by rigidly observing all the lower economies so familiar to all who have ever purchased a house without any money.

Actually, I have known at least *one* instance in each method which has proved successful.

Such success is only attained by pursuing any *one* particular method with wholehearted diligence.

My great and fatal mistake was in working on all of them concurrently, trailing over miles of pavement in summer humidity and winter storm . . . following clues and rumors which left me feeling like a Virginia creeper, which having grown for so long in so many directions, forgets where it first sprang root.

I am working on Method 7, and had hoped to include it. It's in very nebulous shape, the general idea just having dawned on me last night. While taking my fine-tooth comb through the advertisements I pounced on that of a gentleman who had just lost his wife, wanted a housekeeper to care for his *large*, furnished duplex ("beautifully furnished," he emphasized).

Now, I have an excellent housekeeper, and you can guess the rest . . . in my mind, I mean.

Sharp feminine voice on the other end of the phone snapped that "the whole thing was a mistake!" I still wonder if they buried the wrong woman, or what.

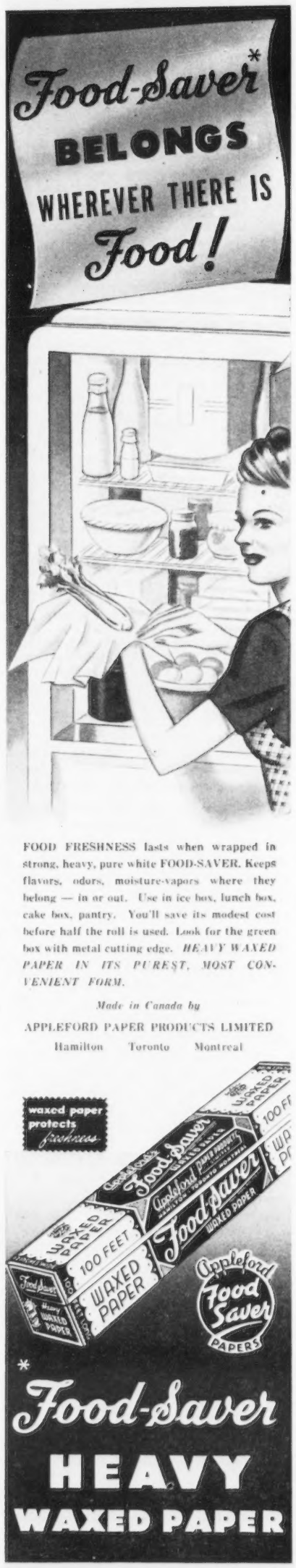
Anyway, it was enough to start me on a completely new angle. Right now I'm doping out my ad:

"Wanted for adoption — Business woman (not old) with excellent housekeeper and quiet, housebroken child will *adopt* elderly widower (preferably blind) who has a long lease on a large duplex."

I stipulate "blind," because my housekeeper, middle-aged, is not only an excellent cook, but is refined, nice-looking, and often, I fear, lonesome living out in the sticks. One learns to be foxy. It would be too, too ironical to be evicted, by one's own housekeeper!

Number Seven has intriguing possibilities. ✤

It is a nice house, and above all it's OURS. (Mine and the Government's and the Bank's.) Who'll swap?



FOOD FRESHNESS lasts when wrapped in strong, heavy, pure white FOOD-SAVER. Keeps flavors, odors, moisture-vapors where they belong — in or out. Use in ice box, lunch box, cake box, pantry. You'll save its modest cost before half the roll is used. Look for the green box with metal cutting edge. *HEAVY WAXED PAPER IN ITS PUREST, MOST CONVENIENT FORM.*

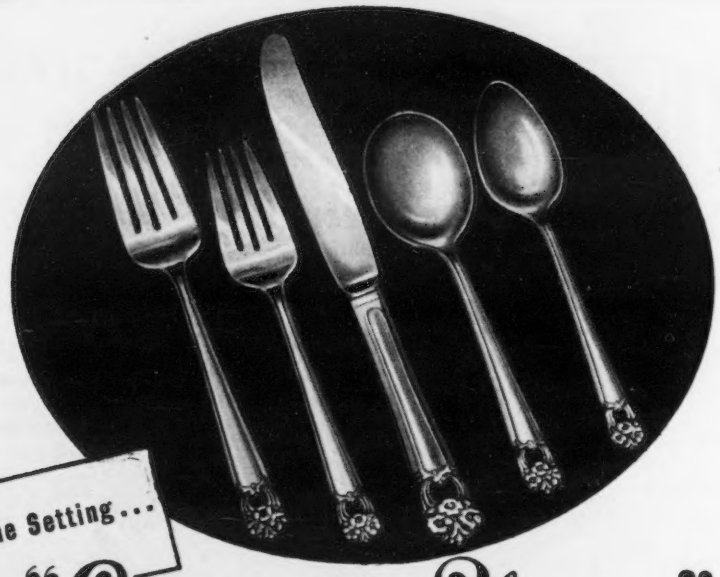
Made in Canada by

APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED

Hamilton Toronto Montreal

Chatelaine Housekeeping

H. I. Williams



The Setting...

"Eternally Yours"

"1847 Rogers Bros." newest pattern.

The caress of Silvo is the kiss of beauty to silver.

Designed for you who have waited . . . for you who are planning. It catches the lightness, the grace of today . . . and gleams with a beauty to charm forever. "Eternally Yours" will be eternally lovely if you cherish and care for its silver lustre as the maker recommends . . . with SILVO, so gentle . . . so safe . . . so easy to use.

Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Worth looking for!

The name Canadian Beauty means something to you. It stands for enduring style, long life, faithful service—qualities built into these all-Canadian appliances ever since the first Canadian Beauty was made many years ago. Supplies are limited at present because of general material and labor shortage, but production is increasing steadily. It will pay you to look for Canadian Beauty.

Canadian Beauty
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

RENFREW ELECTRIC AND REFRIGERATOR COMPANY LIMITED—RENFREW, CANADA

Make COOKIES today!
and use a Baking Soda recipe

Cow Brand Baking Soda mellows and lightens all baking . . . means more delicious results for cookies, muffins and cakes.
Buy two packages at a time, one for cooking, one for medicinal uses.

COW BRAND BAKING SODA
PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

BACK CHAT . . .

A correspondence department for readers who feel impelled to take pen in hand

"A Definite Edge"

Dear Madam: I should like to get some of your other readers' opinions about "Meals of the Month." So far as I am personally concerned—and I am also voicing the ideas of other of my friends who are Chatelaine subscribers—it is one of the outstanding departments in your magazine. I feel that I have a very definite complaint in that, during 1946, "Meals of the Month" has been very often omitted. It is always the first thing I look for when my copy arrives, and it is a very great disappointment to me when I can't find it, which has happened too often recently. I find it a very great help in planning meals and certainly do not feel the same way toward Chatelaine when it is left out of an issue. Articles such as "Four Sunday Dinners for November" do not take the place of "Meals of the Month," and every time I get an issue containing a substitute like this I say quietly to myself, "That is all: I shall *not* renew my subscription this year!"

I like your magazine very much and have no other complaint except that I do agree with Mrs. Saville of Vancouver (Back Chat, Nov., 1946) that the way stories skip about from page to page once they leave the beginning of the magazine is somewhat nerve-racking. But I would even read the whole thing backward if I could count on finding "Meals of the Month" *every* month, instead of just once in a while. No other magazine has a feature just like it and so far as I am concerned it gives you a very definite edge on your competitors.

Please go back to the good old days when I could depend on "Meals of the Month" to do all my brain work for me!—(Mrs.) Ilka H. Logan, Oshawa, Ont.

● For positive action following this and many similar complaints, see page 99 and *all* forthcoming issues.

Debbie is Praised

Dear Madam: I have just finished reading "Debbie Through the Looking Glass," by Mosser Mauger, in your January number, and it is the most refreshing thing I have come across in some time. Surely there can be stories written without so much beer and adultery as seem to fill the modern books. And why they are so highly praised by reviewers is beyond my understanding. It is time decent-living people did something about it. As a beginning I am letting you know I enjoyed "Debbie." Yours for more wholesome reading. — Mabel Stowe, Miniota, Man.

But This is Dangerous!

Dear Editor: I have always thought that Chatelaine ranked high in Canadian journals. Its stories, pleasing and generally upholding some good strong moral point, as "Letty" for example in your January number. I have been a teacher of the young for over 25 years. I have always tried to lead them to good soul-inspiring literature of the Cronin or Lloyd Douglas type.

The other evening three of my pupils visited me. They locked through my new magazines. The only one to comment on a picture had the Chatelaine. She drew my attention to the picture illustrating the story, "Do Not Disturb,"—as far as I could see a weak piffling story with not one point to arouse admiration. The illustration that went with it, with a man in his night clothes on his wedding eve, and his mate in hers. The man has the hungry frustrated look of a dog. I wonder if the authoress or the artist had any thought that this might arouse a sex hunger in youth which so many times leads to immorality. Is this not taking from the privacy and sanctity of the marriage bed in making such a blatant show of it? No matter how subtle a story or picture may be, the young mind of today will put harmful construction upon it unless thoroughly armed with higher things than the world offers them.

I am sorry to be complaining but I have seen such endless sorrow from immorality, I cannot keep silent and hope that you will not, or whoever is concerned, be too offended, when I say that Chatelaine is too fine a magazine to be soiled with a doubtful picture or story. If it were for the older people alone it might be different.—Louisa Davies, Stratford, Ont.

Wedding, Chatelaine-style

Dear Editor: I thought you might possibly be interested to know that I have found Chatelaine—no matter how outdated the particular number may be—very, very helpful. This may all sound rather ambiguous to you, but I've really been intending to write for several weeks and tell you how complete, instructive, and interesting I found your Chatelaine magazine of May, 1941. My daughter was married recently and by following all the instructions in that month's issue (which I had kept, as even years ago it seemed an excellent reference to keep, since I had two teen-age daughters), we gave her a wedding which everyone tells us was perfect in every detail.

Everything was done, and no one was too deadly tired to enjoy it, although it was a very big wedding. So I feel I have Chatelaine to thank for the "system" they thought out. I do not mean the trousseau, as prices have tripled along those lines, but the wedding procedure—on page 16; the responsibilities of the bride, the groom, the best man, the parents, etc.—on page 20-24; and, finally, the problem of the toasts—on page 38. They were all clearly defined. I don't think one could get a more helpful book, and I am certainly keeping it for reference when my second daughter decides to say "I do."

If you still have any of the girls who made out all these lists for that particular issue of May, 1941, I wish you would pass along this message, with my thanks. It may seem a bit silly to write all about this, but it seems to me that brickbats are always relayed on but seldom the compliments—and I really would like you to know that I received a great deal of help from your magazine.— (Mrs.) D. M., Vancouver.

● All "the girls" are still with us, and they and the rest of us thank you sincerely for this charming note.

Where's the Salmon?

Madam: I wonder if you could do an informative article on the elusive canned salmon? I have always understood that the salmon cannery business was a major industry of Br. Columbia, and before the war we in Britain must have bought millions of cans. It was cheap and plentiful and was often used among poor families for dinners. The best varieties were more common than the poorer ones of the pink type. Throughout the war, and now, in this country there has always been a supply, but it has always been very high in points value, and most of it is of the poorer quality, suitable for making into fish cakes or such, but not very good for eating alone, although of course we have learnt not to be very choosy.

I learn from friends in Canada that canned salmon is very scarce there; in fact, I have just had a letter from a friend in B. C. in which she rejoices at her luck in getting a can—that, in the very heart of the industry.

I would like to know where all the salmon goes. It certainly doesn't come here. I wonder if Canadians think they have short supplies of it, because it is being exported in huge quantities here? Or is it that the fishing and canneries had to cease much of their work and are not opened up to full production? If it is the latter reason, that does not compare favorably with the Norwegian sardine and sild industry, as we have had large supplies of these from a very early date after war ceased; so plentiful that sardines are only two points a tin, and sild are sometimes point-free, or only one point . . .

Your magazine always gives me food for thought, and it brings much pleasure into the drab lives of myself and several friends. We have no magazine comparable to it here.—(Miss) O. R. A. Daniels, Ilford, Essex, England.

Here are the facts. During the war years the big bulk of Canada's canned salmon was shipped to the United Kingdom. This year, 1947, will be the first since 1939 that Canadians can look forward to receiving a normal year's supply for their own use. "Normal" means about half a million cases, but that won't permit more than an occasional treat for most families because (a) the total amount must be shared with restaurants, mining and lumber camps, (b) the demand far exceeds the supply, and (c) money for it is plentiful. Canadians are salmon-hungry after six years of seeing practically none of the familiar cans on grocers' shelves.

The B. C. salmon industry was given all possible help during the war; it did not suffer from a manpower shortage. But the catch varies each year. The total 1946 pack, finished about the first of December last, is approximately 1,300,000 cases, of which the U. K. will get 790,000 and Canada 500,000. And there's another "but" involved: the quality of the salmon run in 1946 was not as good as in some seasons. As the U. K. contracted for 70% of the high-grade salmon, the result will be, for the Canadian home market, more of the coarser grades of salmon and much less of the sockeye and cohoe varieties than during pre-war years.

Youth and the Church

Dear Editor: I have read the February article, "Is the Church Letting Youth Down?" with considerable interest, and while, to speak frankly, I do not rate very highly articles which are based upon interviews of the kind described, I have no doubt that the discussion of the question will do much good.

I feel sure you will not mind if I point out what seems to me a general weakness in an article of this nature. Perhaps I can best put it in the form of a question, viz., "Just what is meant by 'the Church' in the title of the article? Who really constitute the Church?" From the article one might get the impression that the minister is the Church. That, of course, you realize, is quite incorrect. As a matter of fact, are not many of these youth, referred to in the article, part of the Church? Have they no responsibility themselves in the matter? You will, I think, see what I mean. It might be worth while for you to follow up your present article with another entitled, "Is Youth Letting the Church Down?"—being careful, of course, to make clear what is meant by "the Church."

Another thing that struck me about the article is the strange conception that people seem to have, that they go to church *primarily* to get something. As a matter of fact, they go, or should go, *primarily* to give something, viz., to render worship to God. They will get much, of course, but what they get will depend to a very large extent upon what they give in the matter of worship.

I hope you will not mind my offering these criticisms of the article. It is not done in any carping spirit, but merely to point out what I do often think is a weakness in articles of this kind.

In spite of what I have said, however, I think the article is well worth while, and will no doubt be read with considerable interest by many people. That the religious problems of youth are very real, and very vital, no one would deny, but the meeting and solving of these problems cannot be done by any minister of any congregation. They can only be resolved by the Church as a whole, which would include its full membership, and that means including many of our young people themselves . . .—R. A. Hiltz, General Secretary, the Church of England in Canada: Department of Religious Education.

Those Siamese Cats

The Editor: I have been a reader of Chatelaine since the first copy—also a reader and subscriber to Maclean's for two decades—and I believe in giving praise where praise is due. I would like to say the article by Austin F. Cross in February Chatelaine re Siamese cats was the best and most interesting I have ever read! I am a great reader, having been in bed for over 10 years doing nothing else! But I thus consider myself a fairly good judge. I am also a great lover of cats, horses and dogs, so it really was up my side street, I suppose! (In years agone I was a famous horsewoman.) I liked Mr. Cross' style too. Methinks during Hitler and after, we have had just a little bit too much serious stuff. All my life I have wanted a Siamese cat but now no chance—no money to spare anyway—and I am an invalid in bed, but I can still get my Siamese cats secondhand, like "Uncle Willie." Thanks for a fine article. I'd like Mr. Cross to know how much it was appreciated.—(Mrs.) A. Hutton, Ontario.

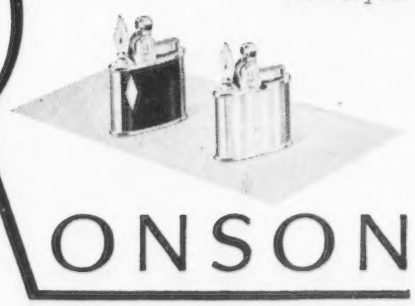
Dear Madam: Well, Mr. Cross wins! I have always had an instinctive dislike for all cats (including the Siamese, although I have never seen one) but the article, "Adventures with the Siamese," in the February number has dispelled my inhibitions about the feline family.

As you probably know, the cat lovers and cat haters among all women (I doubt if men really feel so strong, for or against) come to frequent blows at teas and over-the back-fence sessions. Those amusingly presented goings-on of Mr. Cross' rather special collection have shown me I am undoubtedly missing something. Instead of hating all cats, I am beginning to be concerned as to whether such pets as the Cross family struggled with might like *me*—especially the Siamese! —Emmaline Johnston, Toronto.

Truly the crowning touch for dinner table, coffee table, *any* table, are these exquisite lighters fashioned by RONSON in radiant silver plate. When the cigarettes are passed, their simple, patented, "Press, it's lit! . . . Release, it's out!" safety action is an unfailing delight to your guests . . . perfect protection for your fine furnishings against the hazards of match burns. Yes, few articles of silverware are more practical . . . few so lovely . . . none will serve you more often through the years than these gracious "Crowns" by RONSON.

Smart to Own . . . Smart to Give

Other smart RONSON models for pocket and handbag from $5.00 to $8.00. See them at your favorite dealer.



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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

ON THE AIR . . . Hear RONSON'S "20 QUESTIONS" over CBC Dominion Network. (Also on MBS stations in the U.S.A. which reach Canada.) For time and station see your local paper.

RONSON ART METAL WORKS (CANADA) LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Never neglect a razor cut

Any cut can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the cut properly. Then put on a BAND-AID* — the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage, that stays put . . . even no hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection. Keep one box at home — one where you work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade mark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.

The quick, easy way to bandage a razor cut.

6 Methods for finding a Duplex

by E. K. Croucher

IN MAY, 1944, I began my long odyssey in search of a duplex.

"My dear, of course there *are* places, but with a child you *haven't* a chance!"

Such dark warnings left me unimpressed. Ridiculous to assume that obtaining a modest duplex should be an insurmountable difficulty in this bright little 20th century, so famous for its tailor - made formulae for everything from parachutes to pregnancy.

A duplex loomed large in my life's neat blueprint, and I set out to find one, budgeting anywhere from two weeks to two months of my spare hours, faithfully following any and every method I heard of as time marched on.

. . . soaking the calluses on my feet, and making so many phone calls that my dialling finger is crippled.

Today there is not one of the four corners of the city unfamiliar to me, not one street or viaduct I could not find in my sleep, not one duplex building whose location I couldn't quickly plot in on a map of the city.

I've travelled hundreds of miles by streetcar, thousands by foot.

Naturally shy and retiring, I've developed a sales talk that would qualify me for selling anything from hairpins to life insurance.

Since I've been duplex hunting my shoe repair shop has protested that the increased volume of business I've taken in has seriously overtaxed their available manpower.

When I spend an evening at home soaking the calluses on my feet I make so many phone calls that the index finger of my right hand is crippled for a couple of days, and the other people on my party line have complained.

Mentally and physically this all told on me for a while. I was on the verge of anaemia at one stage. Then there was that period of temporary amnesia when I persisted in writing out cheques and forgetting to cover them. And it's likely that the schizophrenic tendencies I developed will follow me through life, though I have never gone so far as to kiss strange babies.

But I feel better now. The comfortable state of philosophic introspection into which I finally drifted seems permanent, and I can even venture on a leisurely and careful analysis of the various methods I employed in searching for a duplex.

Duplex searching just naturally falls into six distinct methods which I've summarized as a quick, handy reference for fellow searchers:

Method 1, Advertising in this matter (which does *not* pay unless you are a little brightie with a brand-new angle). Remember, hundreds of people with hundreds of children are after the same thing as you are. But unique presentations have been known to work, such as:

"Must we build an igloo?"

"Do we have to drown our children?"

"Is it a sin to have a legitimate child?"

"Can someone help me find a home for my new baby brother?"

Classic was the ad of an airman, honorably discharged, offering his services to any allied country who would find housing for his family.

If you, with a child, advertise, it's got to be good! My own sob number brought dozens of sympathetic calls offering me housing, but no duplex.

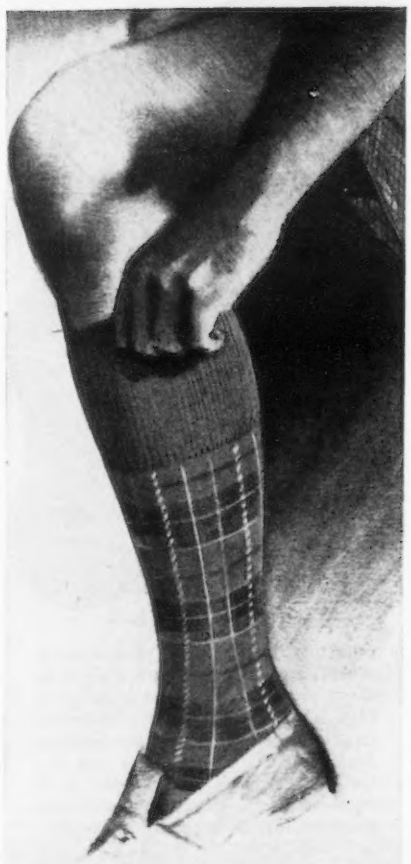
Method 2, Lobbying. One of my earlier methods was to approach the milkman, the butcher, the baker (also tried some Butter and Egg men, but no go), having been reminded that these public servants know more about the domestic goings-on in a community than the minister does. This method is now

The lobbying method — applied to baker, milkman — is now obsolete. Anyway, I was too low in my ante.

obsolete. Too late I learned I was too low in my ante. (This method is closely co-ordinated with Method 3.) Finding this approach unsuccessful, I devoted my time to other more complicated means.

Method 3, Bribery. One of the most potent, Method 3 falls into two categories:

The monetary, employed almost entirely with janitors, but there I erred



Magnificent possession

Cosy, long-wearing, foot-easy comfort. Colours bright and patterns right. Ask any man who owns them if Monarch-Knit socks aren't a magnificent possession! Look for the Monarch-Knit label. It identifies top quality . . . at a glance.

Sheer flattery

Monarch Full-Fashioned Hose are famous for flattery . . . and fine quality. Choose them . . . for true loveliness!

Famous for quality—Foremost in style

Monarch-Knit

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED
DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO

Sketches by Nancy Caudle

Early-on in the competition for housing, unique advertising of this kind paid off. But you had to be a brightie with a brand-new angle.

in starting out at $25. The Janitor method failing, I resorted to low cunning, ferreting out the phone number of a whiz-bang woman detective, my idea being that because she worked largely in divorce evidence, she'd know which homes were likeliest to go phttt. At first she was genuinely interested, and perhaps I just imagined that her voice cooled when I offered $50. The thought persists that had I moved the decimal place a notch to the right I might have got to first base. But fifty was my limit; the competition of desperate people whose limit was celestial was too tough.

The alcoholic occurred to me just after bribery became illegal. Had I offered to forfeit my rights to a 26-ouncer and 24 beers last December for one or 12 months, the results might have been highly gratifying. My regret is that never again will there be such an opportunity of exploring this fascinating possibility.

Method 4. The Grapevine. This way is tortuous, circuitous and often primitive. I ran to earth dozens of scents. I was on so many wild goose chases I became allergic to feathers. I "almost" landed half a dozen duplexes.

In fact, through someone who knew someone who knew a lawyer who was closing a deal I actually was promised a duplex (by telephone) by the lady who through this deal would acquire an empty duplex to rent. It was all conducted with utmost secrecy and considerable dignity. But the lady reneged. When I called around to protest she looked very unhappy and groped for an excuse. She was a nice-looking girl who obviously liked nice things, and in the darkening gloom of a rainy evening I couldn't see if the palm of her hand was greasy. Anyway, that's against the law.

Method 5. Trust companies and real-estate offices. I canvassed most of the well-known ones, which I found interesting purely because of the three general turning-away answers employed: The soft, courteous, "Nothing right now, but if you'd like to leave your name" . . . the crisp negative, "No, nothing at all and we won't have!" and a cryptic "HA HA! Hey, Bill, the lady wants a duplex. HA HA!" which makes you feel awfully silly and you hurry out.

Method 6. Investment. During the last two weeks remaining between a roof over my head and the great outdoors, I happened on some statistical comment about the tremendous increase expected in baby population. Said I, a lot of people outgrowing their duplexes would be glad to make an exchange for a sweet little bungalow out in God's country where the traffic is negligible, and there's always a breeze in the summer, and streetcars don't always run in the winter.

Why not buy a house? Of course I had no money.

I bought a house, raising the down payment on crust and collateral, and I've been paying through my proboscis. ever since. But it is a sweet little house, and above all it's *ours*. (Mine and the Government's and the bank's.)

My endeavors to swap the house for a duplex required the use of Method One again. The only fly in the soothing syrup is that while my phone rings endlessly with duplexes available for trade, so far nobody has possessed the down payment I'll need to see the back of my neck. All this supposedly accrued postwar wealth is allocated to many purposes, not including buying my house. There *was* one pleasant-voiced woman who was trying to find a bungalow to fit her beloved eight-piece dining-room suite. After several conversations I advised her to build a house around it.

Although no swap has been effected, I've met all kinds of lovely voices. We gab away, exchanging sympathy and advice just like those good old confessional groups popular several years back. While I've made many fleeting friends and doubtless influenced many momentous decisions, I haven't grabbed off a duplex.

Right now I'm figuring out a wicked angle, which can't miss because I'm advertising quantity with quality in the

✦ *Continued on page 94*

BEAMED *ELECTRONIC* POWER
Harnessed for the First Time in a Hearing Aid
creates
A HEARING INSTRUMENT
(Battery-Contained, All-in-One)
UNLIKE ANY OTHER

The New Acousticon Imperial (complete with batteries) barely covers the palm of your hand

This is All You Wear!

New Acousticon Imperial

Unique in the History of Hearing Aids for Size, Power, Beauty and Form — Giving Hearing Results That Challenge All Previous Achievements

Beamed ELECTRONIC Power is power created by focusing streams of electrons as engineers have directed the waters of sluggish rivers into concentrated channels for the creation of electrical energy.

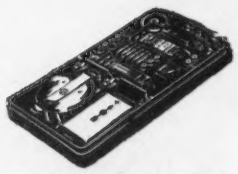
Only Beamed ELECTRONIC Power makes it possible for the *tiniest* 15-volt "B" battery in the world to deliver *all* the hearing power of the largest 45-volt "B" battery!

- New Exclusive Features Sharply Reduce "B" Battery Costs!
- Greater Hearing Efficiency and Comfort Through New Noise Suppressor!

UNIQUE HEARING RESULTS—
Because the Imperial Has Been Engineered to Provide the Correction Your INDIVIDUAL Hearing Loss Requires

The Acousticon Imperial features an entire *series* of 11 receivers—8 magnetic air receivers and 3 bone receivers—*each pitched differently.* These can be called "Hearing Lenses" because they correct sounds before they enter your ear—as optical lenses correct images before they reach your eyes. *Now* it is possible to give you the hearing correction *you* need with the accuracy of results obtained in eyesight corrections. Most important is that you get *proof* —not promises—that it is the *personal* hearing correction you *individually* need. And you get it in a *positive, written* record of recognized tests!

"HONEYCOMB CONSTRUCTION"*
*Pat. Pend.
The "Honeycomb Construction" made possible unprecedented reduction in size.



This is the entire "Capsule Power Supply" — tiny 15-volt "B" battery and a wafer-size "A" battery.

In profile, the Imperial is almost as thin as a fountain pen and only about half its length!

A WORLD-WIDE SERVICE by the World's First and Oldest Manufacturer of Electrical Hearing Aids
Acousticon INTERNATIONAL

13th Floor
Northern Ontario Bldg.,
330 BAY STREET
TORONTO

IF YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY COME IN, MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

ACOUSTICON—330 Bay Street, Toronto. NA 2-15
Gentlemen: I wish to have the FREE BOOK called "Personal Analysis of Your Hearing Loss and How It Can Be Corrected."

Name .....

Address .....

WEAR IT UP...

OR
WEAR IT DOWN

HAVE THE PRETTIEST HAIR IN TOWN!

And KEEP it that way with the aid of "Goody" Grip-Fast Combs

Lovely roll or upswept hair styles call for combs that will *hold* hair securely—that will *stay* in place—or the whole glamorous effect is lost.

"Goody" Grip-Fast Combs have special *flexible* teeth *designed* to grip the hair and stay in . . . to help you keep your hair-do always immaculate.

Now made in both tuck and side comb sizes with plain top for invisible wear—or with the new, sophisticated Jewelstone tops to match your costume and add gay glamour to your hair. Ask for several "Goody" Grip-Fast Combs — the combs that *never* let your hair down—at 5 and 10c stores, notion counters and drug stores.

Made in Canada by the makers of "Goody" Curlers and Wave Clips, "Goody" Barrettes and "Welgroom" Combs for men and women.

Master Your Finances

by Lillian D. Millar

"ANNUAL INCOME £20, annual expenditures £19, 19s, 6d—result, happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditures £20, 0s, 6d—result, misery." So said Mr. Micawber in Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield." These were hailed as words of wisdom 100 years ago. They are just as true today, for the contentment and security of any family depends upon its being able to live within its means.

"If only I had another $10 a week, I could manage easily!" This is a common cry these days, but in reality size of income is not the chief factor which determines whether or not a family can pay its way. As income goes up, wants and desires multiply quickly and we find that many people with large salaries are in financial difficulties. The family with $50 a week, which is always behind with its bills, would just as likely be in debt on an income of $100 a week. Success or failure in managing personal finances depends not so much on size of income as on how that income is spent and upon the amount of thought and effort which is given to make the dollars buy the most in comfort and happiness.

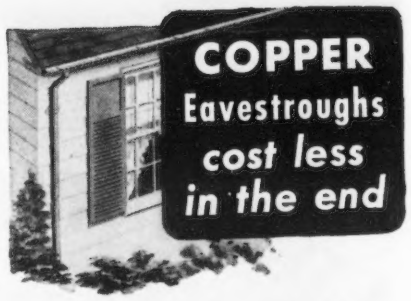
It is true that it is not a simple matter to handle family finances. It is a complex job which requires thoughtful planning, study and experience. In the accompanying panel we show how the income of the average family is used. Here are 17 different channels into which the money must be directed. Into each has to go a different amount, depending upon the number of items it must cover and their importance. The income must cover regular weekly or monthly expenses, those which come several times a year and those which occur only once in a long time. Only by a careful plan, or in other words a budget, can a family look ahead to provide for all the hundreds of purchases it must make in a year.

Budget making is a family affair. As every member shares in the income, each one should have a say as to how it is to be spent and also a responsibility in the more difficult task of making the budget work. If entered into with the proper spirit, budget making may be a fascinating and instructive project. A game even, for it's fun to try to devise ways and means to make your dollars and cents buy what you want most. If you have never kept a family budget, start now because there's no time like the present for mastering your finances. If you have a budget ready-planned but still find it hard to make ends meet, this is a good time to check to see why it isn't working.

FIRST ESTIMATE the total family income for a year. Use net income—that is the amount after all deductions have been made for income tax, etc.—for this is the actual amount you have to spend. An annual budget is better than a monthly or weekly one. Many expenditures are made only occasionally and these must be included. Then, many workers cannot depend upon having 52 weeks' work in the year; they may be laid off for a time during slack seasons. If this is the case in your family; it is dangerous to base expenditures on the weekly amount which is earned while your husband is working. If you do, what will you have to live on when he is laid off? Instead, expenditures should be scaled to fit actual average annual income. For example, suppose your husband's average weekly earnings are $50 and that as a rule he is laid off for four weeks in the spring and four weeks in the fall. Therefore he works only 44 weeks in the year at $50 a week; thus he earns an annual

Where Income Goes

1. **Food.**
2. **Shelter**—Rent or upkeep costs on owned home (includes property taxes, payments on mortgages, reserve for repairs, painting, decorating, fire insurance on house, etc.).
3. **Fuel and light.**
4. **Clothing**—includes cost of cleaning and repairing.
5. **Furniture, furnishings and equipment** — new purchases, also upkeep costs on present possessions.
6. **Operation**—Ice, telephone, laundry, help, cleaning supplies, upkeep of garden, etc. Insurance on household effects and personal property.
7. **Health**—Medical, dental and hospital fees, medicines, vitamin concentrates. Hospitalization schemes' fees. Accident and health insurance premiums.
8. **Transportation** — Streetcar and bus fares. Motor car purchase and upkeep costs. Bicycle purchase and upkeep. Railway and other fares.
9. **Personal care**— Barber, hairdresser, toilet soaps, tooth paste, cosmetics, shaving supplies, etc.
10. **Recreation**—Entertaining, reading and writing materials, movies, sports events, theatres, concerts, etc. Cigarettes, tobacco, liquor. Hobbies and sports. Radio purchase, license and upkeep. Club fees. Vacations. Sitter's fees.
11. **Education; vocations**—Children's tuition fees, books and supplies, board at school. Adults' union fees or professional association fees. Technical literature.
12. **Church, charities** — Church and Sunday school collection. All other charities.
13. **Gifts**—Birthday, Christmas, wedding and other gifts.
14. **Income taxes.**
15. **Unemployment insurance.**
16. **Savings**—life insurance, bonds and other savings.
17. **Sundry and unforeseen expenses** —Your reserve to cushion shock of any unexpected expense.



NOTHING you own today is as precious as your home. If you now have copper valleys and flashings, copper eavestroughs and downspouts, you can be thankful.

But, if your sheet metal work is rusted out and leaky, it may cause serious damage to your home. By all means, replace it *now* with 16 ounce Anaconda Copper . . . and forget about rust. Your sheet metal contractor can show you how the extra cost of copper will be repaid many times in upkeep savings. Write for our free Booklet, "Your Enduring Home".

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ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

(Since 1922 Headquarters in Canada for Copper and Brass)

Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ont. *Montreal Office:* 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg.

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PINEAPPLE GUAVA

Produces Rich Luscious Fruit on Dwarf Plants

This rich tropical fruit is produced on plants that are highly ornamental too. A fascinating and novel house-plant with its glossy green and silvery-gray foliage. Flowers as large as 1½ inches across, white to purplish crimson with crimson stamens; followed by delicious aromatic fruit about 1½ to 2 inches long. Flesh is translucent white of pronounced pineapple flavour and seeds so small as to be unnoticeable. May be used raw, cooked, or in jams and jellies. A bowl of fruit will fill a room with delightful fragrance. Easily grown from seed. Full directions supplied.

(Pkt 25¢) (3 pkts 50¢) postpaid
***FREE* — OUR BIG 1947 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK — Leads Again** 20W
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

Not very well, we're afraid, unless you know the answer to proper balanced planting—know where to place each shrub, tree and flowering plant to best advantage to form a colorful and symmetrical over-all picture.

"Foundation Planting," gives the basic rules which are "musts" for every would-be successful gardener.

Foundation Planting

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 302. Price 5 cents.

Order from:
Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

THE Proudest Name IN TIME

Smartest style is more than a word, with Gruen. And smartest style is far more than a mere claim applied to Gruen beauty... it is a fact, endorsed over and over again by leading fashion authorities everywhere. Gruen precision is a tradition of craftsmanship, developed through generations of fine watchmaking.

GRUEN
THE PRECISION WATCH

Don't be sunk by a sink...
Just pour in GILLETT'S

Grease-clogged drains clear up—fast!

No need to have a tantrum. Gillett's Lye—poured in full strength—will cut right through the grease and clogged up dirt in that drain pipe, have it running freely in no time.

Use Gillett's for all the "dirty" work—it keeps toilet bowls gleaming white, cleans greasy pans, lightens all your household tasks. Get a couple of tins today.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of lye itself heats water.

income of $2,200. Add the amount he would receive for unemployment insurance, in the eight weeks he is unemployed—$14.40 for eight weeks or $115—and the estimated annual income is $2,315. If you spread this over the 52 weeks in the year, you will find that you have about $44.50 a week to live on, not $50.

It is essential to successful budgeting to be completely honest at the outset as to all family expenses. Find out how your money is being spent now. With this information before you, you can see just where you stand and where and how much you must whittle down your expenses.

BEGIN with your regular expenses, those which are made day by day, week by week, or month by month. For a month have each member of the family keep a record of how money is spent. As eventually expenses will have to be separated under headings such as those shown in the panel, it will save a bookkeeping job at the end of the month if you do this as you go along. At the end of the month bring together expenditures of all members of the family. Then total the amounts under each heading.

Then there are those expenses which occur only once in a while. During the month estimate as closely as you can what is spent in a year for all those items which are bought only occasionally. Put down payments which are made once or twice a year. (The list in our panel will help you.) Some items will be easy enough to estimate: shelter costs, fuel and light, transportation costs, charities, savings, etc. Others will be more difficult. Clothing will be one of the hardest, for it has been found that the average family buys about 150 different articles of clothing in a year. Put down the needs of each member of the family separately and the price you are likely to have to pay for each article. You will not be able to look ahead to provide for everything, so add a lump sum to cover miscellaneous and unforeseen clothing expenses. Be sure to include an amount to cover cost of cleaning and repairing clothes. Home furnishing and equipment is another difficult item to estimate. First decide what new furniture and equipment you are going to get and the price you can afford to pay. Then set an amount to cover cost of replacements, repairs, cleaning, etc., of your present household effects. Add something for sundry items which you cannot foresee.

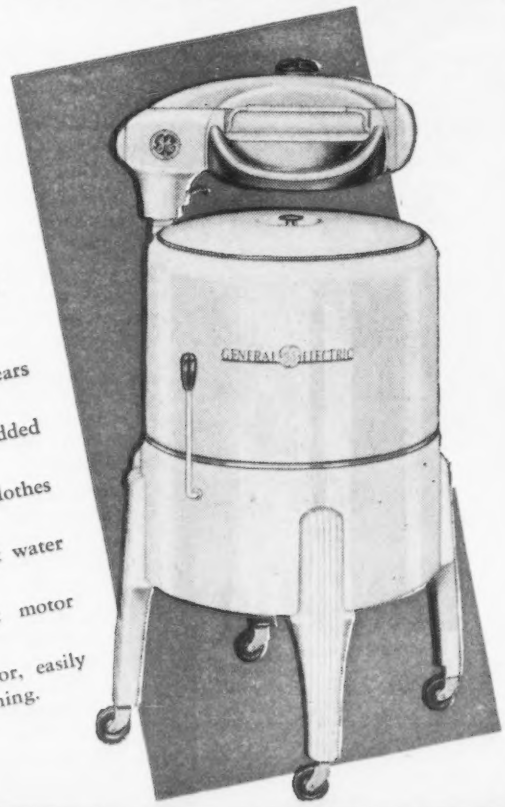
AT THE END of the month, make up your trial budget. You know the amount you have spent during the month for regular expenses. Unless there was some unusual outlay, this may be taken as an average month. Get the annual cost by multiplying by 12. For example, food was $50; therefore annual food bill $600. Electricity $3; annual amount $36. And so on. Put in estimated cost of those occasional expenditures which you have been drawing up during the month. Check carefully to make certain that you haven't omitted anything. Then total the lot. This is your *total estimated family expenditures* for a year. Now compare this amount with your net annual income. Horrors! You may find the cost of living is greater than your capacity to pay.

✦ *Continued on page 105*

WHY so many women will choose the New

GENERAL ELECTRIC WASHER

TODAY'S G-E WASHER has been completely re-styled from top to bottom . . . more than 30 new improvements, developed as a result of intensive research, have been incorporated to make this the finest G-E washer ever produced. In addition you'll still find the proven G-E features . . . the famous activator, gentle yet thorough . . . the rubber-mounted, trouble-free motor . . . the simple wringer that takes the work out of washing. Your nearest G-E Appliance Dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration. You'll always be glad you chose General Electric.



THESE FEATURES MEAN CONSTANT, DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE

- ✓ Tougher, longer-lasting gears and shafts.
- ✓ Legs spot-welded for added strength.
- ✓ Larger and sturdier clothes wringer.
- ✓ Rolled top to prevent water spillage.
- ✓ Positive, permanent motor lubrication.
- ✓ The famous activator, easily removable for cleaning.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD
HEAD OFFICE · TORONTO

NEW BISSELLS* NEED NO HANDLE PRESSURE!

New "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action adjusts automatically to any rug—thick or thin!

Sweeps clean with one easy swoop, even under beds and chairs! Actually, the pick-up is so perfect you never have to press on the handle at all!

Available now in limited quantities at Bissell dealers only—complete with exclusive "Sta-up" Handle and the new, easier "Flip-O" Empty.

NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

with patented "Bisco-matic" Brush Action

*REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN
(FACTORY AT NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA)

There is a tasteful trinity of charm, permanence and loveliness in Imperial Loyalist Furniture. This finer furniture is developed by skilled artisans who create a blend of charm, comfort and quality for Canadian homes. If your dealer cannot supply you immediately, it is because many, many other Canadians have also chosen to live with loveliness.

IMPERIAL LOYALIST
LOOK FOR THIS BRAND ON EVERY PIECE

IMPERIAL LOYALIST
Made in Stratford, Canada by Imperial Rattan Co. Limited

or oblique and single, with short fruit spurs, or with two to several branches, all in one vertical plane.

(3) An Espalier is a dwarf tree trained on a trellis with arms trained in opposite pairs at right angles to the main trunk, but otherwise managed like a cordon.

In employing the espalier system, dwarf trees, mainly pear or apples, are used and the branches, restricted to a definite symmetrical number, are trained in a single plain parallel to the support, either horizontally, vertically or in diagonal direction. The branching is started low, and by constant heading back, pinching of unwanted shoots and tying of the stem and new terminal growth each season to the trellis, the desired form and design of branches is developed, the fruits being allowed to form on selected spurs at uniform intervals. The training and spacing results in giving all the fruits maximum light and air. Trees on espalier trellises are therefore less likely to suffer from abrupt temperature changes than those grown close against walls.

Gardeners who wish to experiment with espaliers and cordons will discover wall areas of garages or houses that will be improved by such treatment. Also there are locations where a supporting system of wire can feature a series of cordons very effectively.

The training of fruit trees may become a fascinating hobby with gardeners who have the time to devote to the training, plus ingenuity and resourcefulness. (For additional information on training methods and pruning, consult Ontario Department of Agriculture Bulletin 392, "Pruning the Tree Fruits.")

In selecting varieties for the home garden, it is wise to have a small percentage of early-summer-ripening varieties, a higher proportion of early-autumn ripeners and the largest percentage of the late autumn or winter varieties because of their keeping qualities. Perhaps for the ordinary city lot or suburban garden, just one or two dwarf fruit trees are desired, but these can be chosen as much on the basis of fruit quality as for their contribution of shape and blossom to the garden picture.

Below are mentioned a number of varieties of apples and pears which have proved satisfactory in dwarf form. As yet cherries and plums have not passed the final test for dwarf use.

Summer-ripening Apples: Yellow Transparent; Rob Roy or Early McIntosh—an outstanding variety, cross between McIntosh and Yellow Transparent and ripens in early August.

Fall Apples: Red Gravenstein—juicy and richly flavored, very productive; Red Eddie, or Early All-Red Wealthy—fine white flesh, juicy, agreeably subacid.

Winter Apples: McIntosh Red—one of the best and known to us all; Red Delicious, Yellow Delicious; Jonathan; Golden Russet — smallish, with crisp white juicy flesh of distinctive flavor; Snow (Fameuse)—always popular.

Early-ripening Pears: Clapp's Favorite—first to ripen, very large, excellent flavor; Bartlett—most popular of all; Lincoln—good flavor; late August.

Winter Pears: Anjou—develops its best flavor in early winter, and is very good choice for small garden use; Christmas Cheer—as its name suggests, reaches its peak at the year end, if allowed to ripen slowly in cool cellar storage, has attractively colored skin.

All modern conveniences

Ever have to scrub a toilet bowl just before guests arrive? Conveniences today include Sani-Flush, the disinfecting toilet bowl cleaner that's as modern as this minute. Sani-Flush cleans your toilet bowl chemically, removes stains and germ-laden film, ensures a toilet bowl that's really clean and, therefore, odorless. There's no work.

Absolutely safe for all toilet systems. Works in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Sani-Flush

USE TWICE A WEEK

A SINGLE MOSQUITO can put an end to sleep and a whole squadron can find even a tiny hole in a rusted screen.

Hardware stores sell rustless screening made from Anaconda Bronze. It provides the best protection . . . saves the labor and expense of frequent replacements. Write for our free booklet, "Your Enduring Home".

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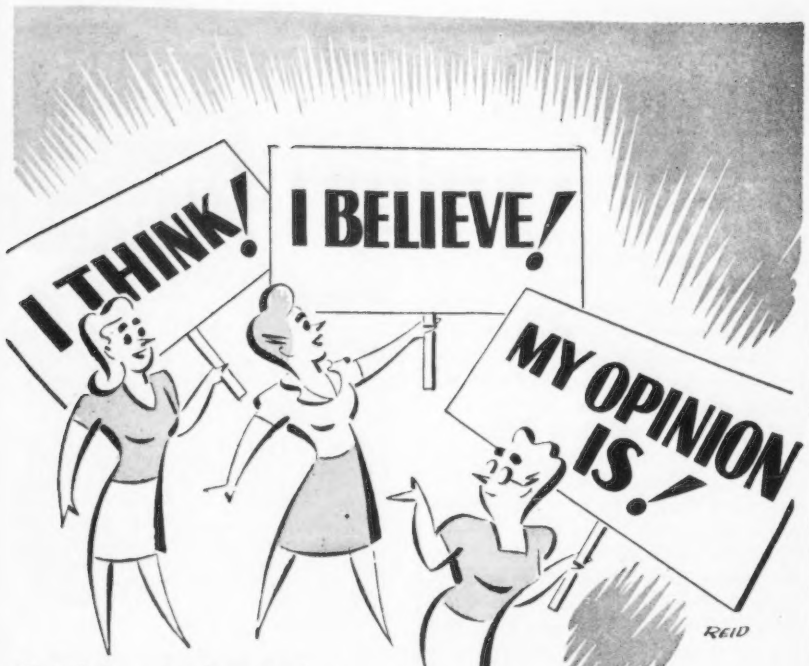


Chatelaine is broadening the scope of the Institute Consulting Board into a network of women for its

CONSUMER COUNCIL

MRS. CONSUMER—the housewife—has ideas! And she should have. She's the one who spends the income—85%, statistics say. She's the buyer of food, clothes, and all kinds of consumer goods. Not only does she buy them, she uses them day after day; watches how they wear on her family; has to fit them into the family budget.

For years she's been expressing her ideas to her family circle or to a bridge party or group meeting where they often come to a dead end.

"Why doesn't someone do something about this!"—"And that!"—"And the other thing!" she cries. For she knows at once whether a new gadget or a kitchen utensil is really useful, really practical.

She is the one who tests in her daily routine the theories which experts propound.

She is the one who knows what her communities are thinking; where they are failing; what might be done about it.

It took a war to make Canada aware of the effectiveness of organized consumer thinking. To the surprise of sceptics it was found that the Woman in the Home represented a tremendous potential force, when an opportunity was given to focus her thinking.

But the war is over. Now what?

Chatelaine is establishing a Consumer Relations Department to be a channel through which women's ideas may flow—to one another; to Government; and to business.

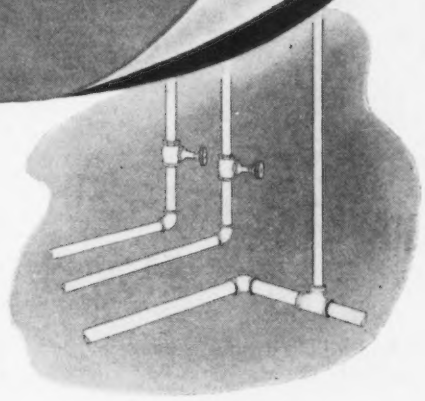
As a first step, a Consumer Council is being organized, 2,000 strong, scientifically representative of Canadian women. The members of this Council will act as Chatelaine consultants on all kinds of questions—inside and outside the home.

There should be plenty of argument; plenty of surprises in what women are thinking and how they differ from each other. It should prove as lively as any free-for-all family argument.

The Chatelaine Institute Consulting Board originated many years ago. As this Board was concerned in the main with home management, active members who gave such yeoman service to the magazine will form the basis of the Council.

You'll be hearing from Consumer Council in the pages of Chatelaine. It will be a channel for your ideas and opinions. Maybe *you'd* like to be a member. If you would, let us know!

Write to: Consumer Relations Department, Chatelaine, Toronto.



Look for
CRANE

BEHIND the walls also . . .

A GLEAMING Crane sink or cabinet is "a thing of beauty" in any kitchen. It will also be "a joy forever"—or at least for many years!—if the pipes, valves and fittings *behind* it are also Crane. The health and comfort of your family depend at least as much on the *unseen* parts of your plumbing and heating system as on what you do see.

So, in planning your new home, insist on Crane throughout—for beauty in what is seen, for dependable service in what is unseen.

The ideal way to start planning is, first, to send for and study informative Crane literature. Then, when you consult with architect and plumbing and heating contractor, you will know exactly what you want them to specify and install *behind* the walls also.

CRANE
PRINTED HELPS

Write for those you specifically can use:

1A "Planning the Bathroom and Kitchen", 24 pages of practical ideas for the home you plan to build.

2B "Plumbing and Heating for the Home". A product booklet showing fixtures and equipment now being manufactured.

3D "Gerity 'Lifetime' Chrome Bathroom Accessories". Lustrous soap dishes, towel bars and other items of modern design.

4F "How to Select the Right Heating System For Your Home"—16 pages describing and illustrating various heating methods.

5E "Plumbing and Heating Pointers". To help you keep going with equipment you now have.

CRANE
AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES

1-7015

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Branches in 18 Cities in Canada and Newfoundland

NATION WIDE REPRESENTATION THROUGH PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTORS EVERYWHERE

PAM: Marriage is swell, Mom— but I hate cleaning a kitchen!

MOM: That shouldn't be a hard job, darling . . . if you use the right cleanser.

PAM: But, Mom, I've tried loads of cleansers! They're gritty and rough on my hands. And still I have to scrub *plenty*.

MOM: Why, *Pam!* It's plain you haven't tried *my* favorite—Bon Ami!

PAM: Well, no, Mom...I sort of thought a coarse cleanser would save work.

MOM: Goodness, no, child—coarse, gritty cleansers leave scratches that *trap* dirt and make you scrub. But Bon Ami's safe and fine. It just *slides* grease away, easy and fast. Polishes, too.

PAM: It must work, Mom—your kitchen always sparkles. Guess I'd better switch to Bon Ami *quick!*

MOM: You better had, kitten, especially if you want to save those pretty hands of yours.

US: Bon Ami is perfect for *all* cleaning—sinks, bathtubs, windows, mirrors, pots and pans, metal and enamel surfaces.

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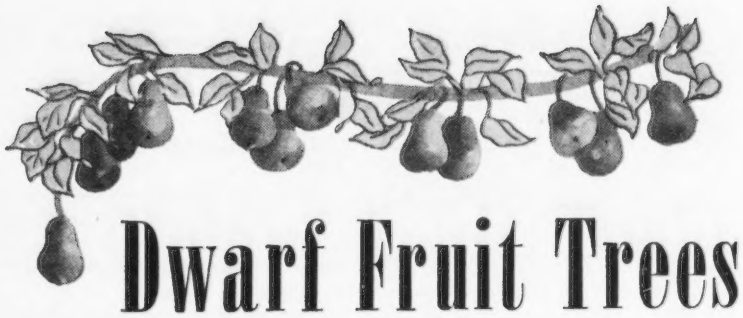

Dwarf Fruit Trees

by
Frances Steinhoff Sanders
C.S.L.A.

THE GROWING of dwarf fruit trees is a lively topic of interest these days, as new homes and grounds are being established across Canada. The majority of homeowners would like to grow a percentage of fruit on their own properties, but standard fruit trees occupy too much space for the average lot. Some varieties of standard apples will at maturity reach a height and spread of 35 to 50 feet. So they definitely need abundance of room for proper development.

Just the opposite is true of dwarf apple and pear trees. Even at maturity they may only reach relatively one quarter the height of standard trees and will average a spread of from 12 to 15 feet. This means that they may be planted from 12 to 15 feet apart, according to variety. Those who would like to grow a number of dwarf trees will see that with skilful spacing, a tiny orchard of from 16 to 25 dwarf specimens may be grown in the area ordinarily needed for one full-grown standard apple tree.

The modern type of dwarf apple and pear trees have been produced by grafting choice dessert varieties on a dwarfing stock which is bushlike in form and stature. The resulting trees are of the size adaptable to small garden planting and there is a steadily increasing demand for these dwarf forms. During the war the dwarf stock was difficult to obtain but the supply is now becoming more plentiful.

In addition to their space-saving merits, dwarf fruit trees have other advantages over standard forms. Harvesting becomes a very simple operation, as the majority of the fruit may be reached from the ground without the use of stepladders. Also, with light penetrating to all parts of the tree, the flavor of the fruit is improved as well as the color. The yield gives a higher percentage of Grade A fruit per tree.

The greatest selling point for these miniatures and the best news from the eager but usually impatient grower's standpoint are their early-bearing habits. Instead of beginning in five or even 10 years as do some on standard forms, the dwarfs begin bearing as early as the second or third years. They are shorter-lived than the standard varieties of course, but dwarfs carry on satisfactorily up to 15 years or more, after which they need replacement.

The home owner interested in experimenting with these dwarf trees should survey his property for suitable locations. There may be an area devoted to the growing of vegetables and small fruits. Very frequently space may be found to include some of the dwarf fruit trees on the boundaries. In some cases a miniature orchard may be planted as suggested above. Or space may be found in planting beds where there is full sun, or they may be grown as specimens at strategic parts of the garden where their beauty in blossom time may be appreciated as well as in fruiting season.

DWARFS thrive under the same growing conditions as for ordinary fruit trees. They require normally fertile soil, kept

Two different types of dwarf fruit culture are shown here: an espalier supported against a sunny wall, and a pear tree by the gate.

They bring the beauty of apple and pear blossom into small city gardens, and their higher percentage of large, fine-flavored fruit can become a new source of gardener's pride

Sketches by Nancy Caudle.

in friable condition by cultivation and seasonal application of fertilizer. Over-fertilization should be avoided, for with too much nitrogen in the soil they may grow vigorously at the expense of the fruit crop next year. In fact the top growth may have to be checked occasionally during the spring and summer with top-pruning to keep the tree within bounds.

In eastern Canada an excellent time for planting is in the very early spring, as soon as the ground is workable. On the west coast late autumn is the time when such stock is planted. The point to keep in mind is to plant when the stock is dormant. All newly planted trees should be supported with a sturdy stake —and be sure that the point of union between the root and the graft is at least three inches above ground. This is contrary to the method of planting budded roses in which the bud is always set below the ground level. If the correct method is not followed with the dwarf fruit trees, the tops will send down their own roots and so the resulting tree will be as vigorous as standard varieties. Of course, suckers from the roots should be kept pruned off, even as they must be with budded roses, flowering cherries, etc.

In purchasing stock at nurseries there may be offered one-, two- or three-year-old trees. The amount of training given these by the purchaser will depend on his immediate objective.

The training of trees is really an educational process in which the tree is made to conform to specific requirements. Modern fruit growers demand either two-year trees that have never been topped—that is, had their leaders or main stems cut—or one-year-old unbranched whips in which they may develop branches exactly where wanted and suppress all others before they have become woody or even before they have developed from the buds. The beginner in this experimental field may well follow the latter procedure.

The most recently developed and most satisfactory method of training fruit trees is to restrict the number of buds to groups of three at various desired heights and specific distances apart on the whips, to destroy all others and, commencing in the spring of the following season, to select the best-placed branches in each group, cutting off all the others, with a sharp knife, close to the stem.

This plan permits the grower (1) to have the framework branches located far enough apart—a foot or more—that no two will pull directly against each other and thus tend to break down; and (2) to have the branches point in different directions so that when viewed from above they suggest the spokes of a wheel, thus laying the foundation for systematic development which can be further promoted by selecting the secondary branches by the same method.

In training trees to a desired shape or form, constant and systematic care must be given. Branches at undesirable angles must be suppressed and this should preferably be done while the shoots are green and succulent, during May or early June. While succulent they can be bent over and pulled out with scarcely any effort, whereas if allowed to mature, they must be cut. When they are pulled off no new branches are likely to develop at the same points, but when cut water-spouts are likely to appear around the wounds and call for additional later pruning.

IN THE MAJORITY of gardens, dwarf fruit trees will be grown in the regular rounded form which does not require permanent support nor demand intensive training to a specific pattern.

But there are many gardeners who, having seen highly trained forms growing on supports, are themselves willing to learn how to develop them in their own setting. For many years it has been the practice in England to grow fruit trees against walls, and the decorative results, as well as the high quality of fruit obtained, have led Canadians to try to do likewise. Certain climatic conditions here and the long hot growing season necessitate more constant care to keep the trees systematically under control, but it is being done with more and more success.

Through the years three general types of trained dwarf fruit trees have emerged. They are known as: (1) Standard. (2) Cordon and (3) Espalier.

(1) Standard, in this case, indicates that the specimen stands without support of any kind except the straight unbranched trunk that carries a definite head on its summit. Training may make this head more or less globular, pyramidal, oval, oblong or other form. This results in a formal style, useful in formal garden design.

(2) The Cordon, which requires support such as a stake or a wall or wire, is a dwarf tree whose trunk may lie erect

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Is This The Year To Build?

Here's advice to the houselorn from an authority who pulls no punches. Chatelaine's architectural editor discloses that the only certainty offered by building in 1947 is a scale of costs higher than ever before.

By JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH

HUNDREDS of thousands of Canadians urgently need new houses. Many of them have written to Chatelaine asking if 1947 will be "a good year" in which to build. I hope my opinion is helpful. No snap judgment, it has been formed after much discussion with building material manufacturers and dealers, government officials, architects and contractors—all people intimately connected with the construction industry.

I think 1947 will be a good year to build—if a person doesn't care how much he spends or when his house gets finished! If, however, he wants to keep within a certain cost, or requires occupancy within a specified time, my advice is: don't build in 1947!

Of course, there *may* be a change in official attitude. The Dominion Government *may* take the simple step necessary to expedite all residential construction. It *may* prepare a list of essential types of building and direct municipalities to issue permits for their erection only. But there's no sign of this happening at present.

The prevailing situation denies an adequate flow of supplies to the majority of house builders. Materials and equipment are going to other building projects many of which are less essential than housing. A residence that normally should be finished in three months now takes a year or longer. This fact has dollars-and-cents significance. The owner must pay workmen to wait. They do nothing, but if he lets them go he might not get them back. He must pay interest on the money already advanced by the mortgage company. He must pay rent for whatever accommodation he occupies till the house is ready. And he runs the risk of boosts in wage rates and material price ceilings.

With housing our No. 1 domestic need this is a serious state of affairs. It exists for three reasons. The first is that Canada, of all countries facing a similar problem, is the only one which does not control building. True, Canadian municipalities have the power to regulate construction within their boundaries but none have used it. Any person can build anything he wants. Second, Canadian production of building materials is too small to satisfy the demands made by all types of construction. There just isn't enough to go round. Third, house building is in a relatively poor position to bargain for materials. Consequently, it often gets less than its fair share.

What is essential building?

Absence of construction control means that essential building, such as houses, must compete for scarce materials with less essential building. I won't attempt to define what less essential building is. However, other students of the housing problem have pointed out that theatres, bowling alleys, dance halls and service stations are not so badly needed now as houses, factories, schools and hospitals. But one cannot be too dogmatic. A building of a type not generally required may assume great importance in some particular community.

Absence of construction control has resulted in nonresidential building's gain in volume over residential building. In 1945 the two were equal. Now, nonresidential building is twice as much as residential building and is still rising. It has been estimated that one fifth of all nonresidential building is of questionable necessity at present. The seriousness of the situation was recognized by a leading construction association at its recent annual convention. It urged, through its president, deferment till at least 1948 of such buildings as theatres and other places of amusement.

You may ask How can any nonresidential building get materials when the need for housing is so widely recognized?" Simply because most big contractors are not interested in residential work. Building supply dealers know the average man builds but once in a lifetime. When his house is finished, he is no longer a customer. On the other hand, the contractor is in building for keeps. His good will is mighty important particularly if at some future date residential construction dries up, as it did during the depression. So the big contractor gets what he wants from the supplier, often at the expense of the house builder.

Under a free enterprise system such as ours, no blame can be attached to either the contractor or the supplier. Both are looking after their own interests, as indeed they should. But it's tough on the poor guy trying to build a house.

It would be wrong to imply that the Dominion Government does not encourage increased production of building materials. It has greatly reduced the excess profits tax. It has permitted corporations expanding their factories to allow double depreciation in figuring their income taxes. In at least one case it has directly subsidized the manufacture of certain plumbing fixtures. But, even with these measures, it takes time to boost the flow of supplies to the point where the needs of all types of construction can be satisfied. Under existing circumstances, it is not surprising that some authorities claim our house building capacity is only half the objective announced by the Government.

Who is getting priority?

Individuals who want to construct residences for themselves receive no official assistance. Priorities are given various Government agencies which, directly and indirectly, are building dwellings for rent or sale. They are also given to individual war veterans who manage to get their houses half finished, though such priorities are not always easily obtained. One ex-serviceman I know was surprised to find that while he had been considered a veteran when it came to getting a priority for a car, a year ago, he was not a veteran when he wanted a priority for a bathtub.

Even a veteran's priority amounts, in many cases, to little more than a hunting license. One ex-serviceman, whose story recently made the front page of a Toronto newspaper, claims he has had to give more than a year to scouring the countryside in search of materials. "I feel most fortunate because I've been able to spend the time," he is quoted as saying. "When the average veteran is forced to compete against the big firms in buying materials, he might as well give up." This case may be unusual,

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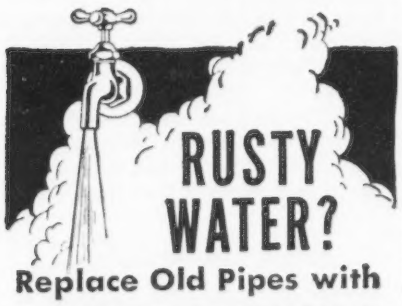

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because many suppliers give veterans preference, regardless of whether or not they possess a priority.

What's to be done?

Blame for the present situation can be divided between the municipalities for not exercising construction control, and the Dominion Government for not reassuming this power.

If we want to get house production moving, we must take bold steps. The first would be to list the various types of buildings in terms of their immediate essentiality. Those relating to shelter, employment and welfare would likely be at the top, those pertaining to luxury, recreation and amusement possibly at the bottom. Only classifications at the head of the list would be approved at present. Later, when the supply picture brightened, approval could be extended to other types. The Government, using its emergency powers, could direct our municipalities to issue permits only for buildings of approved type. In special cases of legitimate need for a building temporarily classified as nonessential, appeal could be had to federal authority.

Any new control regulations must be vigorously enforced or they would be as honored in the breach as wartime ones were. When the latter existed, $5 fines were reputedly handed out for $5,000 violations. The Government must not only stimulate increased production of materials, it must see they reach the buildings for which they are intended. It can do so either by requisitioning and distributing supplies or by forcing dealers to ship only to approved projects.

Assurance that, first, only construction on essential buildings could be started, and, second, that a flow of necessary materials would be directed to them, would help us hit the housing target. And it would react to the benefit of the construction industry as a whole. Instead of the present wild scramble for materials, with its attendant black-market evils, a man starting to erect a house would be reasonably certain of when it would be finished and how much it would cost. The builders of less essential structures would have to wait, but ultimately they too would profit by achievement of order out of the present chaos. ✚

CHATELAINE'S NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Though other magazines have increased and in some cases more than doubled their prices, Chatelaine, since its inception twenty years ago, has sought to expand its services and broaden its appeal while adhering to its original subscription rates. It is only now that, owing to greatly increased production costs, the publishers find it necessary to announce the following new rates, effective March 1, 1947:

One year	$1.50
Two years	2.50
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Mink and brown velvet by Madame Reine, with mink tail cluster to one ear, brown velvet streamers tied as you wish.

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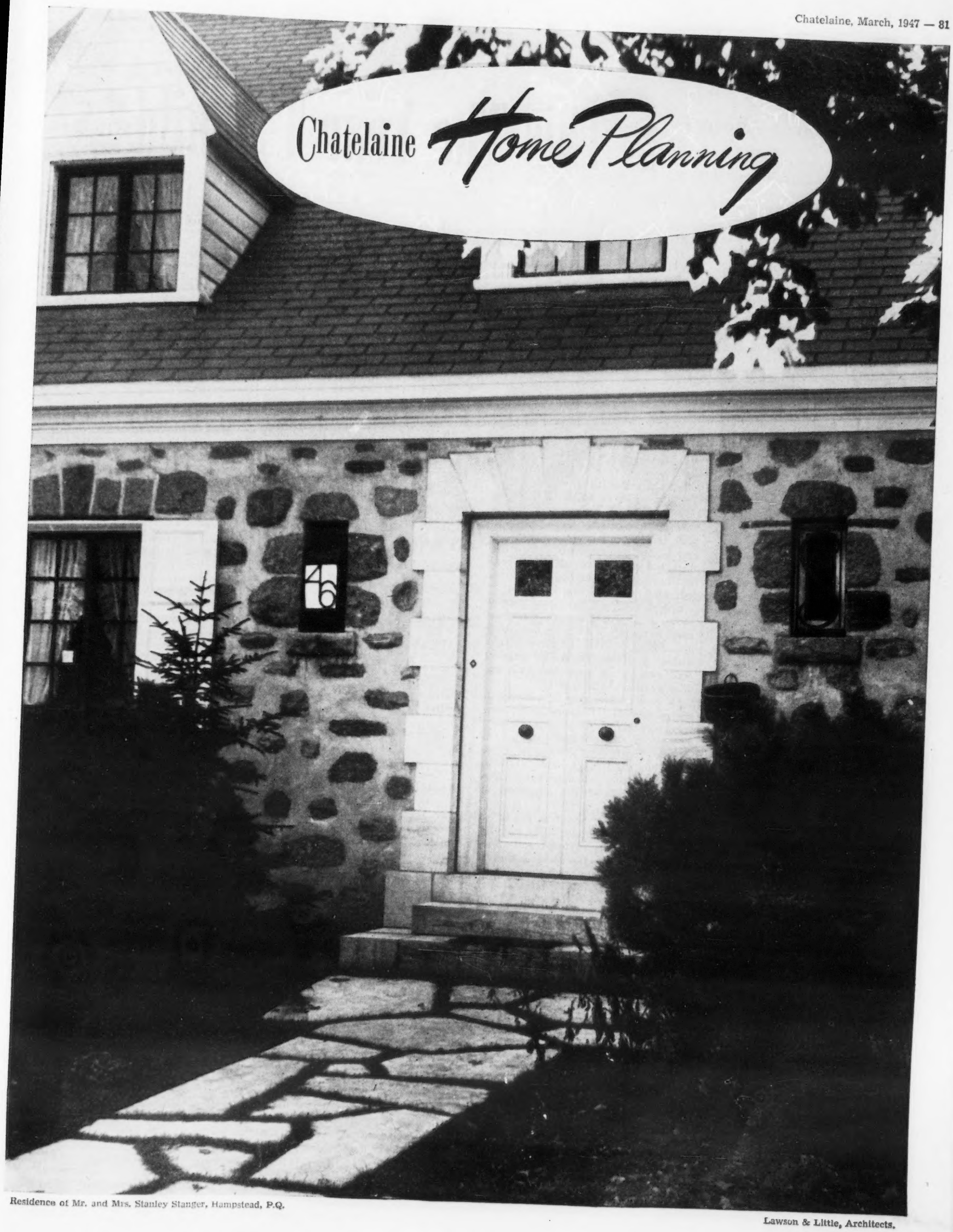

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does piano numbers. In addition to the piano and the saxophone, Anna can play double bass, the cello and the castanets.

WHEN ANNA'S booking came in for one of the Victory Loan shows at Ottawa, she looked at it and shouted:

"Wouldn't you know! Everybody else gets Robert Young, at least. What do I get? Boris Karloff! The funny girl always loses."

Anna is versatile and exciting, poking subtle fun at the pomposities of our day, and particularly at the too-energetic, would-be-cultured women who like to run others, but never quite manage to bring off their ventures without last-minute help.

Last summer, during the midseason lull, Anna Russell was booked to do a fall fair in the West, at an enticing fee. On the plane she was interviewed by radio, was met on arrival, and thoroughly feted. The stadium was a five-acre rodeo field and race track, with a raw wood grandstand away at one end. The manager said:

"This is where you do your show. Um . . . last year we had performing elephants!"

Off stage, Anna Russell doesn't follow the tradition of the sad clown. She has exuberant spirits, and natural good nature that stems from good health. Her Toronto studio-apartment is a masterpiece of incongruities. The main floor of an old house, it has three high-ceilinged rooms, each with an open fireplace burning birch logs. The coral pink rooms have turquoise-chintz chairs. The grand piano carries a Spanish shawl. Over the mantel hangs a mirror that once framed great-grandfather's portrait, and beneath are bright blue Bristol lustres. There is a bevy of birds in a belljar. There are bird prints; early, rare Chinese prints; a signed Dürer; and three Goldhamer watercolors. The whole place has an air of warm, easy informality, and coffee is perpetually served, in cups and saucers that never match, or even in the toothbrush glass. The guests are often as oddly assorted as the furnishings, but seem to get along together pleasantly.

Even the English charwoman enjoys the place, though she knows Miss Russell imitates her accent on stage.

ANNA HAS a lot of light-brown hair, which she puffs full of talcum powder. She wears rose, grey, white, or black. She loves perfume. She smokes a pipe, and carries it in a cerise, zipped case. She owns heirloom pearls, a fabulous sapphire and diamond ring, a diamond watch, and a diamond pin.

A solid 145, Anna Russell goes to a reducing studio, and emerges to eat a huge steak dinner, with mocha cake, because reducing makes her hungry.

Despite the razzing she gets about her cooking, she can really cook one roast-chicken "company" dinner, complete. She learned how from a friend. Miss Russell is resolved to learn a second dinner soon. She likes to eat, and is funniest and happiest when she has just been well fed.

Even with her cowboy appetite Anna Russell's singing voice is powerful and clear. Her Toronto maestro, James Rosselino, says she can sing High G with volume.

She arranges and composes her own musical numbers, and writes her own lyrics, typing them painstakingly with two fingers.

As a guest star on a radio show last fall, Miss Russell came to rehearsal with a trumpet cadenza to go with her aria, "I Want to Sing in Opera."

"Who transposed this?" the trumpeter demanded.

"I did. Why?" Anna Russell countered.

"It's in D. My trumpet's C."

"I know," said Anna, puzzled.

"Why, there isn't one singer in a thousand who knows a C trumpet transposes in D," the man shrieked, in disbelief. "You must be a musician!"

"Of course I am," Anna Russell shrugged. "The comedy's a mistake. I don't know why people think I'm funny. I don't *look* funny, do I?" ✤

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KIM HUNTER: In the United Kingdom Henceforth, She Is the Typical American Girl.

Eight days after Christmas, when it was shown publicly in the United States for the first time, the Powell-Pressburger triumph in Technicolor, STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN, had already begun to appear on the year's ten-best listings of assorted American publications.

This British producing team thus continued the custom of collecting oddly unique New York honours such as that, in 1945, of being the first directors ever to have two four-star, first-run films simultaneously on Broadway and that of 1942-3 of ringing up, with their Canadian film, 49th Parallel, 100 separate engagements on 42nd Street alone.

★ ★ ★

Another unusual attraction of STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN is reported by U.S. analysts of feminine charm. It introduced to America via Britain, the most typical "typical American girl" yet seen on the screen, Kim Hunter. If researchers are keen to learn where the J. Arthur Rank Organization discovered such refreshingly natural beauty, the answer is: Hollywood no less.

★ ★ ★

Kim Hunter appears in STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN with David Niven, Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey; like Jean Simmons in GREAT EXPECTATIONS, her performance has won her a long-term London contract.

★ ★ ★

THIS MODERN AGE is scheduled to arrive shortly in the cinema as well as, according to the press announcements, in reality. In film form, it will consist of a series of short subjects which use the motion picture camera's graphic accuracy in catching and explaining the most interesting and significant drama in living history. The camera range is global, from Palestine and Scotland Yard to British bathrooms and Australia.

★ ★ ★

Eagle-Lion Pictures at your Favourite Theatre

Are They Making a Success of Marriage?

Continued from page 53

life would be like in most parts of Canada, even if someone explained it properly," she says, reminiscently. "Although I lived in the city I had many friends who were married to farmers at home. But these girls were part of the life of the city as well as the country. They went in frequently, heard music, saw art shows, went to theatres. There isn't that great division between country and city women, and their interests, that there seems to be in Canada."

She can't understand why so few Canadians seem interested in cultural things. Her criticisms—hard to draw out because of her sense of being at home in this country—are more amused than serious.

"At home it's mostly just the children who read the comics," she comments. "And I think people are better-mannered in the big cities there than here; on streetcars and buses. Canadian parents let their children 'get away' with a great deal more than ours do—but perhaps there is a better understanding. And while your window displays are bright and exciting, sometimes I long for a good plain substantial shop front.

"But these are small things. I think opportunity for young people is far greater in Canada. And I hope to stay. Whatever the future holds."

The Dutch Girl's Problem

Edda is learning English now. But the language problem, along with being so far from family and friends and her own customs, has been difficult. She has found tremendous interest in learning Canadian cooking.

"We bake so little," she says, in her careful English, blue eyes bright. "We had no oven, except a little portable one, at home. Mostly we bought pastry from the baker. I had never stuffed a fowl, or made lemon pies. They are beautiful to see . . . and to eat!"

Edda finds keeping busy important—especially in the cold Canadian winter, when she was loneliest. She believes young people have a freer life in Holland, and that their preparation for marriage (taught in many schools) is good. She is settling down, with good Dutch will and humor, laughing at her own mistakes and enjoying her experiences in Canada. "I have made the butter cake full of tunnels from too much beating," she smiles. "And one day when I came

To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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home with a bag of icing sugar, my husband laughed because I said, 'See what I have found! But it doesn't tell on the package, as it always does in Canada, what you do with it!' "

Edda believes European families often get an idea their girls are unhappy here because the daughters write home in early bursts of homesickness; then, as they get busier and more adjusted, forget to correct their first impressions for their relatives. "My new Canadian relatives are wonderful—that is the big thing," she says. "If you are promised a trip back home before too long—as I have been—it is much easier to be happy," she thinks. "But I know once I am there, I will feel *here*. You understand?"

English Bride Enjoys Own Job

Doris has become a librarian at the hotel in which her husband is office manager.

"Having a job has made adjustment to life easier," she says, speaking of her work in an exciting resort centre as a great adventure. "At the same time, it hasn't given me much chance to try housekeeping the Canadian way."

Like many brides from overseas who have taken jobs in Canada to help their husbands get under way in civilian life again, she has problems. "My husband and I never have the same day off, and that makes it difficult. My first 'day off' I cried with loneliness—but that was the last time!"

She thinks many Canadians look discontented, and finds women here not nearly so smart as the women in England, who have had clothes rationing so long. To her they look sloppy, and don't seem to know how to wear the nice things that are available.

Doris lost her mother shortly after she came to Canada, and found that hard to bear when she was so far away. "Family ties are strong in England, and you can't help thinking and worrying about things back home. Some of the girls let it get them down. But lots of letters from home help.

"My husband thinks I've settled in well and adapted myself to my new life. After all, this is my home now. I have to make my own happiness."

Canadian Women "Slaves to Their Houses"

Pam is happily married and sagely says that if she went back to England now, her friends would have begun to forget her, and she'd be as lonely as when she first came to Canada.

"I think parents-in-law can make or break a war bride. I was lucky in mine, but I know some families that hated the girl before they saw her, and criticized her because she was different from Canadian girls. They didn't give her a chance."

Pam enjoys Canadian girls and has found them very friendly. She has one strong criticism to make, though.

"I think Canadian women make themselves slaves to their houses, to their stoves. Many women I've met here seem only happy when they are scrubbing or waxing or dusting or polishing, whether their houses need it or not. Look!" She waved at adjacent backyards. It wasn't Monday, but all three lines were full of washing.

"I don't know where they find so many things to wash," she says. "If they're not washing or cleaning house they're in the kitchen. They're wonderful cooks — miles above Englishwomen—but is it worth it?

"In England the average woman tries to arrange her life so that she is free after lunch to do what she likes, shop, go to a concert, or to see friends. It's better on her temper, too. Women here tell me how exhausted they are by the time their husbands come home from work. They look it, too. They're too tired to be gay, so a man goes out alone or with somebody else. It's all right to can and preserve and bake and do all your own wash, but it's a mistake if you neglect your husband to do it."

Both Pamela and her mother (who has come out to visit) think Canadian women don't have enough fun.

"They're all so good," Pam's mother says, shaking her head, "and so shocked that Englishwomen smoke or take a drink with their menfolk. Yet at the same time, so many of them look unhappy. I don't think they really enjoy being so good." ✚

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She Makes 'em LAUGH

Sylvia Schwartz

Here she is, working up to a terrible climax in her Death Scene from Anemia.

ANNA RUSSELL, Canada's rising comedienne, declares her whole life has been one hilarious series of mistakes. Born in London, England, an only child of a correct, military family, she was a conspicuous misfit in society. In a life where dignity was *de rigueur*, she had none. She hated small talk and self-important tea drinkers, and to escape, studied to be an operatic soprano. On stage, she succeeded only in upsetting the scenery, ripping her costumes and blowing up her lines. With bitter self-analysis she learned she was neither a hostess nor a diva. She was a clown.

Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she spat it out and made a face.

Early in the war Miss Russell came to Canada with her Canadian mother, and got a new perspective on her singing career. Free from the fetters of English society, she dared for the first time to be deliberately funny. Her comedy caught on. Now, in her early thirties, Anna Russell is launched on a funny career—at four or five hundred smackers per show. This spring she will finish her first U. S. series of engagements, booked by one of the big New York agents. But Canada remains her home; she likes it here, and with good reason, because it was Canadians who laughed her into a profitable line of business.

Women comedians are as rare as talking dog acts. It is an uncluttered field. Even in Hollywood, where it is always possible to cast ingenues, leading ladies, and character actresses, it is hard to cast comediennes.

It is something like having style, to have the gift of laughter. Nobody can teach it to you. It has to be instinctive.

Anna Russell was evidently born with it. But only because she suddenly had to depend on her own resources for her living did she dare to be funny for money. Asked to do a one-man concert at Eaton Auditorium in Toronto for the IODE, she turned comic and made a hit. She played in "Merry-go-Round," the volunteer show that visited service camps. Then Anna Russell tried out $10 bookings for clubs and men's luncheons. The word got around. She upped her fee. She has since made two transcontinental tours; played innumerable small-city concerts; had guest spots on many network radio shows; starred in two radio programs; made two appearances with the Toronto Symphony orchestra; and played a recent Eaton Auditorium show to a packed house. She learned that she could make people laugh—and make money.

BACKED BY an impressive social position and an unimpeachable musical education, her comedy is a howling protest against formality.

At home she was sent to Dames' School, to boarding school, to the Royal College of Music, then to Paris, to M. Marcel Maas, and to Brussels. She had two maids to pick up after her.

Today she mimics maids, satires social butterflies, and does excruciating things to Wagnerian opera.

As Anna Claudia Russell-Brown, she was sent to an English finishing school.

"What did you learn at finishing school?"

"How to make very fancy cakes for very big teas, and how to reply to the King. Neither one of those arts proved very useful in day-to-day life." Anna sighed.

At Harrogate, Anna Russell attended a costly, exclusive school of domestic science. When she came home her mother said:

"Darling, will you make the tea?"

From the kitchen presently came a very distressed cry.

"Mother, how *do* you make tea?"

When her mother demanded to know what Anna learned to make in school, she said omelet—a nice, light omelet. So the standing joke in the family is: "Well, dear, do make us one of your three-hundred-pound omelets!" The Harrogate tuition was three hundred pounds per annum.

At boarding school, however, she learned something entirely different—Swanston stitchery, or "Swannee." You made pants for the poor, out of heavy dark blue cotton denim. then embroidered the edges in a wide variety of unusual stitches, in yellow floss. By the end of the semester, Anna admits her particular pants were filthy. They had been stitched and mauled to shreds by her own grimy hands. She felt sorry for the poor.

The day Anna Claudia Russell-Brown was presented at court, she decided society was not her dish. Her father, the late Colonel Claude Russell-Brown, occupied a senior post in pre-war Hong-Kong. Occasionally he represented the King, going about in an open carriage and taking bows. So it seemed proper that the only daughter, then a student back in England, should be sponsored, presented, and do the London season.

Anna considered this highly embarrassing. She was then at the Royal College of Music, where more respect was shown to artists and to the life Bohemian than to the luxuries of the royal court. So she kept strictly mum at school. However, a bass trombone player, named Smith, came to class and announced, in a stentorian voice, that he had seen Anna Claudia Russell-Brown's name listed for Tuesday on the court calendar in Buckingham Palace. That day he was playing in the Grenadier Guards' Band in the throne room. Anna feared the worst.

TO BE presented (as it was then) you wear court dress and hire a limousine with *two* chauffeurs. You drive sumptuously to the Mall, wait your turn, and when your name is called, go through the palace corridors to the Gold Stick in Waiting. He flicks your train off your arm, and onto the floor, giving it a good whack that sends it gracefully sprawling. Anna arrived in silver lamé, encrusted with rhinestones, and there was serious doubt whether the muscles of Gold Stick would be equal to the task of swooshing the enormously heavy train. They were and he did. So to the tune of "Colonel Bogey," by the band in the balcony, Anna tripped innocently toward His Majesty and dipped to a deep curtsy. She had gone to dancing class to learn how. She was received by George V, then advanced toward Queen Mary. Exactly as she dipped to her "curtsy bob," the bass trombone let out one long, sour raspberry!

But Anna Russell insists she's funny by mistake: she should have been a diva instead of a caricature that kills you . . . or a gracious hostess that people could laugh at behind her back

by Phyllis Axford

Anna did not see Smith for about two weeks. When he arrived at school, looking chastened, he said:

"I got two weeks C.B. for what I did to you, Russell-Brown, on that bad note—but, blimey, it was worth it, to see you totter!"

ANNA RUSSELL spent a busy season attending the royal garden party and formal functions galore, studying at the Royal School of Music between times. One day she got a big engraved card requesting the honor of her presence at a party at the home of the Duchess of Delahanty. It is the custom, apparently, to send cards to all debs. Anna went. Ahead was an inconspicuous carriage bearing a small dark man, plainly dressed. He got out and went in. Anna got out and went in. The carriages drove off. The first footman took the gentleman's card and bellowed:

"His Royal Highness, the Maharajah of Hushmahalbebob-Bonkhur!"

A footman, one flight up, called again, "His Royal Highness, the Maharajah of Hushmahalbebob-Bonkhur!" And the footman on the third stairs repeated the name until the sound grew fainter and fainter, as the stairs ascended. The first footman, meanwhile, had taken Anna's card, and in a very flat tone, almost a choke, said:

"Miss . . . uh . . . BROWN!"

This went on, up the endless golden stairs . . . Miss Brown . . . Miss Brown . . . Miss Brown . . . dimmer and dimmer. With less and less respect. Anna felt so insignificant, she declared she would leave the nightmare of society and just *be* Miss Brown.

Her classmates may have abetted this decision. For the night that Anna Claudia Russell-Brown was receiving formally, an open brewery van, with the full band from the Royal College of Music, parked outside her front door, serenading. Anna secretly suspected the band was having more fun than she was.

"I was a lamentable failure in society, if the truth were known," laughs Anna Russell now. "Thank heaven I had the wit to recognize it."

She does her most popular stuff these days making fun of the very lah-de-dah society dames she once so seriously tried to emulate.

Without special, written permission from the director, students at the Royal College of Music were forbidden to perform on the BBC. Anna Russell, however, decided that if society were not her forte, music might be. So she wrote for an audition at the BBC, using the centre spread only of her name—"Anna Russell"—and writing on immense sheets of rose-red notepaper. The audition board, startled, sent for her, took one look, listened, and engaged her to appear on the Empire Broadcasts, from midnight until five in the morning, singing serious songs, like German *lieder* and folk songs from the Hebrides. It helped restore her self-esteem, which had taken a serious beating while she was touching white kid gloves with the aristocracy.

SHE TOOK her professional musicianship, if not her social pretensions, seriously. She became a comedienne by error.

Coronation Sunday, Anna Russell was invited to appear at Bexhill to sing "Let the Bright Seraphim," with trumpet obbligato. Always a big girl, Anna had got herself dressed up in a draped, Egyptian-style, long white dress, swathed close to the figure, topped with a coronet of gold leaves in an upswept hair-do. Suddenly the entire audience at the great Delaware Pavilion burst out laughing. Anna was standing on stage, magnificent, and Junoesque, awaiting her cue. Beside her the trumpeter towered, five-foot-one—just to Anna's elbow. In vain the conductor, also five-foot-one, tapped his baton. The mood was lost.

Today Anna Russell does a deliberate act, quite similar. She comes out, the giant diva, broad of bosom, to stand beside the shrinking tiny tenor, in tails to the floor, to do operatic arias that have an undercurrent of Wagner and an overlay that Minsky could use.

Anna Russell, the serious singer, was featured in a number of London attractions. She sang regularly in Russian in a Russian Orthodox Church, unaccompanied; and for good measure, sang solos in English in another church Sunday evenings. Week nights she sang blues with a band and played second sax.

She was taking lessons then in London on the same day of the week and from the same teacher as Alec Templeton. Her hour was right after Alec's. She used to find her composition master seated at the piano, holding his middle, saying:

"I can't stand this, I tell you, I can't stand it! Alec comes in, and he's such a fool . . . and he's so funny . . . and so terribly clever . . . I just can't keep up with him . . . and now *you* come . . . and you're such a fool!"

But Anna mastered piano composition. Her teacher was the famous British composer, Herbert Howells.

"Why, she's *good!* She can really *play!*" This is whispered incredulously at Anna's comedy concerts, when she

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So You Want to Make

IN SEWING, as in everything else, we must creep before we walk, which explains why you should begin on a very simple pattern. Another advantage in choosing a simple style is that you stand a much better chance of finishing your dress before your enthusiasm has cooled off. So, when you go shopping for a pattern, choose one with as few pieces in it as possible. Remember, the fewer the pieces, the fewer the seams that have to be sewn.

Selecting a Pattern. If you have a short stocky figure, look for a pattern featuring up-and-down lines. Vertical lines create the illusion of height and, therefore, have a slimming effect. A dress that opens all the way down the front would be an excellent choice.

If you have a tall figure, you can wear almost anything. However, if you are tall and thin, choose a pattern with horizontal lines so as to cut down your height. A two-piece dress is very flattering to the tall figure; besides, it's almost as simple to make as a one-piece dress.

To take your own bust measurement bring tape around to front —over the fullest part of bust.

Taking Your own Measurements is easy to do, if you stand in front of a mirror while doing it. Remember though, before taking your measurements, you *must* have on your usual type of foundation garment. Also, you'll find it easier to take accurate measurements if you're wearing a dress with set-in sleeves. Naturally, it must be one that fits well.

Did you know that by tying a string around your waist, and then doing a few bending exercises, the string will automatically settle at your natural waistline? It's well to keep this in mind, because unless you have a definite mark, showing where the natural bend in your waist is, you're likely to measure your blouse too short.

Here's something to tack up in your sewing room: *Always buy your pattern according to your bust measurement.* This is very important.

Arrows indicate line on which shoulder measurement is taken—three inches below top of shoulder

To prepare your measurement chart, always begin with the bust measurement, and be sure the tape is straight across the back, also it must be over the fullest part of your bust.

The waist measurement comes next, and it is usually taken quite snug.

When measuring round your hips, the tape must be over the fullest part. This means that the hip measurement is taken about seven inches below the waistline.

The length of the waist, in front, is measured by placing one end of the tape on the shoulder (up close to the neck), down over the bust, to the waistline.

The length of the waist, in the back, is measured from the centre back of the neck and measuring down to the waist. (To take this measurement, put your left hand up over your shoulder, and hold one end of the tape on the back-of-neck bone, then put your right hand around and hold the tape measure to the centre back of your waist. Always allow plenty of length in blouse patterns.)

To get your width across the front shoulder, or your chest, simply measure from armhole seam to armhole seam, holding the tape measure down about three inches from the top of your shoulder.

The shoulder measurement across the back is taken the same as the front.

The skirt length is taken from the waist, straight down the centre back, and the centre front. Remember to add about 2½ inches to your skirt measurement for the hem.

The sleeve requires two measurements. One is taken from the tip of the shoulder, or the top of the armhole seam, down over the elbow, and to the wrist-bone, with the arm slightly bent. The second measurement is taken underneath, from the armhole to the wrist.

You will notice that we haven't included a measurement for the top of the shoulder. This measurement is optional, because most patterns are cut to extend out beyond the natural shoulderline, so as to accommodate shoulder pads. In other words, if the front shoulder part of your pattern is wide enough, then the top of the shoulder is bound to be cut in proportion.

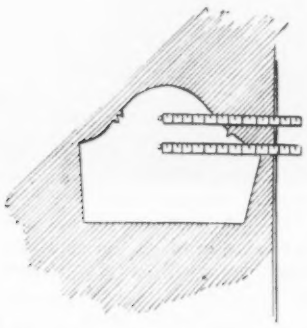
A Dress

by Hazel Stevenson

Compare your measurements with the pattern before placing the pattern on your material. If your pattern needs to be made larger around the the hips, for instance, or if the waist has to be lengthened, these alterations may be taken care of in the cutting.

If your pattern requires only a slight alteration, it is often quicker to mark the new cutting line on your material with a row of pins—or a piece of chalk. Never trust to your memory where an adjustment is concerned. This has often proved fatal to even the most experienced home dressmakers.

Check and double-check all parts of your pattern for length. And here's another tip. When checking the blouse part of your pattern, don't be alarmed if you find it is considerably larger,



For a properly cut sleeve, both perforations must measure exactly same distance from selvage.

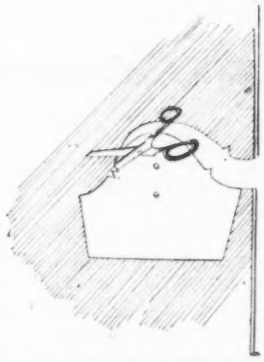
through the bustline, than your measurements. Every pattern is cut to allow a certain amount of ease, so don't start trimming your pattern down or you are likely to ruin your dress.

Another pitfall that frightens most home sewers is the sleeve. Actually, the secret of a perfectly fitting sleeve depends upon the cutting. Your sleeve pattern *must be placed on the straight grain, or on a straight thread in your goods*, otherwise your sleeve will twist on your arm.

A simple way to test your pattern for straightness is by using a ruler and measuring IN from the selvage to the centre of your pattern.

Every piece of pattern has large perforations, or a straight line, indicating the straight of the goods, and it is to these marks you must measure. If both perforations, or both ends of the straight line, measure the same distance from the selvage, then you know your pattern is straight.

Don't be too quick with your scissors, especially when cutting notches. I mean those little nicks in the edge of the pattern that help you in assembling your dress. Some beginners make the mistake of ignoring these notches entirely, while others cut the V's 'way beyond the seam allowance. Dresses are

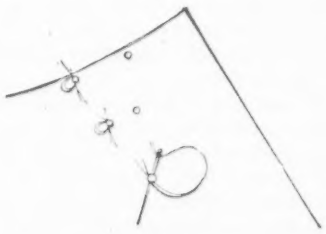


Cut notches OUT, away from pattern to preserve seam allowance.

often spoiled by this latter method, because it's impossible to let out your seams if the allowance has already been cut away. So guard agaist this error by cutting your notches OUT, away from the pattern, instead of cutting into the pattern.

Tailor's tacking is a mystery to a lot of beginners. In fact, I have been asked, "Where do you buy them?" on more than one occasion. The answer to that, of course, is: you don't buy them, you make them with your needle and thread, and they're used for marking the location of darts, or any other details on your dress.

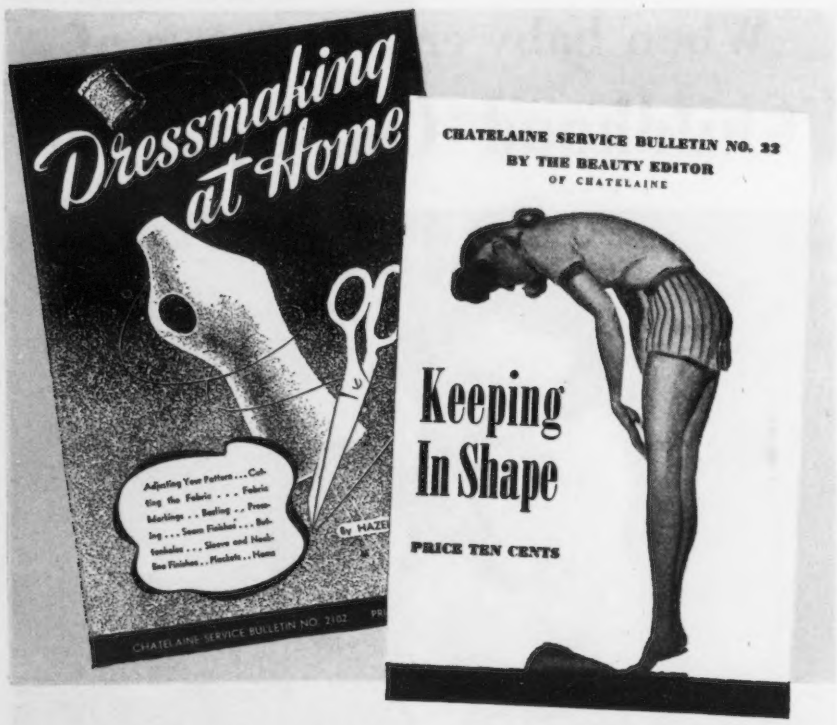
While some experienced dressmakers scoff at the idea of marking with thread, actually it's time well spent. Some prefer to use chalk, or pins, because they're quicker, but tailor's tacks are safer. By using thread there's no danger of losing your markings; besides, you can make a tailor's tack almost as fast as putting in a pin.



Some dressmakers prefer to mark with chalk or pins, but you'll find that tailor's tacks are safer.

To make tailor's tacks, use a long double thread, but don't knot it. Then make a looped backstitch in each perforation. (See illustration.) You can make a whole row of them without stopping to cut your thread, though you will have to cut the strand of thread between each perforation before lifting your pattern from the material. After the pattern has been removed, separate the two layers of material, and pull them apart, slowly, as far as the loop in your thread allows, then clip the thread in the centre, and you will have little tufts of thread in each piece of cloth. Simple, isn't it?

Continued on page 107



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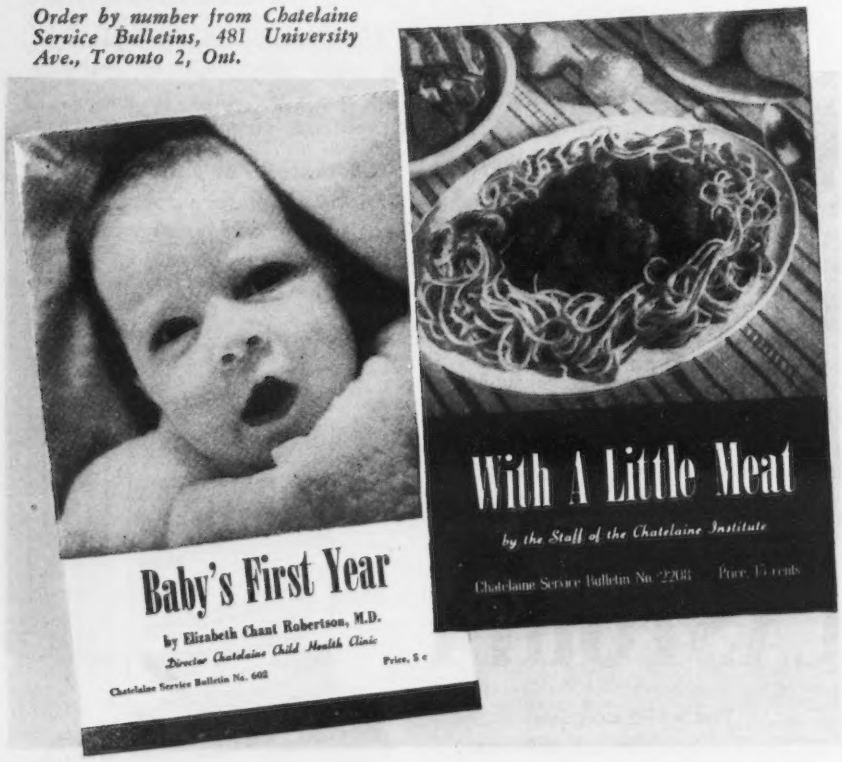

who would make him go to bed early, get him out of doors. Mary Paynter, to whom there was no nonsense; give him peace and order, make him settle down.

What if she had come to Bunny, instead of waiting, quietly, for him to come to her? What if she had spoken of herself, explicitly, as a lady? Trifles, ridiculously small. Much too small, indeed, for any decent person even to notice. Mary Paynter was, for all the world to see, what she seemed.

And I, thought Miss Melissa Spain, might as well be dead.

She unfolded her hands and wiped them on her handkerchief. She got up from the chair, and went to the bureau. She picked up the hairbrush and put it down. She frowned at herself, ferociously and quite unseeingly, in the mirror. She turned and walked to the clothes closet.

She shoved garments aside, fumbling to the back. She got out a hanger with a negligee, the negligee Bunny had given her last Christmas. "The cheque, of course," he had said, blushing like a boy. "But I wanted to pick out something."

It had feathers on it and it was pink. The feathers got into her mouth the time she'd tried to wear it. She'd looked foolish in it, besides.

She laid it on the bed. Sat down beside it and touched the feathers with her fingers. She moved her hand down the silk, closed a fold tight inside her fist. "She's not even a blonde," she whispered breathlessly. "She's nothing like the others."

There was a knock. Quickly she shoved the negligee far back in the closet, opened the door. Bunny—grinning, delighted. "Look," he said, "the engagement present. Look."

He tore open the small flat package, the velvet box. A string of pearls, a great many small very lovely pearls. "She's out shopping now. I'm going to put it in her room for a surprise," he said gleefully. "Will she like it, Miss Melissa, is it okay? She thinks big stones are ostentatious," he explained.

"It's lovely, Soames. She'll love it."

"Pearls suit Mary, don't they?"

Pearls suit Mary—and a sprawling stone house, and ruffly white curtains, gentle setter dogs and a tall bay hunter. Little boys, little fat ones with pixie faces and red freckles, tumbling on green grass—

"Soames," said Melissa suddenly. "Give me the pearls. I'll put them in her room."

"Oh, would you? Swell. You'd know a good place."

She was on the elevator, leaning against the wall. She was in the hall moving along thick carpet. I'll know when I see her room, she was thinking incoherently. Put down the lid on these silly mean suspicions. Maybe if I know, if I'm sure she's all right, I'll not mind so much. Somehow, seeing her room I'll know.

Ahead of her, a bell boy carried a tray. And the door to Mary's room was not quite closed. And from inside, a voice. Then silent pauses — the telephone. Mary, back from shopping, was in her room.

Melissa slowed, stopped. She felt suddenly cold and very tired. She turned away, feet dragging. And what was I looking for, really? If she'd not been there, what was I hoping in my heart I'd find?

Burglars' tools, no doubt. Loaded dice, marked playing cards. Black lingerie, a cup of poison, an accomplice with a waxed mustache. Somewhere along the line I went crazy, she thought exhaustedly. Somewhere I went quite out of my head.

She moved toward the elevator. Then all at once stopped dead. That voice—not the words, of course—she couldn't distinguish the words. But the voice, Mary's voice.

It wasn't cool and silky. It was very soft and deep. Husky. *Caressing.*

Mary Paynter, at the telephone, spoke to someone in a voice that was caressing.

MISS MELISSA put her hand out to the wall for support. Excitement rose inside her, high and wild. She took a deep gulping breath. Then, in swift silent movement, had turned, crept to the door, had bent, the daughter of the Spains, and put her ear to the crack.

"Just be reasonable, angel," the caressing voice was saying. "For a couple of months anyone can be reasonable . . . We've *been* all over that." The tones hardened a shade. "I still mean it, *I will not be poor.* Must you get impractical all of a sudden? *That's* right. Of course, darling. But you really shouldn't have called me here . . . I know . . . It'll be long, but not too long . . . 'By, sweet."

Miss Melissa stood erect, flung the door open and walked in. Mary Paynter was sitting at the desk, dressed in the soft wool frock, the felt hat still on over the smooth black hair.

"You're a phony," said Miss Melissa. 'Get out."

"Are you insane?" said Mary Paynter.

"The wedding," said Melissa, "is off. Get out."

Mary Paynter stared a moment, then she said coldly, "Do you have any idea what you're saying?"

"You're a cheat," said Miss Melissa in a strangled voice. "And you're not going to marry Bunny Denton."

"You're obviously out of your mind," said Mary Paynter. "And I don't see what you're going to do about my marrying Bunny."

None of the other wives had said a word like obviously, thought Melissa crazily. None of the others had been as bad as Mary Paynter. "I'm going to tell him," she said. "Right now."

Mary Paynter raised one beautiful eyebrow. "Tell him," she murmured. "You're being fantastic. No, it's I who will tell him. That you were insulting to me, which is true, and that naturally he will dismiss you at once."

Melissa stopped in her tracks, looked across the room. Into large lovely brown eyes, eyes that knew their power. "Believe *you?*" they said contemptuously. Absurd: any man, *any man,* would rather believe me!

It was true. He would believe her. He would marry Mary Paynter, be duped and hurt and mocked once more, far worse than ever before.

Melissa's fury returned, a rush of wild anger. She was standing over Mary Paynter, had jerked her to her feet. She was shaking her back and forth. "I'll put you out, then," she cried. "I'll put you out."

Mary Paynter tried to get away, put up her hands to defend herself. Miss Melissa didn't let go. She dragged her victim nearer to the door. They struggled back and forth; Mary Paynter was

younger, taller and more muscular, but Miss Melissa was a great deal angrier. She was tugging and panting and sweating; she was shouting wild words, she was a screaming termagant, a Billingsgate fishwife on the loose, an avenging demon.

Mary Paynter got one hand free and clutched at Miss Melissa's hair. "You love him yourself, you mad woman," she screamed. "You're jealous."

There was a sound from the door. Both women turned, dropping their hands. Bunny stood there, an expression of utter disbelief on his face. "Mary—Miss Melissa," he faltered. "What on earth are you doing?"

Mary Paynter flung herself on Bunny's chest, she burst into tears.

"This woman has gone crazy," sobbed Mary. "She came in here and threatened me, she told me to get out, she said she would tell you that I was a cheat . . . She's crazy."

Tears were soft rain on Mary Paynter's young cheeks. Her brown eyes were glistening in them, looking up at Bunny, calling to Bunny. Her hands were warm and soft and beseeching on Bunny's shoulder. Her mouth, curved and red and pleading, not a foot from his.

He would believe her. How could he not believe her? Miss Melissa said, idiotically, "Good-by," and turned and walked from the room.

THE BAGS had come up from the storeroom, her clothes were laid out on the bed. She took lingerie and stockings from bureau drawers and laid them neatly in a suitcase. She could pack quickly and exactly. She packed quickly and exactly now.

There was a knock on the door. She stood erect, over the suitcase. She waited for a minute, then she went to the door.

Bunny's face looked queer. White, as she'd never seen it. He looked taller, somehow. She stiffened; he'd never been angry at her before. She said: "Will you come in?"

He walked into the room, he stood, frowning, his hands deep in his coat pockets. "Melissa," he said at last. "Melissa—you fought with Mary. *Fought* with her."

I wish I'd scratched her eyes out, thought Melissa. Aloud she said, folding a sweater: "Quite. I fought with Mary."

"But why, Miss Melissa? Why?"

"I had my reasons," said Melissa.

"Stop packing," he cried wildly. "I can't bear people packing around me. Stop packing!"

She stood still. She put her hands behind her. "Melissa," he shouted, "she said you were in *love* with me."

He'd heard. The final shame was hers.

He'd heard, and it was hardly to be borne. Her small cool face was still, her small hands quiet at her sides, her clipped voice steady: "I am," she said. "As it happens, I am. So what?"

"But why, Melissa? Why?"

She looked at him, at the round blue eyes that loved life and sought it yearningly, at the mouth that could have been so firm and never was, at the shoulders that were strong for a burden they'd never had to bear. She looked at him and shrugged. What difference did it make now? What difference did anything make now? "Because you're so funny and kind and helpless," she said. "Because you couldn't be mean. And because—perhaps—you want somebody, so much—to love you."

He brushed his hand across his eyes. "I suppose so," he said, "with the others. But it wasn't that with Mary. She was what I wanted." He broke off. "At least I thought so, until she—didn't talk right about you."

"She was annoyed," said Miss Melissa vaguely. "She'll get over it."

"I guess so." Suddenly he took three steps forward, put his hands on her shoulders. His eyes, bright and deep and blue, were searching hers. "I don't get it at all, Melissa. I would think about you, so much. You were so—good and sweet. But how could you think well of a lug like me? I was afraid of you, somehow, always. Melissa," he said choking, "Melissa. I don't get it at all—but do you? Please—do you?"

From somewhere deep inside her came a long ecstatic sigh. She leaned back, looking up at him. Her eyes were warm and shining; her small face glowing bright. Her soft hair was a dense dark cloud, streaked dramatically with its ribbon of white. She didn't, in the pink and feathers, look silly at all. She looked beautiful. And spectacular, a woman to create excitement, turmoil, all about her.

"Scared of me," she said and laughed softly. "But how silly."

She leaned a little closer, and he put his arms round her. Awkwardly at first, and then not awkwardly at all. ✦

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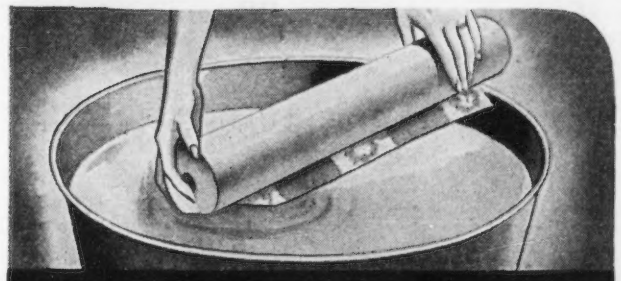

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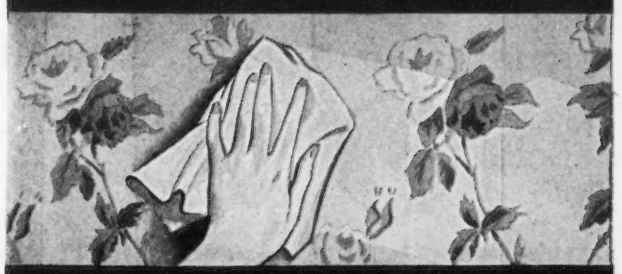

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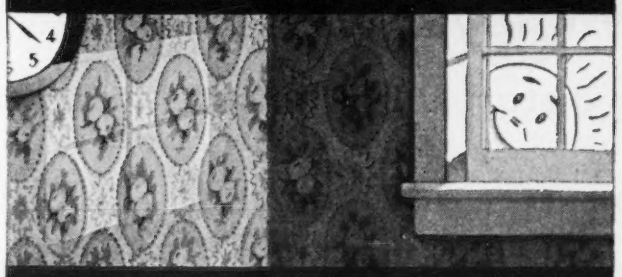

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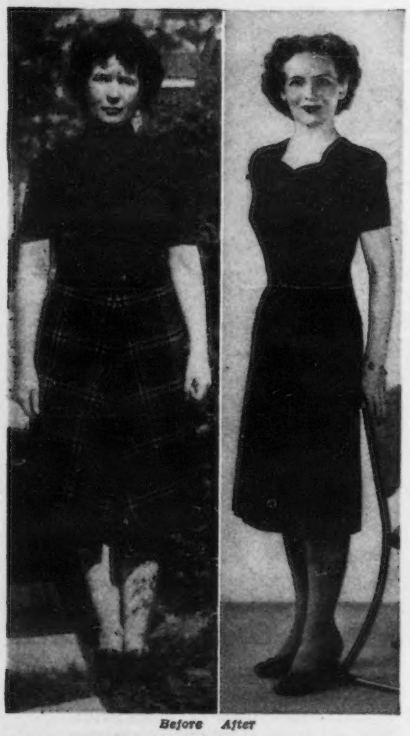

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thing everybody told him. The resulting chaos—" Mr. Denton broke off and shook his head. "He's 26, Melissa," he went on after a minute. "He's got this awful wife. I ran off the girls before her, or paid them to get out. But it's a full-time job, Melissa. I guess you better take over."

She had been appalled; as his meaning reached her, she had been horrified. "But, Mr. Denton—I don't see what I could do—I mean, since he's no longer in business—"

"Handle the harpies," Soames Senior had elucidated tiredly. "Male and female. Keep him out of the papers all you can. Watch the money a little. You're just a kid, of course; what is it, 21? Twenty-two. But there's a lot of sense behind that cute little poker face." He had sighed, added: "And I know I can trust you."

"Well—of course. Thank you—" she had begun feebly, but he'd not been listening. His eyes had travelled to the portrait on the wall facing him, the old-fashioned picture of the red-haired girl with the round blue eyes and the pixie grin and the sprinkling of freckles across her upturned nose. "He's a good boy at heart," Soames Senior murmured. "Maybe if his mother had lived—"

Very moving, of course, which wasn't, as it happened, the point. The point was that he seemed to be expecting her to handle harpies, watch money—keep a too-rich young wastrel from making himself ridiculous in the newspapers. She, Melissa Spain. She had been thinking hard, arranging her refusal—when, on a wave of noise and greetings, Bunny had dashed into his father's office.

"Hello, dad! Hello, miss." He had leaned over, resting his hands on his father's desk, his sandy hair on end, his blue eyes round and eager, his freckles shining. "Dad," he had cried, "there's this sweet little horse—"

Soames Senior had lifted his shoulders, then dropped them. "Tell her," he said, waving toward Melissa, closing his eyes. "Tell your new secretary."

Bunny had glanced, surprised, at Melissa. "Her?" he had asked his father. "Honest?" He had turned. "Are *you* going to be my secretary?"

"I—well—of course—"

"But that's swell," he'd cried eagerly. "Wonderful! I'd no idea dad would give me such—such a *nice* one. I hope—that is—do you mind?" he had added as if he were embarrassed.

IT HAD BEEN then that she'd hesitated, that she'd had, really, her last chance. She'd had her mouth open to decline tactfully but positively, the job—the unthinkable job—when she'd realized that he was looking at her, gladly, warmly, out of his oddly innocent blue eyes. Smiling so sweetly, the oddly shy smile.

And from her mouth had come a weak and confused assent; a warm, unexpectedly firm young hand had shaken hers, a blithe voice had thanked her. But a few minutes later, as she looked dazedly at the door through which her new employer had gone, she was only half-hearing Soames Senior remarking thank heaven and surely it wouldn't be for long and that, for what it was worth, he was doubling her salary.

For she was, already, seeing how it would be. Knowing, with a strange inexplicable sureness. She'd not be able to leave him, just not be *able* to leave him—wild, worthless, laughing Bunny Denton—so long as he wished her to stay.

It had been, from the beginning, an extraordinary existence. She had gone with Bunny on endless forays about the country. Engaging hotel suites and servants, keeping his amazing accounts, even staying — physically—his hand when it was passing out too many $20 bills to astonished incidental menials. She had moved, a neat and quiet-voiced presence, through shouting hordes of stimulated guests—supervising the service, deftly puncturing the plans of the thirstiest blood suckers, averting, from time to time, probably incipient fisticuffs.

She had conducted herself with entire discretion; she had never been even remotely touched by the lighthearted scandals that followed in Bunny's tumultuous wake. No word had ever been breathed against her character, if you except a remark of the second Mrs. Denton, to the effect that anyone who looked that respectable probably robbed graves on her afternoon off.

She had watched, meticulously remote, two Denton marriages occur. And three break up.

And now it was all to do over. There would be a fourth Denton wife to stay up all night and sleep till afternoon; to make a great many appointments with hairdresser and milliner; to produce, as if by magic, hordes of raffish and indigent relatives. To regard Melissa first with guarded suspicion, and soon, relievedly, to permit her to go on as she always had, and to perform additional asinine little chores as well.

There would be a fourth Denton wife to spend, with gleeful avidity, enormous chunks of Denton money. To tease Bunny and cajole him and keep him in a turmoil. And finally, to weary

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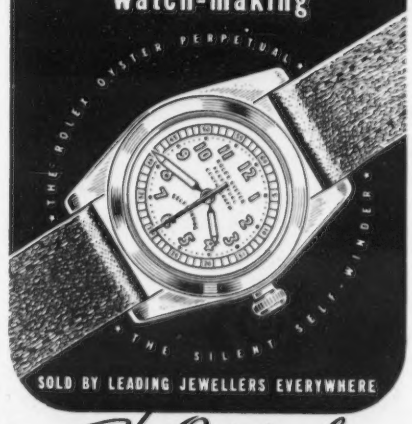

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and disgust him with her predacious little hands and scheming little brain; to be—in the end—bought off.

And for Bunny, for the fourth time, disillusionment, distress. Leaving him farther than ever from a sane worthwhile life, farther than ever from being a man.

Suddenly she was on her feet, staring around her frowning. Her small face was bleak, here eyes darkly shadowed. "But I don't want it for him," she was saying loudly, hoarsely, in the silence of the room. "I can't bear it for him."

She sank back to the chair by the desk, put her head over on her hands. *There must be some way I can show him, make him see. It'll be hard, because he always trusts them so. But I must. I won't have it for him—not again.*

That night she slept very little. But the next morning she was ready.

"HERE SHE IS," said Bunny gaily. "The future Mrs. Denton. Right now, Miss Mary Paynter."

Soft black hair, smooth skin lightly tanned, clear brown eyes. Dark wool dress, plain felt hat. Very little lipstick, no rouge, no eye shadow, no mascara. No scarlet nail polish, no foxes, no diamonds, no dripping veils.

"Your mother," murmured Miss Melissa, "is she with you?"

"No," said Mary Paynter. No mother!

Mary Paynter smiled, with charm. "I'm 26, you know. I've been on my own quite a while." She could have said 22 and got away with it.

They went in the elevator to the twenty-third floor. "Your suite for the day," Bunny explained.

"Why a suite?" enquired Mary Paynter. "A room would have been plenty."

"The wedding dress," said Miss Melissa, watching. "The fitter will be here soon."

On the bed the gorgeous drift of cream satin, splendid web of rose point. "Dear me," said Mary Paynter lightly. "Do send it back at once. The Paynter exchequer stops far short of such."

"But I'm giving it to you," Bunny cried. "And the other things as well."

"Ridiculous, darling," said Mary Paynter pleasantly. "I'm buying my own, naturally."

Now wait, Miss Melissa was thinking, bewilderedly. This is all wrong. Mary Paynter, flawless in appearance, flanked by no simpering genteel mother, would as soon have a room as a suite, and was declining the costly wedding gown.

And then: "Ladies," said Mary Paynter brightly, "buy their own trousseaux."

There, that was better. Melissa, tense, searched Mary Paynter's lovely face. And found, for a moment, uncertainty. Aha, thought Miss Melissa triumphantly—aha. You're wondering if you made a slip, if a lady must assert so positively her status of gentility? It was perhaps a slip, Mary Paynter? *And there'll be others, for I'll find them.*

Mary Paynter's wedding gown was heavy white crepe with a cowl neck. In it she would look, admittedly, like a pure intelligent nun. A rose cotton street frock, for evening, plaid pique.

"Now the bedroom," said Melissa smoothly. "I'll start them working on it while you are away."

(Carlotta had had pink satin, yards of draperies lying on the floor by the windows. Gloria had had modernistic, zebra hides and steel triangles. Joan had had something vaguely French, involving a great many small china figures.)

"The bedroom?" said Mary Paynter. "Oh—why, New England colonial, to be sure. But I'll take care of it myself."

Mary, it further developed, loved dogs and horses and even cows. She and Bunny would live most of the time up at the Westchester place and have roaring wood fires and serve tea in the afternoon. "It'll be fine, won't it, Melissa?" Bunny said eagerly. "Just right, don't you think, Miss Melissa?"

Mary, it soon appeared, was quiet and poised with the servants. (Carlotta and Gloria and Joan had sworn and screamed at them.)

"She's a wonder, isn't she, Miss Melissa?" Bunny breathed. "She really is perfect, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Miss Melissa, after a moment. Then she asked if there was anything Mary would like done while they were away.

"Miss Melissa is my right hand, Mary darling," Bunny cried. "She takes wonderful care of me."

Mary Paynter's large brown eyes regarded Miss Melissa thoughtfully. "Fancy," she said pleasantly. "How fortunate for you. That she was on hand, I mean, to do my job for me before I came along."

Miss Melissa's hands were suddenly shaky fists; she put them behind her, out of sight. A precaution quite unneeded. Bunny, tranced and dreamy, was gazing at Mary Paynter, who moving closer to him, returned his gaze with warmth. He's sure now, poor sweet, thought Miss Melissa. Perhaps he wasn't quite, at first; perhaps he couldn't quite forget the others.

And Mary—Mary Paynter—was putting out her hand, slipping it affectionately into his.

"I hope," said Miss Melissa, swallowing, "that you will be very happy."

"We will," said Mary.

MISS MELISSA sat in her neat bedroom—and stared at the floor. The wedding preparations were complete. Five hundred telegrams had gone out; the orchestra would be there at seven-thirty. The flowers and the supper and the wine. The mimeographed stories, dignified and terse, for the papers. The announcements approved, thin spidery engraving on the heaviest white bond. (Gloria had had blue paper, with silver letters and a silver border; Joan had dispatched a thousand candy cupids.) The drawing room that would take them to Charleston, the reservations at the lodge.

There was nothing more to do. "Nothing," she thought, and folded her hands in her lap.

No more noise, no more drunks, no more confusion . . . No more pouting little girls with letters in their purses, no more dark thin lawyers in shabby offices, no more broken cocktail glasses, lipstick - stained napkins, cigarette-scarred furniture. No more hotel managers, harassed and obsequious. "Could it be just a—little bit quieter, Miss Spain?" No more early afternoon rush orders for bromides, tomato juice, clam juice, sauerkraut juice, worcestershire sauce and sherry flips. No more crowding, grinning reporters.

No more half-amused, half-scornful looks: "She's his *secretary*—can you bear it?"

Bunny would marry Mary Paynter;

When baby cries because of "Childhood Constipation"

. . . give gentle Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your usually-happy baby frets and cries . . . when he's upset merely because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's time to do the wise thing:

Give him Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Why it's right for children

Unlike adult laxatives — which may be too harsh — Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle.

***Get Castoria** at your neighborhood drugstore today.* Be sure to ask for the laxative made *especially* for children.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

1947 IS A MERCURY YEAR !

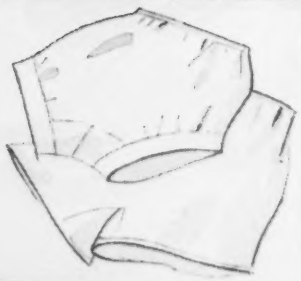
Nylons!

***SHEER LOVELINESS THAT* FITS!**

No wonder Mercury nylons fit so perfectly top-to-toe! They have the *special* magic of the rounded French heel, carefully designed to *cling* to the natural line of your foot. No ugly ankle-sag . . . no dangerous garter-pull. Just clear, flawless leg-flattery in the latest style shades. Ask by name for Nylons by Mercury— sheer loveliness indeed!

More NYLON Magic!

Mercury tailors lingerie of glamorous new fabric—tricot-knit nylon-over-rayon. (Panties come in tricot-knit pure nylon too!) Both slips and panties fit perfectly . . . flatter your figure! Remember that Mercury Lingerie washes in a wink . . . dries easily . . . needs no ironing!



Among the well-dressed ... it's

MERCURY

Made exclusively at Mercury Mills Limited, Hamilton, Canada

New Needlecraft Designs

by Marie Le Cerf

A Bordered Tray Cloth

YOUR most delicate china and treasured silver will show to advantage against a background like this! It's a tray cloth, stamped ready for embroidering—in pink, rose, yellow or white —on the finest of white Irish linen. Beautifully fluted roses, with petal edges of solid embroidery, their centres, in solid-and-spray stitch combination, are placed one after another to form the effective border. Work like this is not meant to be done in a hurry, but when it's completed, ready to be used and admired, you'll be more than repaid for the time spent on it! No. 141C.

Rambler Rose Vanity Set

ROSES ARE used again in beautiful effect in this Marie Antoinette vanity set. Tiny sprays of roses are airily spaced, one marking each scallop on the three pieces. The set is stamped ready for embroidering in pink, rose, or yellow—on fine white Irish linen. The roses are to be worked in easy-to-do rambler - rose stitch, while the scalloped edges are in solid embroidery. Also available, matching runner (not sketched). No. 142C.

TO ORDER: No. 141C, full-sized tray cloth, 75 cents; cottons for working, 25 cents. No. 142C, vanity set, 85 cents; runner, 85 cents; cottons for working each 30 cents. PLEASE STATE COLORS DESIRED.
Address Marie Le Cerf, c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.
On out-of-town cheques add 15c to cover bank exchange.

HARRIS TWEED

Gift of Nature and Inheritance

Woven by hand from Virgin Scottish Wool, Harris Tweed has qualities which no other part of the world can duplicate. The Islanders of the Outer Hebrides bring the inspirational environment of moor and mountain to the creation of infinitely varied patterns and shades that keep the tough-wearing Harris always in the forefront of fashion.

Look for the Mark on the cloth. Look for the label on the garment.

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DON'T BE A NAGGER!

let FELLOWS' SYRUP help you

When the system is run down through overwork, loss of sleep or from poor food assimilation the nervous system is affected.

To help overcome nervous upsets try Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites. "Fellows'" contains iron and other essential minerals needed to correct a run down condition.

By stimulating appetite and aiding digestion Fellows' help you derive full benefit from your daily meals.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of Fellows' Syrup today. Discover for yourself the help it may bring you.

A Family Tonic Since 1864

Wedding of a Faun

Continued from page 5

ordinarily have, of course. The bridal suite's available at the Chateau Quebec. Or Mexico City and the motor trips."

"She wants," said Bunny Denton in a hushed voice, "to go to Carolina and smell the flowers."

There was a slight pause. Then: "That," said Miss Melissa, "should be pleasant."

"Just think," said Bunny, "giving up her picture career. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful."

"You'll like her, Miss Melissa. She's different. Not loud and all. This time I'm going to settle down."

Miss Melissa reached out and touched his arm. "Yes, Soames," she said gently. "Of course."

"She's like you," said Bunny nodding.

"*What?*"

He reddened slightly. "Don't be mad," he said. "Well—see you later." At the door he turned. "But she is," he said, and grinned. "Just the same, she is."

MISS MELISSA went to the desk, picked up her lists . . . Like her, indeed! Preposterous. Denton wives were beautiful. Denton wives were spectacular and gifted in their several ways at creating excitement, turmoil — all about them.

Carlotta had had golden hair and pink cheeks; she had been inclined to link arms with a person of the opposite sex and sip from a champagne glass, eyes twinkling roguishly over the rim. Carlotta had got Bunny young.

Gloria had had platinum hair and thin swooping eyebrows and a repertoire of appalling jokes, which she recited in a quick hoarse voice. Gloria had managed to happen along at a time when he was very bored.

Joan had had reddish hair, curved smoothly under at shoulder length, and drooping eyelids over weary eyes. Joan had made mysterious mournful references to a desperate hectic past. He'd been going to make it all up to Joan.

And now this Mary, this Mary Paynter, whom he'd met on a brief recent visit to California, and who was giving up a career—of trying to get into the movies. Who was leaping on a plane to come across the country to marry Bunny—on the strength of a couple of long-distance phone conversations! "Different," muttered Miss Melissa, "my eye."

It would be the third time Bunny had been going to settle down—Miss Melissa's regime had begun at the time when Carlotta was, so to speak, on the wane. This did not count the times he'd been engaged and about to settle down; only the times he'd been married and definitely going to settle down. She sighed, and her mind travelled back over the years—the 12 insane, fantastic years.

She'd been Soames Senior's secretary, started on a decent good career. She'd been contented in her work, quiet and peaceful. Out of a clear sky Soames Senior had said, glumly; "You're the best secretary I've ever had, but I guess you better look after the boy."

"Look after the boy, Mr. Denton?"

"He had 14 tutors," Mr. Denton said. "Seven prep schools, four colleges. Emerging unscathed. He tried the business; it seemed as if he believed every-

IT'S REALLY FINE to feel soothing relief from sinus pain start to come the moment you put a little Vicks Va-tro-nol in each nostril. Just a few drops...and relief comes fast because this specialized medication works *right where trouble is*... to ease painful distress and bring comforting relief. Here's how Va-tro-nol works to speed effective relief—3-ways at once...

QUICKLY Va-tro-nol (1) helps shrink swollen membranes (2) eases irritation (3) helps clear out congestion and so gives sinuses a chance to drain. Millions swear by it. You, too, will like the way it works...the fine relief it brings. Get a bottle of Vicks Va-tro-nol—today!

MIGHTY HELPFUL TO EASE DISTRESS OF ACUTE CATARRH

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

IT HAPPENS WITHIN 2 SECONDS

Within two seconds after zooming out of dreaded Shady Corner on Lake Placid's Olympic Run, bobsled teams hit the amazing speed of 70 m.p.h. . . .

Within two seconds after you take it, genuine Aspirin actually starts to go to work, to bring you

Make this glass-of-water test yourself!

FAST PAIN RELIEF !

Bobsledding is full of thrills—but you can't enjoy them when you're suffering with the pains of neuritis or neuralgia. So always keep ASPIRIN handy for really quick relief. Remember—by dropping an ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water you'll see undeniable *proof* that ASPIRIN starts to disintegrate in *two seconds.* What it does in the water, it does when you take it . . . actually starts to go to work almost instantly. Therefore, you get relief with remarkable speed. Buy ASPIRIN today.

Always ask for genuine

ASPIRIN

Lowest Prices Ever!

Pocket box of 12 . . . . . 18¢
Economy bottle of 24 . . . 29¢
Family size of 100 . . . . . 79¢

PREVENT CHAPPING

SOFTEN THOSE DRY HANDS

- - with this famous Canadian lotion – pure rich and concentrated

So good for your hands

● The tender skin of your hands can soon become dry in our Canadian climate. And over-dry hands quickly chap or roughen, causing discomfort and very often, embarrassment. To prevent all this, a Canadian chemist originated Campana's Italian Balm. Here is the lotion that will protect your hands all through the cold-weather months. A few drops applied each day promptly softens too-dry skin — prevents chapping and makes the hands delightfully smooth.

Four sizes: 25c; 35c; 50c and $1.00

Campana's **Italian Balm**

New Beauty for "Old" Hair

Hair that's too oily or too dry may not only be "old" looking: it may make *you* look years older than you should! You can give yourself that "years younger" appeal . . . and your hair a new, youthful loveliness, by using the correct Ogilvie Sisters' *specialized* Hair Preparation—and, for the last-minute grooming, the hair-beauty aids made by these famous specialists.

Ask about Ogilvie Sisters' Castile Soap Shampoo, Jumbo Hair Pencil, Creme-Set, Hair Fragrances.

Ogilvie Sisters' Hair Preparations . . . available at better department and drug stores.

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Ogilvie Sisters

NEW YORK WASHINGTON TORONTO

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS Lillico LIMITED

380 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

Fashion Shorts

from New York

PRINTEMPS is the French for spring, but in the fashion world it's translated as print time. And this spring there are to be seen the most beautiful designs of many a season.

Actually some of the prints you'll see in the stores these next months are reproductions of paintings and sketches by modern American artists. If anyone tells you you look like a painting, he's not exaggerating.

One evening dress fabric in this American artists' series depicts a children's carousel. Its giddy blobs of red, green and pink will put you in the mood to grab brass rings!

The ballet motif is spotlighted in street prints. Pretty ballerinas in a pirouette. You'll feel like a Dégas—or at least pretty romantic.

Your little wool box coat picks up one of the shades of your print dress. And —new wrinkle!—it's lined in the same print. If you can stitch up a dainty pair of gloves to match, so much the better.

Be a bird of plumage and match the lining of your suit jacket to the brilliance of your print blouse. Not that that limits your wardrobe to one blouse! Harmonious solid-color blouses work just as well.

Prints will be exquisitely colored. You'll see combinations of apricot, tan, emerald green, pinks and blues. And in silk fabrics too!

Did you like the glitter glamour of sequinned dresses this past winter? You won't lack lustre now, either. Sequins will outline the design of print fabrics and trim necklines. First time, in our memory, for sequins to make a spring appearance.

Something new in necklines. Square in front, V or round in back. Definitely two sides to every dress question.

For the crowning touch—a self-scarf. It's attached to your dress to be worn over the head or under the belt as a skirt drape. Sure allure!

Off to a flying start? Nothing like a suit and coat team for smart travel. The ensemble—three-quarter topper and classic suit—is back for the first time since the war. In balmy weather you wear the suit alone.

Black wool suit, designed by Adele Simpson, who interprets this spring's accent on pleating in a radiation-pleated skirt, narrow at waist and hips, springing into wider pleats below. Basque jacket, buttoned with two rows of black buttons, has a large white piqué collar.

Another pair of teammates: a checked suit with a solid-color topper faced in the same check. Add a bright touch to your pouch bag with a matching checked cuff.

For comfort over suits: a loose-fitting coat. It's very stylized this spring with deep armholes, wide swing, and brightly trimmed revers. We like it in a grey-and-white plaid with red revers.

Brighter-Toned Skin Beauty

With

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

The thin outer layer of skin called "the scarf skin" has little or no blood nourishment. It is the oldest of skin layers, and without much resistance can become discolored, drab and weathered. The action of **Mercolized Wax Cream** on this skin surface is a DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE. An appearance of new skin beauty results—a soft glowing freshness and radiance that can be the envy of everyone. Thousands of women have used **Mercolized Wax Cream** for years. Thousands of others will THRILL at discovering what it may do for them. Use only as directed.

SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT POWDER helps oily skin look fresher and better. Just dissolve Saxolite Powder in one-half pint witch hazel and pat on skin daily. It tightens surface skin by temporary contraction and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

ITCH CHECKED *in a Jiffy* -or Money Back

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions, use pure, cooling, medicated, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless and stainless. Soothes, comforts and quickly calms intense itching. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

a Wesley Mason Fabric REGD

IN GARMENTS and BY THE YARD FROM COAST TO COAST

JOLLY TIME The NATION'S FAVORITE POP CORN

TENDER—HULLESS—CRISP! SURE-TO-POP WHITE OR YELLOW. AT YOUR GROCER'S.

Uppermost Quality Underfoot

Watch the woman who comes to dinner. She wears a pair of those new long black lace mitts that expose a well-manicured hand.

Bare shoulders will send tremors through the stag line this spring. In both the short and floor-length versions. Tight bodice and full skirt either way.

Carry your own very feminine version of a walking stick. Your umbrella neatly encased in a sheath. You can make your own casing out of rayon taffeta and top it off with a tricky little bow.

An inset lace yoke lends delicate enchantment to a simple blouse. When you take your suit jacket off, the push-up sleeves are lace-trimmed too.

The shape of bags to come. Resembles a saddle, and its two sections divide and hang over the arm. Definitely suited to tailored clothes and to all of us who are bag-stuffers.

The bathing suit season is still in the future. But we can't resist telling you what's in the works. A strapless swimsuit with a built-in wired bra—the same that's been making history this year. So you can have peace of mind in and out of the water this summer.

What you've been waiting for. Shiny one-piece black elasticized fabric bathing suits will be back. To do a good deed for your waist and hips.

Like a mermaid you'll shimmer in the water and on the beach. In gold and silver metallic swimsuits! It's a sensational new nontarnishable fabric. Pardon us while we slip on our dark glasses to consider all this dazzle.

For undercover glamour it's half-slips. They're the only proper version of a petticoat to wear with suits. And fit for a trousseau when they have scalloped borders and appliquéd embroidery.

We can't tell you how to work the Hindu rope trick, but we can tell you some magic to do with a scarf. Take a tired black or navy basic and a colorful new scarf. Catch the scarf at one shoulder like a Scotch plaidie and pull the ends through your belt fore and aft, if the scarf's long enough.

Chambrays in ice-cream colors look good enough to eat. In strawberry and chocolate and other tempting shades. For a dressy touch they have eyelet frills edging square necklines.

When is a jacket dress not a jacket dress? When it's a one-piece with a bolero front. The spring version is a print, naturally. Fine for concealing figure problems.

"Angel's wing" sleeves is the descriptive name given to the new winged shoulder. Practically sleeveless in effect. Might require some arm exercises, though, if you want to wear your wings.

Flowers-caught-in-a-net. It's Lilly Dache's idea, bound to catch your fancy. Scattered flowers are caught in the mesh of heavy detachable veilings. Detached, the trimming makes a fine summer headdress. ✚

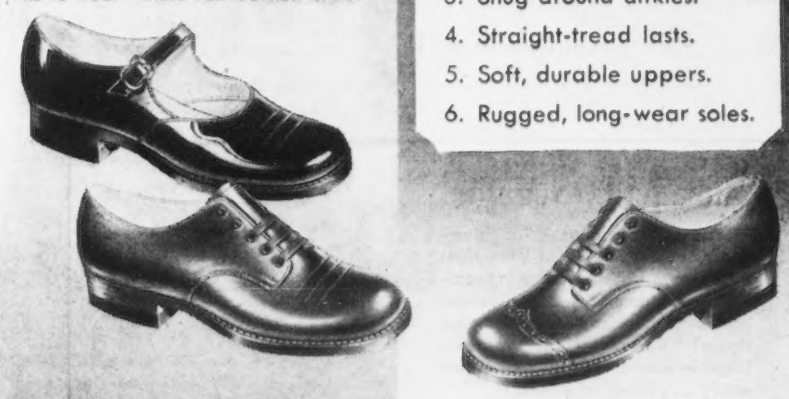
HEWETSON'S PERFECTRED SHOES

ALWAYS POPULAR PRICES

HEWETSONS PerFecTred SHOES

A new addition to the famous HEWETSON line—finer leather, workmanship and style. See these SIX REASONS WHY parents will like to buy—children will like to wear—these PERFECTRED Shoes.

1. Room for growing feet.
2. Arches that support.
3. Snug around ankles.
4. Straight-tread lasts.
5. Soft, durable uppers.
6. Rugged, long-wear soles.



HEWETSON Shoes

BRAMPTON ONTARIO

WITH DEALERS ALL OVER CANADA READY TO SERVE YOUR NEEDS

Very personally yours

YOU enter smiling . . . as the overture brings back all the old enchantment. That night; and how close to the stars the topmost row of the balcony had seemed to you. That hush, when the lights lowered, and the curtain rose . . . wafting you into a make-believe heaven. Where the heroine's loves . . . tears . . . triumphs . . . were very personally yours!

Play-going is still one of your favourite ways of keeping life fascinating; *fun*. And strolling among those who come to see and be seen, you're poised . . . self-possessed, even at certain times. For naturally Kotex is your choice of napkins, knowing those flat tapered ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

You're sure, too, of extra protection, with Kotex' special safety centre. Of heavenly softness that *lasts*, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it . . . made to give you complete comfort by eliminating chafing. And only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

And so, whatever the scene, you enter smiling . . . always confident; always *young* in that eager love of life . . . so very personally yours.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*

*T.M. Reg.

It's the Season for Color!

LET COLOR play an all-important role in your new spring togs—in unusual print designs or in the contrast of plain fabrics. The theme of spring '47 is color used in individual ways, such as you see in these four styles, all two-piece designs.

Number 1885 is striking in grey or beige with cuffs in clear green or the very new vivid orange. Its princess bodice has a cutaway peplum, the four-sectioned skirt an unpressed front pleat.

Number 1898 gives you wide scope if you make it in basic blue, grey or beige (or to be very practical, in black or navy) and splash it with color in the drape which extends from shoulder to bodice edge. Print drapes are new and effective.

Number 1901 is styled particularly for print designs, either those of brilliant motifs on dark backgrounds, or the delicate floral pastels. The bodice is gathered above a pointed yoke, which rises high to accent a V neckline, and the peplum, plain in front, flares at the back.

Number 1888 is a one-color affair, a casual for spring into-summer. Try bright coral, deep yellow or azure. Pockets join into the side seams, and button to the bodice which makes a strong point of its double-breasted effect.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 70.

For Wear With Spring Coats

THESE THREE slim-skirted numbers will travel smartly with your new spring topcoat or shortie . . . give you an air of spring days ahead during late-winter, fur-coat weather!

The rule this spring is: "no sharp or square lines." In **Number 1891** it's carried out with shoulder pleats and slight gathers at front and back waistline. The centre-pleated skirt is softened at the hips by shaped pockets.

If you find the new styles difficult, **Number 1887** will give you a slenderizing trick in its left-side closing, which buttons diagonally from away over left shoulder, veering almost to centre rounded front.

Another easy-to-make, wonderful-to-wear design is this bolero dress, **Number 1893**, which is by far the leading fashion idea this spring. The dress, simply styled with gathered cap sleeves, has a four-sectioned skirt with shaped pockets. Line your bolero with bright print to match the sash!

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, see page70

Waiting for a LIFT?

Elliptic Bra . . . newest and loveliest of GOTHIC Cordtex creations . . . is specially designed for evening wear, of gossamer sheer nylon, pre-shrunk for permanent shapeliness. Elliptic delicately encircles, supports, lifts and beautifies the bosom. CORDTEX is the secret. Exclusive to GOTHIC, Cordtex is a high quality fabric of beautiful texture, firm on the surface, smooth against the skin. The central reflex insert in the Bra adjusts automatically to the body's slightest movement.

Made in 4 sizes and bust depth variations (A Junior; B Medium; C Full; D Medium Deep). Ask your corsetière for your correct figure type. Fit yourself for fashion with a GOTHIC.

THE CORDTEX BEAUTY LIFT THAT LASTS

GOTHIC Cordtex

GM-47-1

A lady's delight knows no bounds when she finds Orient* nylons — so clear, so sheer, so completely in keeping with lovely Spring fashions.

ORIENT* Beauti-Skin NYLONS

*C.S.P. Ltd. Trademark

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS

Watch That Detail!

One of spring's newest jacket shapes, the long tunic with hip flanges released in pleating, back-and-below. For tall or mediums!

Another widely shown jacket, the shortie, boxy and buttoned . . . swinging free from the shoulders contrasted with very slim skirt. Note the rounded lapels.

You can't go wrong with a bolero—in dress or suit. They lead the parade! Many are lined in print matching a suit blouse; some have rounded lapels; others, very new, the tiny rolled collar you see here.

THE NEW YORK fashion scene shifted into sudden spring at the recent showings—with excitement running high, and everybody wondering how the leading American designers would express their new freedom with materials, result of lifting of yardage restrictions!

Would we see an entirely new silhouette swathed in yards and yards of fabric? Daytime skirts sweeping the sidewalks? (Could be!) How far would the New York designers go?

Well, the heights of elegance have now been reached! Never have styles been lovelier to look at . . . And never have they been easier to wear!

You'll be thankful for the new note, which is a natural look, one that is feminine and in exquisite taste:

Shoulders are extended, but softly. No squared, up-soaring padding—just enough to keep hips out of the limelight.

Skirts, too, are hip-careful, hemlines a little longer (14 to 15 inches for daytime). About midcalf is the rule. For short women, dress hems are lengthened very slightly.

Waistlines have a slender look, but not pinched-in.

Sleeves, generous, often full, have softening detail in cuffs and wristband.

On evening dresses, however, they've gone out-and-out sumptuous. Yards and yards of precious fabrics drift over heavy satin or taffeta underskirts—echoes of the romantic, rustling past! Here you see some of the newest trends, likely to be reflected throughout the fashion picture, spring and summer '47.

Most highly dramatized feature is the new sleeve—not a skimpy one among them. Loveliest are the very full-cut, gathered into a wide, tight wristband. Here you see rich lace frothing from such a sleeve—inspired by one of Cecil Beaton's fabulous creations in "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Beautiful laces are seen in the highest price brackets; these are the fine imported ones. Wide bands of lace, joined together by nylon marquisette, may form a yards-wide skirt . . . and here, tier upon tier of delicate black lace ruffles over a rustling underskirt of pink taffeta.

This is the approximate hem length likely to be followed for several months, at least. Designers stress that too long skirts are fatal to short women . . . but it's likely that taller figures will wear hems 13½ or 14 inches above the ground. The rule is midcalf or a little below.

Holds Better!

Keep your hair always smooth, chic and lovely with wonderful HOLD-BOB bobby pins. They're invisible in the hair, strong yet flexible, gentle as a lover's embrace. Rounded-for-safety ends won't catch hair, because they slide in smoothly. And Hold-Bob pins stay in more securely, feel better, look smarter.

HOLD-BOB*

BOBBY PINS

SMOOTH
STRONG
INVISIBLE

Made in Canada by Gaylord Products of Canada, Ltd., St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. . . . formerly known as The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada (1940) Ltd.

*TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

Two violins: one a priceless Stradivarius, an instrument of infinite beauty—the other an impotent imitation, inadequate to the services required of it.

To most people all plastics look alike and if one type or brand doesn't satisfactorily perform the services required of it, all other types and brands suffer—including the tested, reliable brands.

VINYLITE Plastics, like the leaders in any field, are properly compounded and fabricated—carefully developed for specific uses—constantly checked for maintenance of superior standards.

Whenever you buy articles of plastic look for the "VINYLITE" trade mark. It identifies the peer of plastics.

A book worth having: For fuller information regarding the scores of articles made from VINYLITE Plastics, write for the free, full-colored booklet, "The Story of VINYLITE Plastics". It is available by writing to Department 'F', P.O. Box 6072, Montreal.

IT'S RIGHT — IF IT'S Vinylite PLASTICS

THE WORD VINYLITE IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF CANADIAN RESINS AND CHEMICALS LIMITED

CANADIAN RESINS and CHEMICALS LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUE. TORONTO, ONT.

New: The Shortie Suit

by EVELYN KELLY

IT'S SUAVE, smart, and headed for high spring-through-summer popularity, this very new shortie suit! The pattern was designed by Simplicity exclusively for Chatelaine (Number 1913).

Citywise, the shortie suit is right from nine to five, for a day's shopping, or going to business. And, for the busy career gal, it's her best choice as a train-or-plane travelling suit . . . the good - looking reliable whose jacket doubles with cottons on cool days and evenings, and becomes a slick topper for slacks and shorts on holidays and week ends.

White, gold and black are combined stunningly in the made-up version photographed on the preceding page. We did the jacket in white wool, the skirt in black. The completing touch: large, round, gold buttons.

The little-boy collar, and slit bound pockets of this double-breasted jacket are important fashion features in this season's picture. Sleeves are cut generously in keeping with the full swing of the jacket.

Skirts must be slim to contrast the straight line from shoulder to hip in coats of the shortie type. Our suit skirt is perfectly plain, dart-fitted at the back waistline. Note, in the photograph, the drama of the silhouette: boxy above, slender below.

As a summer switchable, the shortie suit takes beautifully to cotton or linen finishes. In the two sketches below you see it first as a summer suit of aqua butcher linen. Next, the coat is removed to reveal a blouse, same material, and your effect is that of a soft summer casual! Our blouse, Number 1728, has slightly deepened armholes, full sleeves gathered to a very wide cuff. The Flemish type collar tapers off at centre back so there'll not be that uncomfortable riding-up problem when the jacket is slipped on.

Plaids are easily matched in a straight-lined jacket, like our sketch third from left. A beautiful plaid fabric can be completely ruined if you go wrong in your geometry in cutting! See below how the plaid in jacket sleeve is in true line with the fabric in the rest of the jacket—a point to remember when laying out your pattern.

Swinging into June evenings, you next see our shortie doing a smart job over a long, black net evening dress (Number 1878). If you plan on wearing the jacket as an evening topper, choose it in white, or a very soft-shaded pastel.

For that professional, finished look, there are several *terribly* important angles that make for perfection:

Your fabric should be a *good* one that will really justify the fine work and care you'll put on it . . . and, for safety's sake, *do* shrink all shrinkables before you start cutting.

Proper fit can't be stressed too much . . . it's always smart to measure . . . don't guess at your size!

Even if you have to make them yourself, *do* watch out for the shoulder pads! The shoulder silhouette *has changed* this season. There is none of that chopped, squared look of former years. When you look at a garment, you can't see any sign of padding . . . but in most cases,

In summer materials such as butcher linens, spuns and cottons, the Shortie Suit becomes a softly tailored casual.

So good on almost every figure type, so companionable with the rest of your spring and summer numbers . . . we give you the Shortie Suit, newest version of that favorite, the Shortie Coat

it's there just the same! The secret is that they're using very wide triangular pads that cover almost the whole shoulder area, but the pads aren't thick. They shape *over* the shoulder, front and back, almost in a U position, close in to your body.

Learn to make bound buttonholes, if you haven't already mastered that neat little trick. For there's nothing like bound buttonholes for that wonderful, custom-made look in a suit.

If you're using stitching as a decorative touch on jacket collar and hem . . . draw a chalk line and follow it—even if your eye is good—for that stitching must be straight as a die!

On color mixing! You'll see two or more colors used together in bold and unusual mixtures from now on . . . and here are some of them:

Blue, white and black are seen together in sophisticated trio. A jacket and skirt in blue, a blouse in a plaid or print mixture of all three shades.

Brown, blue and white work out smartly when the jacket is in blue, skirt in brown and blouse in brown and white or a mixture of all three.

Red, royal blue and white combination has its jacket in red, skirt in blue, and blouse either all-white, blue and white, red and white, or indeed any way you want to handle the three, because this is one set of colors that can't do you wrong!

White, green and black . . . here your jacket is white, skirt black, and your blouse clear kelly green, or green-and-white check or plaid.

Green and pink are newest color pairing this spring: The apple greens and apple blossom pinks. Here your green would be in two tones, the darker green for jacket, lighter green for the skirt, and the blouse in a print or plaid combining the green with pink.

Grey and pink are another widely shown color teaming. Here the jacket and skirt are all-grey, the blouse pink . . . and . . . try lining your jacket with the same shade of pink! Grey for sophistication . . . pink for the feminine angle—an irresistible effect!

Watch those accessories! This shortie suit is a young casual, and (except when its jacket tops a long-skirted summer evening frock) your accessories should strike the same note.

Heavily flowered or veiled hats are out of tune with this suit. But the new derby hat is perfect with it, and you'll soon recognize this as a 1947, fashionized version of a riding hat. Very new and good are the head-hugging, little stitched felts, and the bumpers (with the rolled-back brims). Very dress-up or late-afternoon type accessories are wrong with the shortie suit; much better to keep to good-quality fabric or natural leather gloves and a dashing shoulder-strap bag.

The same goes for shoes. If you're very tall, wear flat sling-heels like those in our photograph. If you're shorter and feel happy only in high heels, platform wedgies are good. In any event, the plainer the better!

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, see page 70. ✚

Pastel plaid shortie for summer days . . . for June evenings, white or light pastel woollen materials.

WARNING!—MOTH DAMAGE ON THE WAY!

protect the woolens in your life with

MOTH-DED

the marvelous NEW moth killer

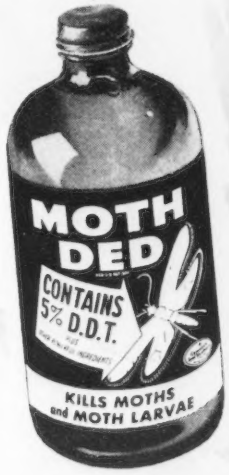
CONTAINS 5% D.D.T.

One thorough spraying lasts for months.

Safe! Sure! Economical!

Every drop effective . . .

—contains no water!



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Spray closet walls and floors, storage chests and drawers.

HINTS FOR STORING WOOLENS:

Before storing your woolens for the summer, brush them carefully in the open air, spray all cracks and crevices in your closets and chests with Moth-Ded. Then spray the garments or blankets and put them away.

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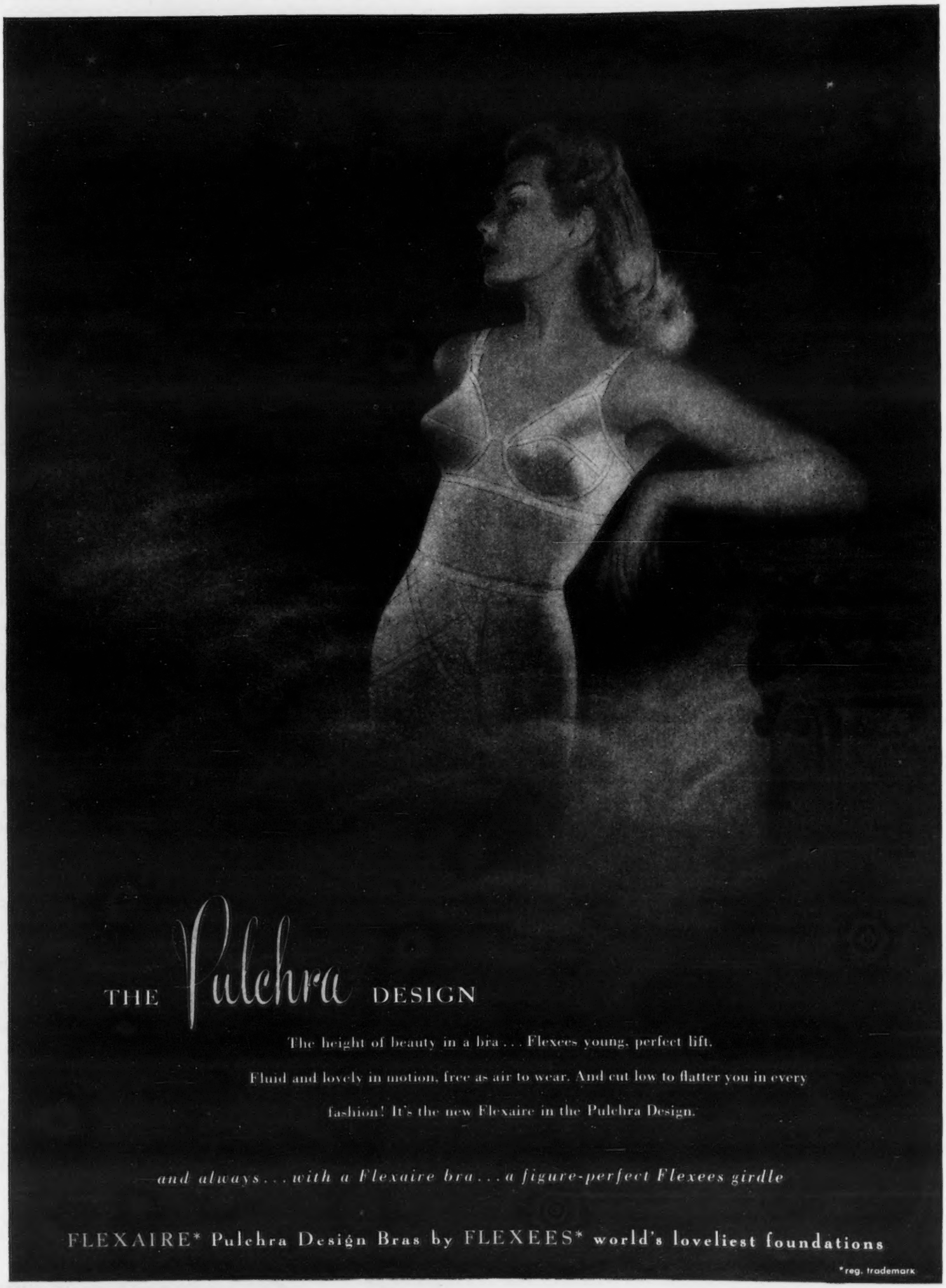
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Fluid and lovely in motion, free as air to wear. And cut low to flatter you in every
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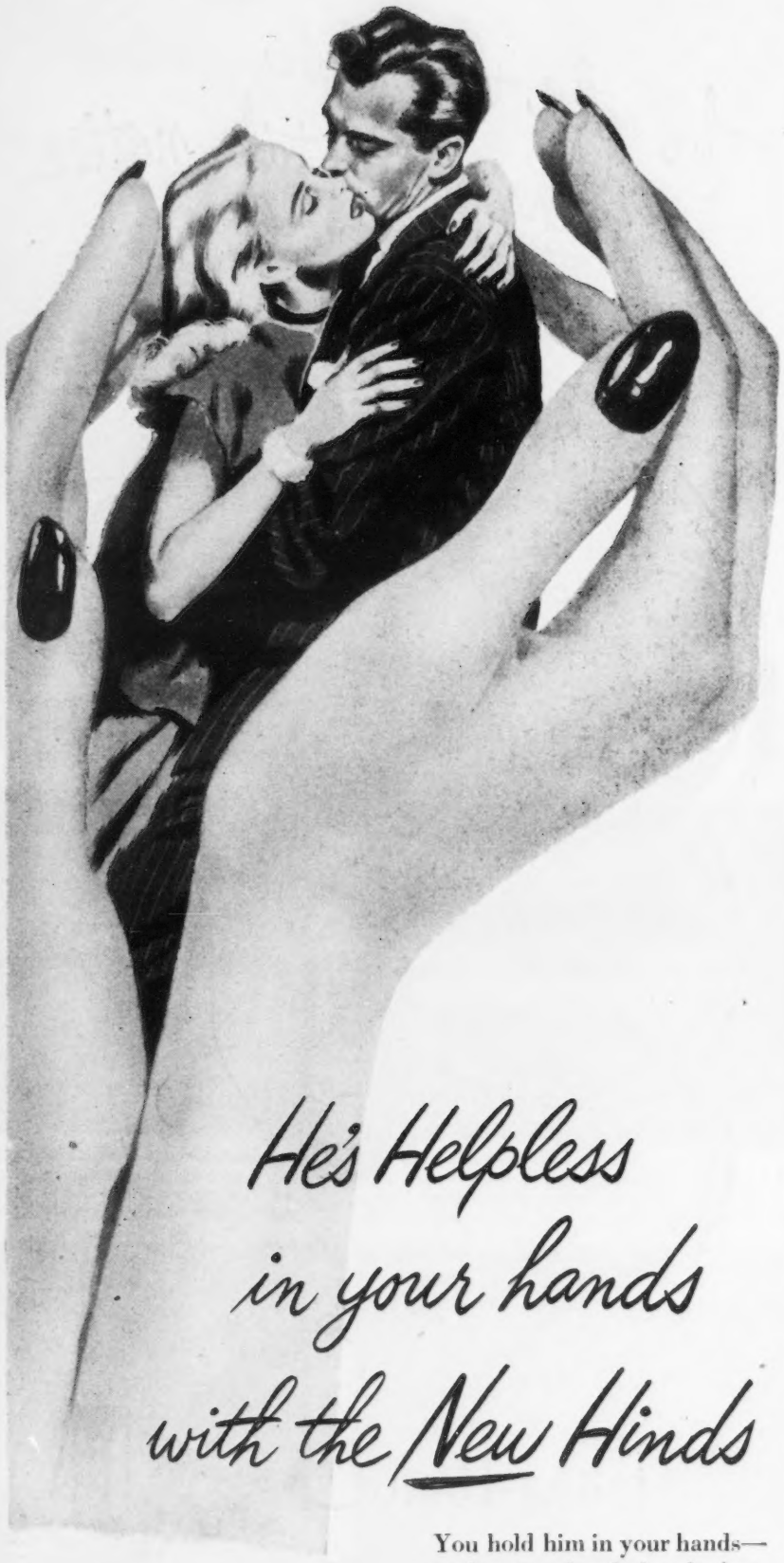

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You hold him in your hands—enchanting, lovely hands that use the beauty-bringing NEW HINDS! Enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands, Hinds Honey & Almond Cream makes them feel smoother, lovelier . . . instantly! Hinds is richer, creamier . . . dries quickly . . . leaves no unpleasant stickiness.

● **NEW LUXURY BOTTLE**
The new Hinds bottle is designed for the dressing table—it's more feminine, graceful, and decorative. Holds more, too . . . you get more Hinds for your money.

Fan Fare...

You can wander between two worlds with a wounded RAF pilot as your guide . . . or kibitz on the guardian angel who rescues an earnest little guy from his business difficulties . . . or stay right on the ground for an engaging lesson in natural history and backwoods life.

The big "stairway to heaven" scene in the new English film fantasy, "A Matter of Life and Death."

"A Matter of Life and Death"—or by its U. S. title, "Stairway to Heaven."

ONE OF THE most unusual films you've seen in a long while. Fantasy is nothing new in motion pictures. Messengers from fictional other worlds have been playing hob with bewildered humans from "Peter Ibbetson" to "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and on down to the current "It's a Wonderful Life" (reviewed below). But in this film, fantasy is given a rational explanation as the disturbed wanderings of a shocked mind. So what unfolds before you cannot be dismissed as a fairy tale like the others. It could actually have happened.

RAF Squadron Leader Peter Carter *could* have bailed out of that burning plane in May, 1945, without a parachute and by some miracle not have been killed by his fall into the Channel. He *could* have suffered a brain concussion and in a recurring hallucination imagined that his escape from death was an oversight on the part of the messenger from the beyond.

As a poet and romanticist, Peter might have entertained the fantasy that because he had fallen in love he ought to be given a chance to appeal his doom. When his brain was operated on, his ether-clouded mind could have continued the aberration, picturing the trial, his defense by the doctor who'd just been killed trying to get an ambulance for him, and the success of his appeal because of his sweetheart's love. He could have come out of the operation, his mind restored and his hallucination vanished.

A vote of thanks to Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, who wrote, directed, and produced this absorbing British-made film for J. Arthur Rank. And to David Niven as the flier, Kim Hunter as the WAC, Roger Livesey as the doctor, and Raymond Massey as the opposing counsel, for their superb acting in "A Matter of Life and Death."

"It's a Wonderful Life"

And it's a wonderful sight, may we add, to see Jimmy Stewart back on the screen again after his five years of service in the American Air Force. He's no longer the shy, gangling pre-war Jimmy, but his new maturity is even more engaging.

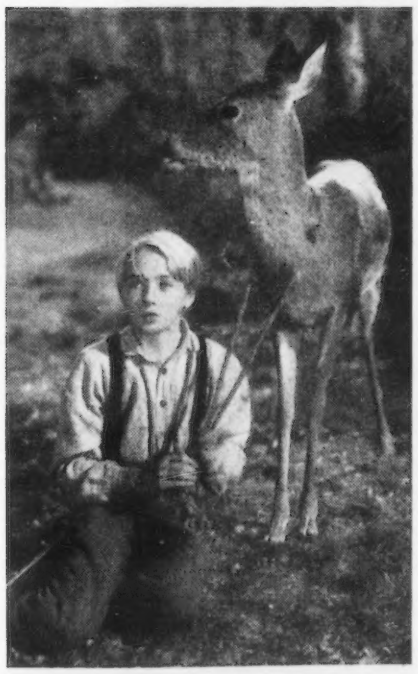
This picture, however, has a good deal of merit besides the fact that it brings back Jimmy Stewart. It's a touching whimsy in defense of the little guy, a theme that's been consistently dear to Frank Capra, its producer and director. Remember his "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," also starring

Jimmy Stewart back from global war but still having a tough time in "It's a Wonderful Life." With Donna Reed.

Jimmy Stewart? He's now producing films independently (Liberty Films), but he's still crusading on behalf of the little man. Let's make no mistake about it. That doesn't make him a Johnny One-Note. His idea that service to one's fellow men is more important than self - interest and pays off in the long run can bear reiteration in this atomic age.

Jimmy Stewart is the George Bailey of this film, an ambitious young fellow whose dreams take an awful kicking around. From the night his father dies and George has to give up his trip to Europe and take over the business, to the desperate moment, years later, when the company's funds are lost by his simple-minded uncle and George faces imprisonment, it's one discouragement after another. Just as he is on the point of suicide, his guardian angel turns up, shows him he's no failure, and George goes home and finds his friends have got up a kitty that will save him from ruin.

You'll get a lift and many chuckles out of "It's a Wonderful Life," despite its serious side. The fine supporting cast includes Donna Reed as Jimmy's lovely wife, Lionel Barrymore as the town Scrooge, and Thomas Mitchell as the bumbling uncle.



They steal the show! Claude Jarman, Jr., as the boy Jody, and Flag, his pet fawn.

"The Yearling"

Take the youngsters to see "The Yearling." They'll love this warm and exciting story of a boy and his animal friends, particularly the baby deer he makes a pet. "The Yearling" took 8 years in the preparation, and the animal photography and scenic beauty of this technicolor film are just about unsurpassed.

Undoubtedly you recall the Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings 1938 Pulitzer Prize novel, from which this picture has been adapted. The simple sincerity of the book is completely captured by the camera in bringing to life the pioneering Baxters, their son Jody, and their brawling neighbors, the Forresters. In the wild Florida swamp region the Baxters toil to eke out a bare existence on their lonely farm. Except dreamy Jody, who had much rather be racing with his deer Flag through the forests than hoeing corn. But Jody manfully takes over the chores when his father is injured. He is finally awakened to the hard facts of existence, however, when his mother shoots Flag in order to keep him from destroying the crop and Jody in a heart-wrenching scene has to put the animal to death.

There's wry humor as well as pathos in "The Yearling," and convincing performances by Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman as the older Baxters, and Claude Jarman, Jr., as barefooted Jody. Young Jarman is the eleven-year-old boy whom director Clarence Brown lifted right out of a Tennessee classroom, and he proves himself a real discovery. Donn Gift, as his crippled friend Fodderwing, is impressive too in a small part. But the creature who'll really captivate you is the tiny baby fawn. ✚

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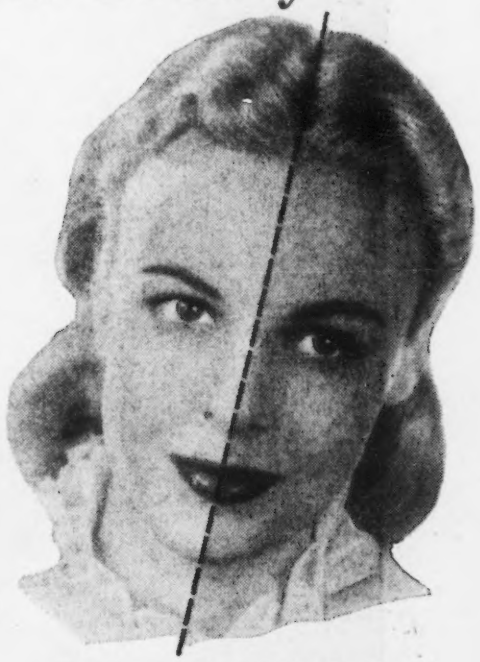

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Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, which is a combination of your natural skin oils and cosmetics and dirt. Ordinary cleansing methods don't remove this stubborn film. Massage or rubbing only forces it deeper into the mouths of the pores.

This stubborn film dulls the natural freshness and beauty of your skin . . . makes even young skin look older.

Here's the safe and sure way to get rid of this insidious film that dulls the true freshness of your skin.

See for yourself—tonight

Tonight, smooth on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream . . . then wipe it off. Look at your cleansing tissue. See how surface dirt and cosmetics have been removed. But your skin itself is not yet free of that dulling film.

Now comes the important part! Apply my unique Lady Esther Cream again . . . and wipe it off. This second cleansing really rids your skin of that stubborn film which improper methods fail to remove!

My cream does not need to be rubbed in, massaged in . . . because its unique texture is so soft, so effective. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *itself* does the work—*not* your fingers! And it needs no help from any other cream or lotion!

A Complete Beauty Treatment

Each time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most for beauty. 1) thoroughly cleans your skin; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect base for face powder.

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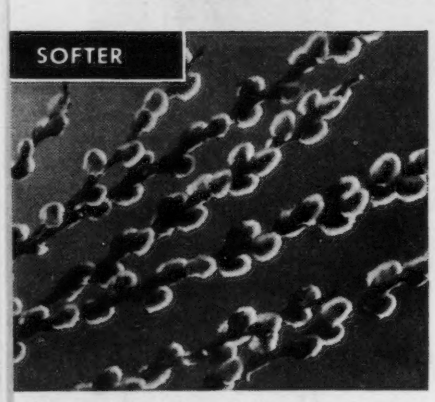

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Kleenex great production has resulted in savings passed on to you... so that today, *superior two-ply Kleenex tissues cost only ⅓ the price you paid a few years ago.*

CONVENIENCE

Waste and messiness avoided... cleanliness and convenience assured by exclusive Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue package. *You pull one Kleenex—up pops the next ready for use.*

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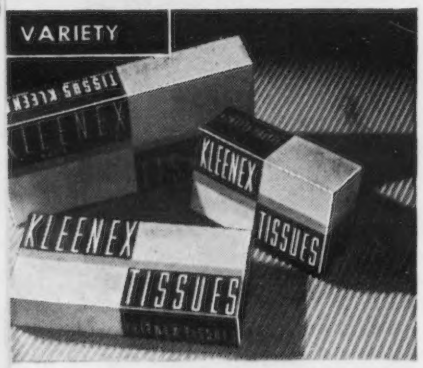
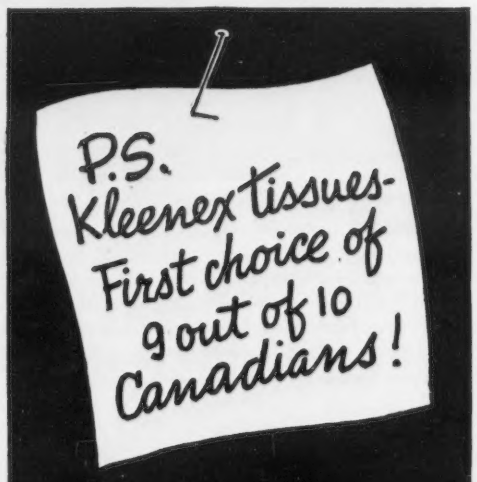


There's a Kleenex tissue to meet *each* of your requirements. Hanky size 9" x 10"—200 tissues per package; Chubby size 6¾" x 9"—300 tissues; Man's size 12" x 12"—200 tissues.

*Exclusive Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



dirty?) slipped out of the gold jacket, and tossing the evening bag on a chair, raced for the kitchen and peanut butter.

Marian, following, asked curiously, "Did you have a good time?"

"Oh, *super!* Dances are such *fun!* We went out and raced around the block and I won every time. Robbie says it's on account of I've got such long legs. And Louise's puppy is the *sweetest* thing. He won't let everybody hold him, but he let me." (So that accounted for the smudges on the red and white.)

Bert and Marian regarded their child with speechless happiness. A slight film of vivid red still overlaid the soft rose of the innocent young mouth, the regimented waves had broken ranks and become an unruly mob of rebellious curls. As she sat there, the old familiar bulge rounding out the childish face she was determinedly stuffing with peanut butter sandwiches, she was Betsy Seton, aged 14.

"Mother," she managed to articulate, "I've just thought! Know that flower box Robbie sent me? I'm going to use it for Lilly to put her babies in. It'll be super."

Bert and Marian looked at each other. It came to them with sudden relief that the door between childhood and girlhood is a revolving door and that their Betsy had stepped back again. ✚

Are They Making a Success of Marriage? *Continued from page 11*

segregated for their social life. The women stay home and gossip while the men go out and enjoy themselves. And even when they do have a mixed party the women all get together in a corner and talk about babies and recipes. I find that jolly dull.

"Like everyone else here, John works all the time and when I see him in the evening he's so tired he goes to sleep. Our greatest excitement is to go into town to the cinema once a month or so. And when we do we can't even have a beer together, because there's a law against mixed drinking in this province."

She looked scornful. "I think this must be the most sanctimonious country in the world. I wonder if the people are really as good as they pretend to be? I suggested to John that we buy a bottle of gin or whisky and take it out to the ranch. Then we could have a drink together before dinner, as we always did in London. Do you know, I really believe he was shocked! He said his father wouldn't have a bottle of liquor on the place. And it would kill his mother if she knew I had ever taken a drink. He doesn't even like me to smoke in front of his mother. He tells me that he owes it to the old folks to do things their way. Well, I'm sick of other people running my life!"

She kicked the dirt with a small determined foot and went on. "His mother doesn't like me either. She thinks I should work as hard as she and his sisters do. But I don't believe women were intended to be kitchen slaves, or work around the ranch like a man. Women in Canada don't seem to have any minds of their own. At home I've had a lot of interesting conversations with women friends, but here I can't seem to find anything to talk to them about. Most of their conversations are just gossip. No wonder their husbands go to stag parties when they want entertainment!"

She summed it up this way. "I still love John, but the man I married seems to have vanished, and the man in his place is a stranger. Englishmen have a lord-of-the-manor complex, and other faults. But they like their wives to have personalities. I guess marriage between people with different backgrounds and countries doesn't often work out, so I'm going back where I belong."

From London Factory to Indian Reserve

Iris is one of those British brides Canadians have been talking about, wondering about. A Kentish girl, she left England and the city life of London to live with her Indian husband on a Northern Ontario reserve.

For many months every year her handsome ex-corporal disappears into the wilderness to follow his traplines. She remains behind in the Indian village, living in a large unpainted frame house with her husband's grandmother, mother, sisters and sisters-in-law. She has had to forfeit her right as a British citizen. Her privileges and limitations are those imposed on tribal members. She can no longer vote, and she comes under the guardianship of the Department of Indian Affairs.

Iris holds no resentment that, in a white man's town, custom dictates she shall live in the tumbledown Indian quarter. The cleanliness of the building, which is little more than a large kitchen-living room with a sleeping loft overhead, seems to show that she is proud of it.

"This is my home," she says slowly, in her Kentish voice, "and in the year and a half I've been here I've learned to accept a lot of things. It's not like England, and some day I'd like to go back for a trip. But never to stay. I like my life better here.

"No, I'm not sorry I married an Indian. I have a good husband there, and I know I wouldn't find a better one anywhere."

Before the war Iris, who is in her late twenties, worked in a factory near London. The hours were long and the pay was poor. She lived in dingy back rooms and didn't even dare dream that she would ever have a home of her own, even this humble backwoods kind.

"The way of living is very different from anything I had imagined," she says, "but it's a lot better than wartime England. At first I missed the shows and pubs, but after a while I became one of the family and I wasn't lonely any more."

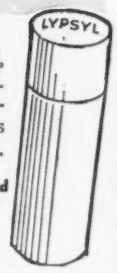
She pointed to one of her two babies, asleep in a teepee-type Indian-blanket cradle suspended by ropes from the walls.

"Little by little my mother-in-law taught me things. It was hard at first. She speaks very little English so we had to get along with sign language. Her ways were very different from my ways. But where I thought her way better, I learned it. My husband says I make good bannock now."

Iris has learned the art of being happy with her husband's people. "Before he married me, he wrote and asked their permission," she says. "His brothers say now they were right in giving it."

DON'T LICK THOSE DRY CHAPPED LIPS

New, soothing LYPSYL relieves soreness quickly



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CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION — The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES BOILS — Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling, and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) at any drug store NOW.

She paused for a moment. "I have learned to like all of them. I especially like my mother-in-law. No one could have been kinder to me before my husband came home. I never really had a mother, because mine died when I was a baby. It's nice to be part of a big family."

"The Crime of Having a Baby"

The girl from Australia is tiny, with green-grey eyes and a long golden bob. She loves Canada in spite of the "back-to - front" seasons, and has happily traded Sydney's warm climate and beaches for skiing and skating, lake and inland life. But one thing about this brave new world has her completely puzzled. And her Canadian ex-officer husband, who will enter university next fall, has been away fighting too long to be able to explain it to her.

"Why is it such a crime to have a baby in Canada?" she asks, in all seriousness. She and her husband have been turned down brusquely in several possible living quarters because of their handsome, healthy four-months-old. "Doesn't this young country want couples to have children?" she asks. "In Australia we value our babies, make a special place for them. They're important to the nation. Everywhere—in every community I know—there are wonderful Truby King baby clinics. It's customary for all the young mothers to go, regardless of their financial status. I can't understand why one must be apologetic about children here."

In spite of all this she loves Canada and knows she will be very happy when she and her husband can find a little place of their own. Daughter of a sea captain, she knows that the world is a large place, and has found Canadians friendly and warm. Of course she's homesick at times, but feels she's lucky to have a friend from home living in her city. She'd love to visit Australia, but not to stay. She thinks Canada is a grand place to live, and bring up a family. "That is," she says smiling, "if one is allowed to."

Safe Landing From a Crashed Romance

Ellen's marriage to a Canadian farmer didn't work out. There were a lot of reasons. In-law trouble. The bridegroom's difficulty in readjusting himself after a bad war experience. The British girl's intellectual and cosmopolitan background in Europe.

But she didn't go back. A brilliant professional woman in her field, she went to a nearby city and got a job. At the moment she's an independent career girl with a large circle of friends, a bright future and a determination to stay in Canada (which she loves in spite of her marital problems) until at least she is sure her marriage can't be salvaged.

She spoke about it frankly, courageously. "My whole future is at stake," she said. "Don't you think I was wiser to try to make a go of a job here while I think things over?" (Officials say most brides wanting to go back make their decisions between the third and fifth month on this side.)

Ellen is mature, cultured, travelled. She feels the young vitality of Canada and believes it holds a good future either for happy wives or earning women.

"Perhaps it is impossible for a girl in my country to understand what farm

✦ *Continued on page 78*

The color that made the world take notice

Trans-World
from Dorothy Gray

Trans-World Lipstick, Rouge and Nail Polish

All over the world, fashion designers took to this lipstick color. Bianchini did a fabric shade for it. A collection of breath-taking clothes created by the world's finest designers found their inspiration in Dorothy Gray's new pace-setting color — Trans-World.

Ask for this inspiring lipstick color — it's new — it's inspiring and it's from Dorothy Gray.

Trans-World fabric by Bianchini

Mothers! DON'T LET FREQUENT CHEST COLDS ENDANGER YOUR Sweethearts

BUCKLEY'S STAINLESS WHITE RUB

Brings relief to little sufferers overnight

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1 Buckley's White Rub is *snow-white, stainless, non-greasy.*

2 It penetrates *deeper,* acts *faster.*

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BEST FOR ADULTS TOO!

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NO OTHER RUB HAS ALL 4 ABOVE IMPORTANT FEATURES

The Revolving Door

Continued from page 40

that tried to be casual, "Oh, by the way, mother, Robbie asked to take me to the dance."

Marian, stupefied, echoed, "Robbie?"

Betsy exclaimed impatiently, 'Mother! You know Robbie!"

Well did she know Robbie, thought Marian darkly. Who else had trampled her flower beds last spring? Who had pushed Betsy into the creek at the Sunday-school picnic? Who tracked mud into her clean kitchen and ate all the cookies she had been saving for her Circle meeting? That—that brat! And now—asking Betsy to go to a—to *the* dance!

"What did you tell him?" she enquired curiously, wondering how Betsy had refused. (Of course she wouldn't go with him.) Finesse was not one of Betsy's virtues.

"I said it would be super," replied the young lady languidly. "I'm the first girl got asked by a boy, mother," she announced, smoothing her back hair in the immemorial gesture of the complacent female.

Marian said hurriedly, "But you *can't* go with Robbie—just you two! It's too far and no bus goes near . . ."

"Oh, mother!" Betsy's voice blended impatience and pity for the obtuseness of the old. "We'll go in his car, silly."

This was too much! Robbie, driving a car! Marian thought wildly of Robbie's parents—nice, careful people . . . Are people going crazy?

"Betsy," she said, and her tone implied now-it-is-time-to-put-my-foot-down, "Betsy, you certainly don't expect that the Lathams will let Robbie drive or that if they do, I would be so crazy as to . . ."

"Oh, mother," interrupted Betsy, "of course not! Robbie will have his father drive." And this dictum, delivered in the grand manner, relegated Mr. Latham, bank manager, to his proper position as his son's chauffeur.

Well, thought Marian, mollified, that was all right then, and Bert wouldn't have to take them, which was a comfort. And the Lathams *were* nice people, even if Robbie . . . She sighed. Maybe if Robbie was quite clean and dressed up, he might even look very nice himself. She couldn't, off-hand, ever remember seeing Robbie in that state. And, of course, it was something to be proud of that Betsy was the "first girl got asked by a boy." Maternal pride stirred and Marian looked respectfully at her daughter, seeing in her for the first time an incipient belle.

AS A SOP to those old-fashioned parents who were fussy about homework, the dance was held on Friday night. So with a clear conscience, Marian, who had now determined that Betsy should be the most beautiful girl at the affair, took her to the beauty parlor for a shampoo and set. There were irritating delays and Betsy's heavy hair wouldn't get dried. Desperate at last, Marian took her home, the pins still in place.

They found Bert waiting for his dinner. He wore the defrauded look of the returned Family Man who has not found his woman awaiting him. He enquired with aggrieved dignity, "Do we eat tonight or has this tomfoolery cancelled all thoughts of food—even for me?"

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Marian laid a contrite and apologetic cheek against his. Ruffling his hair—an always soothing gesture—she assured him that the dinner, planned against this very crisis, was even now cooking itself and almost ready to serve.

Finally fed, and consequently calmed, Bert retired behind that bulwark of the disinterested male, the newspaper.

Marian hurriedly stacked dishes and examined Betsy's still slightly damp hair. It *had* to get dry, it just simply *had* to!

A ring at the door made them start with horror. "Heavens!" gasped Marian, "can that be Robbie? It can't be *that* late!"

It was not Robbie, but an indifferent youth who tendered a box of unmistakable size and shape. Marian received it with a vicarious thrill. Betsy's first flowers!

It was difficult to connect the small perfect corsage of red carnations (Perfect with her dress! He must have found out what she's wearing, marvelled Marian) with Robbie the Pest, but the neat lettering on the enclosed card (surely not Robbie's writing!) proclaimed that they were indeed from one Robert Latham.

Betsy received them with a slightly bored air. Just one more corsage, she seemed to imply, just one more admirer, just one more dance. Ah, well, one must go through these things!

Testing Betsy's hair, Marian decided she might safely get dressed and have the pins out. The impartial clock had said it with chimes—the hour was getting late.

THE LIVING ROOM door opened. Marian's voice, not entirely steady, said, "Well, Bert, here is your daughter."

Bert looked—and looked again—in silence. A preview, thought Marian, pain and pride mingling, of the way males would look at Betsy for many, many years to come.

She stood framed in the doorway, a Betsy suddenly tall and slim, with red and white skirt billowing about her gracefulness and a demurely snug waist flowering into mad ruffles about the soft shoulders. Her hair lay in serene golden waves about that lovely face and broke into a cascade of spun gold around her neck. Her eyes were clear and wide, and something half-hidden in them seemed to beckon. And her mouth—that does it, thought Marian. She didn't have to be a man to see the as yet unconscious invitation of those tempting lips.

Bert made an odd noise. "Musta caught cold," he offered in explanation. "Well, you look quite a girl, Betsy. Pretty dress. You make it, Marian? Very pretty." He coughed again. "Darn this throat!" Standing in front of his child, Bert looked suddenly smaller than usual and—yes—he looked old, beside the vision of vital glowing youth. He bent, so very little, and kissed Betsy gently on the forehead. Had he seen the handwriting on the wall, too, and was he kissing the child Betsy good-by?

Again the doorbell. Marian looked at Betsy questioningly. Which should go? Marian, deciding, admitted a strangely clean, strangely well-dressed and strangely subdued Robbie. He, like Bert, appeared to be suffering from some throat ailment, but finally managed, "Betsy here, Mrs. Seton?"

"Why, yes, Robbie, come in." Marian led the way to the living room.

Betsy took complete charge of the situation. "Oh, hello, Robbie." Her tone was carefully casual. "Mother, father, you know Robert Latham, I believe?"

Marian choked. Did they know Robbie! She frowned at Bert. He simply mustn't be funny!

But Bert merely assented politely, "I think we've had the pleasure."

Marian added, yes, she knew Robbie and how were his parents?

Robbie, staring at Betsy in awed admiration, had some difficulty in directing his thoughts toward consideration of the state of health of the elder Lathams, but he managed some reasonable response.

"Probably we'd better be going," Betsy decided. (No eager child, this, rushing off to her first dance, but a considerate guest mindful of a waiting hostess.)

"My wrap, please, Robbie." With a regal motion of her head, she indicated her mother's gold jacket lying on the couch. Robbie picked it up uncertainly, but as Betsy turned her back, her arms gracefully extended, the polite demands of the situation gradually broke upon him and, red-faced, he awkwardly pushed and pulled it up on her shoulders. Betsy picked up her bag, peered intently into its interior and murmured, "Yes . . . compact . . . lipstick . . .I have everything." Turning to Marian and Bert, she laid her vivid cheek against theirs for a brief moment and then started toward the door. "Come, Robbie, I'm ready. Good night, mother and daddy."

Marian smiled after them brightly. "Good night. I know you'll have a wonderful time." She sternly repressed, "Don't stay too late." Betsy would hate to have her say that, and anyway, what was the use? Besides if Mr. Latham was driving, he would certainly see that they came home at a reasonable hour. Dependable people, bankers.

The door closed. A car started. The bereft parents settled down to double Canfield. Time shuffled on.

THEN TWO parental heads were alerted. A car had stopped outside.

The gate slammed. Marian, hurrying to the door, opened it just in time to catch a glimpse of the departing Robbie. A Robbie who even in the dimness seemed somewhat less clean, somewhat less well-dressed and distinctly less subdued than earlier in the evening.

Their daughter's voice shattered the quiet of the night. "'By," she shrieked. "It was super!" She pulled her long skirt well above her knees and charging up every other step shouted above the shifting gears, "See ya tomorrow!" Catching sight of her amazed mother, she exclaimed, "How're the guinea pigs? Did Lilly have her babies yet?" Bestowing hearty hugs on both parents impartially, she enquired, "What's to eat?"

Bert got his breath first. "The guinea pigs appeared to be in their usual health when last I enquired," he informed her. "No additions to the family to date."

Marian questioned in a daze, "Eat? But the caterer, Betsy—they *must* have had refreshments!"

"Oh, yes," assented Betsy enthusiastically, "super ones. But that was *hours* ago!"

She kicked off the once white slippers, (how *could* she have got them that

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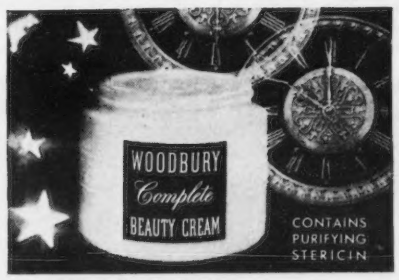

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9 P.M. **Should be television** . . . to "send" that dewy look! Teresa also gives beauty tip: "A Woodbury 'cream-bath'. . . a second film for my powder base . . . that's my skin-beautifier!" Results—*simply captivating!* Try Woodbury, girls, for *your* date-glamour!

11 P.M. **Sleepy-time special** . . . Teresa's Beauty Nightcap. "First, whisk off make-up with Woodbury—so clean-cleansing! Add a film to soften *overnight.*" For Teresa . . . for *you*, Woodbury 'round the clock care for that "Always-Fresh Look"!

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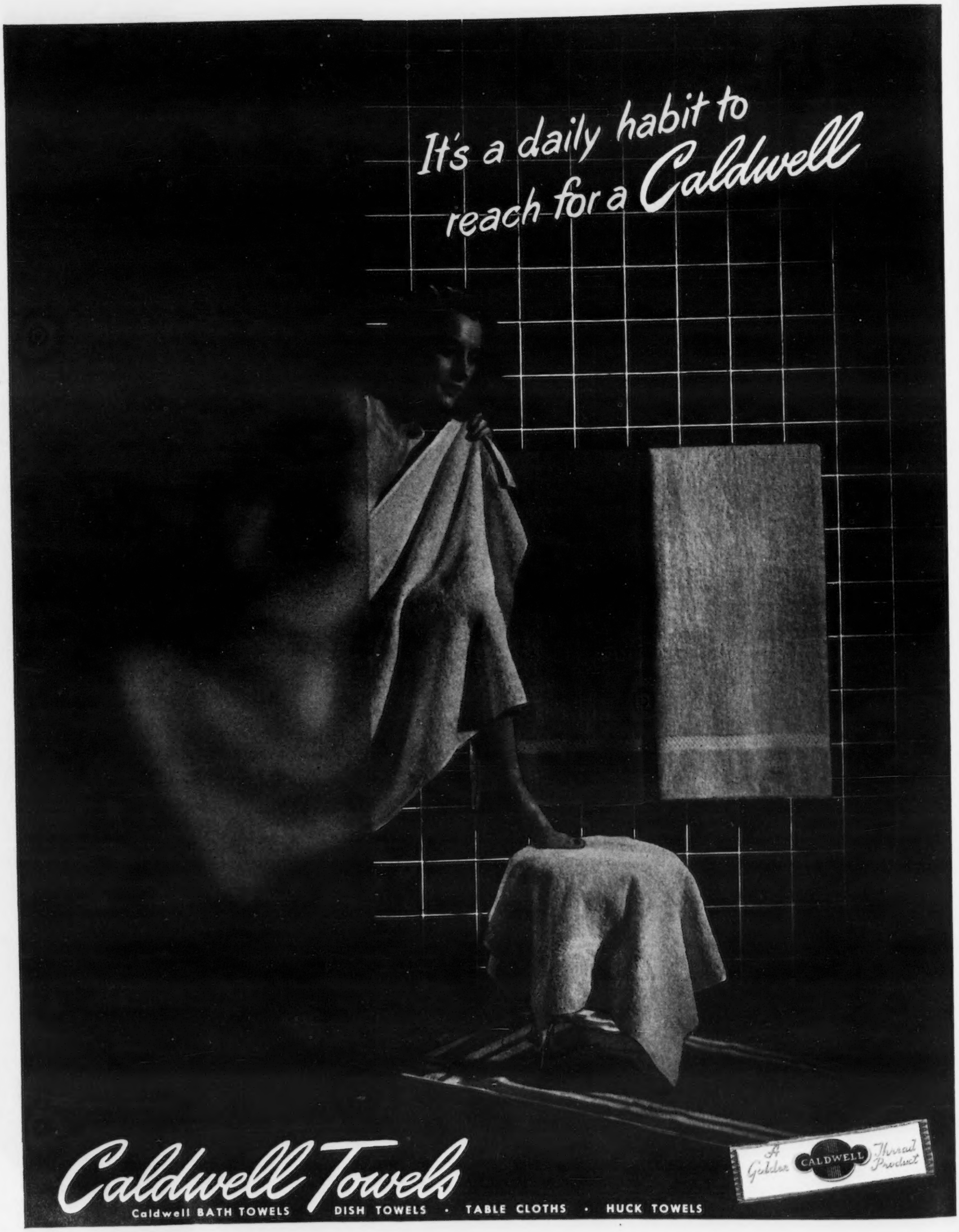
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Sailor's Pride

Continued from page 45

As I came up the walk they were turning Penny away, as I've said, and I was surprised for I didn't know she was home from her trip. It was Harry Stringer that did it, but I heard him consult Gil before he did.

"You can't come in," he said. "No members of the big club are allowed."

When Penny's hands went onto her hips I could have told Harry to look out.

"Isn't this a sailing meeting?" she asked.

Harry Stringer stood his ground, which spoke well for Mr. Bennett's management, for he worked at the plant. "Yes," he said. "But—"

Penny just sort of brushed him to one side and went in, and I was right behind her. I didn't want to miss anything.

Gil was standing behind the mayor's big desk. "Mr. Stratton," she called to him, "you owe it to sailors to admit them to this meeting—no matter who they are."

He got that word as quickly as I did. "Owe?" he said.

"Owe!" She waited a moment, then said, "Well?"

Gil looked at her steadily for a minute, then nodded to a chair without speaking.

Things were pretty clear-cut, the boys and girls knew what they wanted. They were going to build a shed across the creek, just a one-room clubhouse, and places to store their sailing equipment. They got enough pledges for the building fund and started to take a list of those who already had boats, and those who were getting them.

Up to that point Gil was pretty businesslike, apparently unaware of Penny, or of her eyes which never left his face. But when he started to write the list her voice gave the first name.

"Put The Curlew down," she said. I saw Gil color up, but he didn't say anything and he didn't write anything. "Go on," she said. "Remember what I said about debts? Well, some long-overdue ones are going to be collected tonight." She seemed to expect him to say something, but he merely wrote down the name.

I realized that she was making him pay for the nasty way he'd treated her in the Lady's cabin that night. And I guessed she figured it was time he paid.

When they finished the list it sounded like a good fleet. There weren't any big vessels, but that didn't matter. It was a start, and there was certainly plenty of keenness.

Then Gil wound up the meeting, but Penny had something more to say at the last. "I just realized I didn't make myself clear," she said. "I forgot to give the name of The Curlew's skipper—it's Gil Stratton." Her chin went up and she looked as if she didn't mind the questioning glances people shot at her. "Or perhaps you don't want to collect, Gil?" she said, making a challenge out of it.

I looked toward Gil and when I looked back she was gone. I saw Gil start fast for the side door.

I was pretty stiffened up after sitting on the hard wooden seat for so long, and I walked home slowly, dreaming a bit on the way. The first I knew they were behind me was when Penny took one of my arms and Gil the other.

"Hey!" I said. "Give me buoy-room!" But I let my arms stay as they were, although Penny was nearly squeezing bruises into me. Then I said to Gil, "Something knock some sense into your head at last?"

"At last," he agreed. "There's nothing like a little gunfire over your head to make you realize that it doesn't matter where a person comes from." He was silent for a moment. "The first time we were shelled I realized that everyone on a crew counts, each in his own way . . . All that matters is that he be able to pull his weight."

"Gil can pull a lot of weight," said Penny.

"He'll be fine," I said, "now the pull is all one way." ✚

"In sickness and in health and through all current shortages . . . ?"

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around her more than another, and she seemed to like them all equally. What, in my day, the women used to call being a sister to you. And just as flat and unprofitable nowadays as it was then, if I'm any judge.

It was a hot afternoon in September, 1939, when I looked up from a long-splice I was throwing into an anchor line for one of the boats, and saw Gil coming along the dock.

"Well, Skipper Bill," he said. He looked pretty fine in his blue naval lieutenant's uniform.

"Well, Gil," I said. "So you're in?"

"That's right."

"I expected it," I said. "What are you—an engineering lieutenant?" He'd won his degree the spring before.

"No," he said. "Motors may be all right on land—but afloat I have to be topsides." Then he told me he'd won command of one of the little ships, a minesweeper. Later he got a corvette and went across to the other side and was there when they hit the beach on D-Day. Now he was home to say good-by to his family—and me too, I guess.

We sat and talked and I felt funny. It was as if I were losing something, but I couldn't quite understand what. Perhaps it was a little like what fathers feel when their sons are going off to fight, for I'd known Gil a long time and I liked the youngster.

I kidded him some about navigation, which hadn't been one of his strong points, but he'd been to school and I could see he knew it now. Then we fell silent and I watched him finish the splice for me. My fingers were losing some of their pulling power, and it took a lot longer to tuck in a splice than it used to. But Gil pulled them tight and even without any trouble.

We didn't hear Penny approach until she spoke.

"You two," she said. "Nice!"

She was wearing a plain white skirt and a blue cable-stitch sweater, although I don't think Gil noticed for he never took his eyes off her face.

"So you've been and done it, Gil," she said.

He nodded. "I got a command."

The way she said, "I knew you would," made me realize that, even though she never said anything, they must have been seeing each other before today.

She traced a crack in the dock with her canvas sneaker and didn't look at him as she asked, "What can I send you, Gil?"

"I'll mail you a list," he said. "You can leave it with the department store . . . they can make it up and send it, charge it to your account."

Penny's skin is so clear you can see the least bit of color under it.

"That's what I'll do," she said. But later I heard that she'd been taking knitting lessons, so I guess she packed the boxes herself. "Who is the line for, Skipper?" she asked, changing the subject.

I told her and we talked generalities for a while, but I noticed the way they spoke to me, as if I were a telephone exchange they wanted to pass their thoughts and ideas through.

Finally Gil stood up and said he'd have to go and see his mother, and he didn't ask Penny to go with him. He hesitated for a moment, then said, "Good-by, Penny. I'll send you the first mine we sweep."

"Thanks," she said. "Don't let it go off—it might have a funny effect."

When she left, following him down the dock, but not fast enough to catch up, the rake of her back made me think of a terrier that can't get through a gate to fight—sort of mad and frustrated all at the same time.

Couple of days later Mr. Bennett was down checking over the winter cover on his cruiser, and after he'd satisfied himself, he smoked a pipe with me.

"You see Gil?" he asked. When I nodded, he said, "Looked pretty good, didn't he?"

There was a note in his voice that suddenly made me remember how much he wanted a son, and how broken up he'd been when Mrs. Bennett had died trying to have one, the time he sold the Lady. And I remembered the time he really began to like Gil—the time Gil and Penny were becalmed in my catboat and were out all night in the lake.

Mr. Bennett was down in the yard the afternoon after that, and he told me Gil had come to see him at the plant. "That's a nice boy, Skipper," he'd said. "It took real courage to come and see me."

"They don't come any better—or any straighter," I'd said.

"That's what I figured." He'd sounded completely satisfied and a little proud of himself for being so smart at recognizing a good man. If he'd seen the blisters Gil was sporting that day I guess he'd have felt his judgment was perfect—paddling a catboat all night isn't easy on the hands.

This day he repeated himself. "Gil's a nice boy," he said. "When he gets back, he's coming into the plant. With that engineering degree—" He lighted his pipe again and cursed. "Smoke in my eyes," he said. My pipe was out but I was having the same trouble.

"He'll come back," he said savagely, as if saying it would make it come true.

"He'll be back," I said.

"It's hard on women," he said thoughtfully. "Penny . . ." Then he added something which made me realize he knew all about it, and that it troubled him. But he was never one to mess in anyone else's affairs. "Pride's a hard thing, Skipper," he said, as he moved off . . .

PENNY WAS away on her first holiday after the war when Gil came home with his ribbons up and started to work in the Bennett Machine Works. He hadn't been scratched, but there was some grey in his hair and a tightness around his eyes that isn't right in a man his age.

I don't know who started the question of a sailing club across the creek from the big club, but I guess it was natural for them to ask Gil to head the organization. After all, he was "Cross-Creek" himself.

Even before the war, sailing was getting down into the lower-income brackets—which was a fine thing—and a lot of the town folk who'd been sailing in an unorganized manner wanted to take advantage of their harbor and make a club to sponsor races and so on.

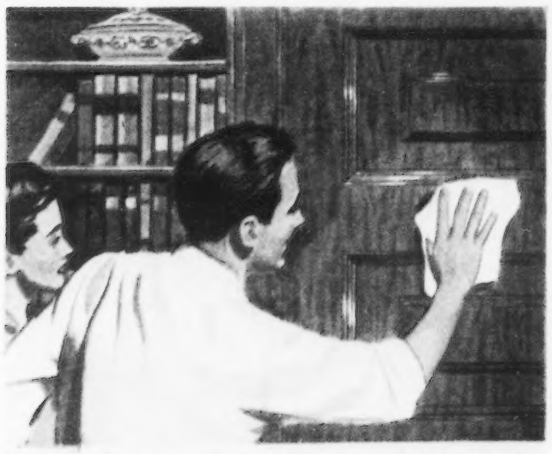
It was hard for the big club to take them in—those things are hard—even if they'd been able to pay the dues . . . which most of them couldn't. When I heard about it I decided that, even though I was at the big club, I was going. I didn't think it would matter.

✦ *Continued on page 49*

We were sunk when we signed the lease!

It was hardly the sort of house a bride *dreams* about. Oh, those floors—shabby as old shoes! Lucky for me I knew about Johnson's Wax from Mother. We gave our floors a real polishing, first thing. And what a difference Johnson's Wax made. I'm not unhappy about my floors any more. And just an occasional light dusting keeps them clean.

I like the hard smooth polish you get with Johnson's Wax—it saves lots of work because dust doesn't cling to it. Our furniture's mostly secondhand, but we're pretty proud of it since we shined it up with Johnson's Wax. You should see my old tables, sideboards and chairs . . . they fairly glow. And every time I wax them they look better and better.



We were flabbergasted when we counted the number of places in our old house where we used Johnson's Wax—banisters, woodwork, window sills, refrigerator, leather goods, picture frames! Now I know what Mother meant when she talked about protective housekeeping with wax. Johnson's Wax not only makes surfaces look beautiful, it preserves them, too, and makes them so much easier to *keep* lovely and clean.

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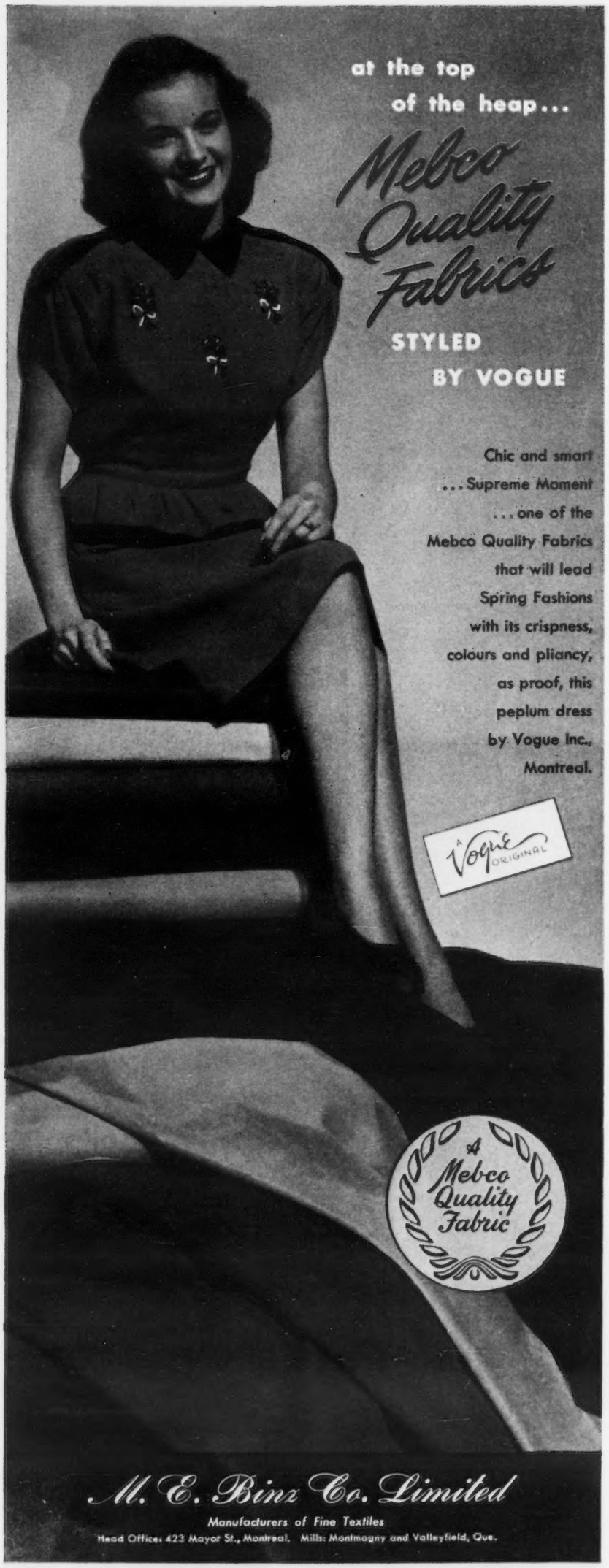

But this Purvis gent didn't know Gil apparently, and you could see his eyes go to the white-lettered name of the Lady across the blue of Gil's sweater—a paid hand's sweater.

"Thanks, Penny," said Gil. "But I'll ride the Lady tomorrow."

I noticed that Purvis had relaxed, after his eyes had consulted the owners. He was smart, I decided. If they were satisfied, so was he.

"How about it, Gil?" he said.

"You heard me," said Gil, always sparing of words.

I saw they wanted my assistance.

"Look, Gil," I said. "This is important! You know what it means to the club to lift the mug. Seems to me we been trying for years. Well, maybe Vanguard is the ship."

His eyes met mine. "You know she's the one," he said.

"It hasn't been proved," I said.

"Since when has it been necessary to prove a certainty?"

Penny took the ball away from me. "Gil," she said, "don't be difficult."

His eyes flashed to her for a moment, then Purvis ruined it.

"It means a great deal to the club, Gil," he said.

"I'm not a member of the club," he said flatly.

That stopped us all, and I could see Purvis thinking how to fix his mistake.

Penny took over again. "Do you think that's a nice way to be, Gilroy Stratton?" she said, and her voice revealed her anger. "Do you always have to let your pride come first—your false pride, that no one cares about except you?"

Their eyes were locked, and it was as if they were alone in that cabin, as if this matter had suddenly become something personal, between them alone.

"Where'd you have been for sailing if it hadn't been for the club?" she asked, after a tense silence. "This is your chance, Gil—a chance to do something in return. Can't you see that?" She hesitated, then added in a low voice, "I—I feel this is an important decision for you, Gil."

Gil stood up with the speed of a sail filling with wind, and said, "Excuse me for not recognizing my debt." He turned to Purvis. "I'll sail the Vanguard tomorrow." His eyes showed how Penny's accurate blows had hurt.

THEN HE was gone from the cabin, going forward past the galley, leaving a heavy silence behind him, and Penny biting her lips. They were pretty lips, softly curved usually, but now they were set in a hard line. It didn't surprise me that Gil used to spend a lot of time looking at them when we'd be sailing in my catboat or arguing rules on the dock. But I was pretty sure he'd never done more than look at them, although I thought I knew how Penny would react if he'd got somewhat more elaborate ideas . . .

Gil came back into the cabin to ask about crew.

"You can have your pick," said Purvis quickly. "Anyone you like." He named the men who'd been sailing her so far, and Gil nodded approval.

"That's fine," he said. "But there's one missing. Who sets the head sails?"

Well, of course, there was the forward paid hand, Jensen, but the line-up lacked another man with that kind of experience.

"Who would you suggest?" asked Purvis.

"I'll take Penny," said Gil, and his eyes were levelled on her face.

In those days women weren't sailing the way they are now, and I don't know who got the greatest shock. We must have had our mouths open, although there was no argument about her ability.

"Will you sail?" asked Gil.

"Yes, Gil," she said. "If you want me."

"That's a promise?"

"Yes." The pleasure and relief which had come with his request, left her voice.

"Fine," he said. Then he explained. "I thought I'd better have someone along to remind me of my debt."

We all looked at Penny, and I had my hands clenched under the table. It was the first rotten thing I'd ever seen Gil do to anyone—and certainly the first time I'd seen him treat Penny with anything except niceness.

"I guess I deserved that," she said. Which was a lie. She hadn't—leastwise I couldn't see why she did.

"You'll sail?" said Gil, and his voice was bleak.

"Yes," she said. "I'll sail. I *am* a member of the club." Which was one way of looking at it.

Gil won both races. With him at the tiller, that boat couldn't lose. I got the story from Jensen as soon as we got ashore. The little squarehead was as excited as I've seen him, and proud of the way his ship had showed her stuff.

Seems they got away to a poor start, Gil not being used to how long it took to bring her around on a new course. The wind had been all over the lot, and Jensen and Penny had every piece of racing canvas out of the sailbags and hoisted before they rounded the first buoy. But they got around first, with the other Eights in a heap, feet behind —"Cup Racing," we call that sort of sailing.

"Him sail that ship like he know her all's life," said Jensen. He sounded puzzled as he added, "Funny t'ing, he treat Miss Bennett like he ain't seen her a'fore . . . Polite like kiss me hand."

WELL, I guess that was the start of it. Anyway, Gil went away to university again, and he didn't come home summers any more—probably because the Lady wasn't there to be sailed. He wrote me now and then, but the letters weren't much, and I didn't write back often enough I guess. I was pretty busy looking after the lockers and sails, and acting as father confessor to the young sprouts who were coming along as sailors about then. A fine bunch of kids, and as keen as any I've known. But none of them had Gil's gift with a boat.

Penny had her Six-Meter and I sailed with her days I didn't have much to do. Just the two of us, and she was a darling of a ship. Penny could make her go almost as well as I could—but of course, not quite. After all, she was a woman, and a darned pretty one too. She turned out to be what they call the movie stars—ravishing.

She took the boat to regattas and won lots of cups. And that little Six-Meter was the most popular ship to be visited in the fleet. There are just as many wolves afloat as there are ashore —maybe more.

But I never saw any of the boys

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PERFUMERS TO
H.M. QUEEN MARY
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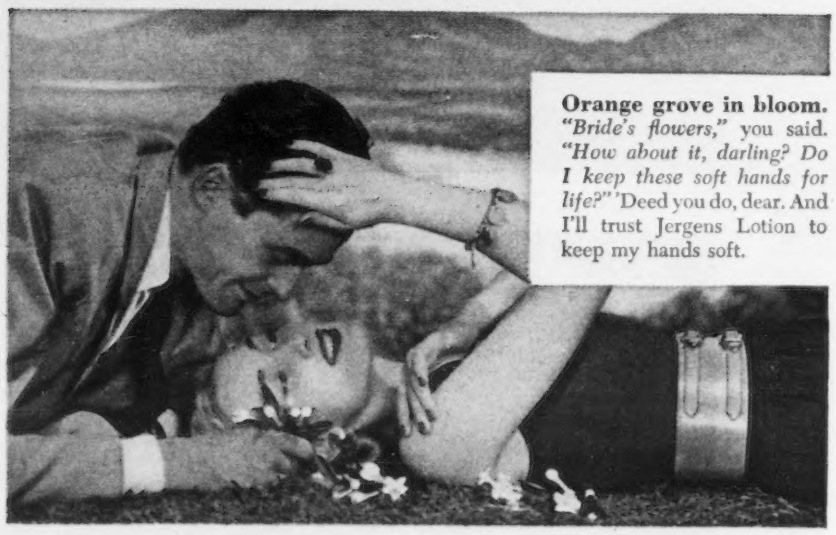
At Pasadena Playhouse, we'd seen "make-believe" love. But—*"This is it! This is real,"* you said, *"the way your soft hands make me feel."* . . . Her hands were deliciously soft. Like Hollywood Stars, she uses Jergens Lotion.



Orange grove in bloom. *"Bride's flowers,"* you said. *"How about it, darling? Do I keep these soft hands for life?"* 'Deed you do, dear. And I'll trust Jergens Lotion to keep my hands soft.

The most darling women trust Jergens Lotion hand care*.

How about you? Your hands feel even sweeter, smoother, softer now, using Jergens Lotion; it's even finer now, due to wartime research. Postwar Jergens protects longer, too, against unlucky roughness and chapping.

Know what? Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are such whizzes at skin-smoothing that many doctors use them. The very first application soothes chapping. Still 10¢ to $1.00. Never oily or sticky.

(Made in Canada)

* See how strongly lovely women prefer Jergens Lotion hand care:
Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1
N. Y. Models prefer Jergens, nearly 5 to 1

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Sailor's Pride

Continued from page 15

on a wet deck were over. But he was always along at regattas, for he couldn't stay away—and Penny was the same. It wasn't until the next year that he bought her her Six-Meter The Curlew, so she was just a spectator that day.

When we picked up our moorings, Gil came aft and said, "Skipper Bill, you old son of a gun, that's the best race you ever sailed."

"The Lady did it, Gil," I said modestly, but I wasn't sure I'd completely hidden how I felt.

"That's right," he agreed. He patted my shoulder like a man pats a horse for doing some fine jumping, and it felt nice. "Yes, the Lady did it," he said.

The wind went out of the regatta that night, and we drifted the next two days. 'Course there wasn't anything to getting the Lady home first in that stuff, for she was a light airs witch, but I almost mussed it up a couple of times from trying to watch the Eight-Meter class, as well as sail my own ship. But we won both, which made three-of-a-kind for the Lady's last regatta, which was the way it should be. But none the less, my heart was really with the Eights.

THIS IS how it came about. The Lady's owners called me down in the cabin that evening and asked me a question.

"Skipper Bill, how'd you like to sail an Eight-Meter tomorrow?"

Just like that you get asked something. Sailing is like that, I guess.

"What about the Lady?" I asked.

"She'll be all right—anyway, she's won the race that counts."

Owners just don't understand sometimes. "What about this Eight?" I asked. "Why should I sail it?"

The thinnest man I've ever seen—he headed the syndicate which owned the Eight, although Mr. Bennett had most of the money in the ship—said, "We want to find out whether she's a good ship or not—good enough to lift the cup next year. If she is—we'll challenge. But we have to challenge now. You know the rules."

I did. But I still couldn't see why they wanted me to sail her. I said so.

Purvis, that was the thin gent, said, "Because there isn't anyone to sail her tomorrow. Jed Smith has to go home tonight and there isn't anyone else who can step aboard a strange ship and make her show what she can do—especially in light airs."

I'd looked the Vanguard over, both in her cradle in the yard and lying to her moorings. Gil and I used to row out and argue about her.

"She's good enough," I said. "Anyone can tell that. Go ahead and challenge."

"She *looks* good enough," agreed Purvis. "But the wind's gone out and she's never been raced against the others in a drift."

I shook my head. "No, sir," I said. "I won't do it. It isn't that I don't want to help the club lift the cup—but this is the Lady's last series. I—" Well, I didn't say any more but I guess they got the point.

We all just sat there, and I knew they were thinking hard. But not as to how they could convince me I should take it on. We heard a launch come alongside and, a moment later, Penny's legs came down the companionway.

She was wearing her sailing rig, blue trousers and a sweater, and her hair was tied with one of those handkerchief things. She looked cuter than a button and, as always, she looked as if she'd just stepped out of a beauty parlor. Penny can come ashore after a hard race in a rainstorm and look as if she'd just stepped out of a bandbox. Don't ask me how she does it, I'm a bachelor, but it's good however it's done.

"You're a glum-looking bunch," she said, as she slid alongside the table on the worn, blue-covered mattress on the lower of the stepped-down bunks which lined the cabin. "I just had to come and see the Lady, Skipper Bill—today was something to write stories about."

The owners were smiling, because they knew how she loved the Lady, and they were still young enough to enjoy having a pretty girl aboard. So was I. A man's never too old to recognize and enjoy real value in a woman, and although she was only 20 then, Penny was all woman.

Then she spoke to someone we hadn't noticed. "Wasn't it grand, Gil?"

He was standing just forward of the cabin, his back against the butt of the mast, and you could see the light in his eyes he always gets when someone praises the Lady. At least, I thought that was what the light came from, although later I wasn't so sure.

"It was," he said, and that's all he said, but Penny seemed satisfied.

Then they told her the problem, and Gil slid into the cabin and sat down.

Gil wasn't a paid hand on the ship any longer, although he usually stayed forward, for he wasn't one to presume. He was working his way through the University of Toronto, learning to be an engineer—working summers in a gas station to make the money—but he always took time off for the regatta.

Penny was quick as a flash with the solution. Penny's like that. She can find the answer while you're still telling her the problem.

"Let Gil sail her," she said.

I could have cursed myself for not having thought of it, and you could see the owners getting the same thought.

Accent on Domesticity

By MAY RICHSTONE

★

Enmeshed in obligations, I
Have scarcely time to heave a sigh:
Each day is clamorous with demands
On the spirit, heart and hands.

Freedom is something quite forsworn,
Leisure a garment rarely worn;
Life has caught me in a net
Intangible but real, and yet,

When no one's wishes hinge on mine,
When no one's needs impinge on mine,
When I am free as the wind is free—
Pity me!

"You're right

Red Majesty

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—says MRS. CORNEL WILDE...

radiant wife of the screen star.

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Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY Tangee

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IF YOU CAN'T buy all the Colonial sheets and pillow cases you want, keep right on trying. You'll be able to pick them up gradually, a pair or two at a time.

COLONIAL

COLONIAL Sheets CANADA'S FINEST

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Made in Canada

PILLOW SLIPS • TOWELS • FACE CLOTHS

The Revolving Door

Continued from page 16

the first time behind the school door; when Betsy spent the first night at her best friend's house . . .

"Mo . . . ther!" Betsy's call was imperative. "Come here quick! See if you don't think Lilly's going to have babies!"

Marian went hastily, with a guilty glance at the staid house next door. Childless, sedate Mrs. Thurston would be certain to disapprove of having the news of this coming blessed event thus Winchelled about the neighborhood.

She found Betsy holding the curvaceous Lilly with tender hands. Marian inspected the soft white and brown ball thoughtfully. "Yes," she agreed, "it does look like it."

Betsy was enchanted. "Won't it be super? The first babies! Everyone always talks about guinea pigs having lots of them," she continued with the frankness of the generation to whom the stork is just another bird, "but ours don't seem to. At least not right away they don't."

She placed Lilly carefully in the upper tier of the cage which Bert had constructed in sections for just such an emergency. Bert, too, had heard rumors anent the prodigious progeny of guinea pigs.

"And you"—Betsy laid a pink young cheek against the black softness that was Billy, papa-apparent—"you've got to stay right in your same place on account of daddy guinea pigs aren't supposed to be nice to the babies and I think it's horrid of them, but you're a sweet ole little guinea pig anyway, aren't you?" Billy accepted his separation from Lilly, the criticism and the compliment all with the same nonchalant calm which characterizes the species.

Betsy's agile mind veered suddenly back to the dance. "Got to phone Margie and see what she's going to wear," she announced and flashed back into the house.

Marian, following slowly, caught scraps of excited conversation. Practically everything, it seemed, was to be super.

THIS WAS the beginning. Marian found herself wishing frantically that the dance would hurry up and get over. When Betsy wasn't calling up some bosom friend to discuss the coming affair, the telephone was ringing and "Is Betsy home, Mrs. Seton?" There were difficulties about homework. "Betsy, have you studied your arithmetic?" This hissed into the ear that was not receiving the enthusiastic confidences of the young lady at the other end of the line. "Not yet—I will—*please*, mother, I can't hear Carolyn"—or Shirl or Margie . . .

Bert was not amused. He didn't like the idea of the dance. He very gruffly didn't like it. Marian, having brought herself to accept it, was now—she was honest about it—having real fun out of getting Betsy ready. She was quite proud of the way she had handled the dress situation.

"I've been thinking about that black dress, Betsy," she had begun cautiously. "It would be most becoming with your blond hair, but I wondered couldn't we think up something a little more striking perhaps?" Doubt wavered in Betsy's clear eyes. Marian pressed the point. "I saw some marvellous red-and-white plaid silk downtown. Of course it might be *too* striking and it *is* rather sophisticated. What do you think?"

"Oh, mother!" Doubt vanished and Betsy's eyes were radiant. "I think it sounds *super*. You know," she explained kindly for her aged parent, "I think a girl really *ought* to wear something striking—so's the boys will notice her," she ended frankly. "The red and white would be super; so much better than Louise's blue net. That's, that's so little girly, isn't it? *Please* get me the red and white, mother!"

Then there had to be slippers, white ones, and Marian who had by this time taken her common sense by the scruff of the neck and tossed it overboard, bought an evening bag that glittered with the bright promise of a gay life ahead. She got a compact, too, and some "Mischievous" perfume. The "Mischievous" seemed to be a happy compromise between "Little Lady" which Betsy scorned as sissy and "Sinful Soul," at which her child looked longingly. Marian could imagine Bert's indignant howl if he found "Sinful Soul" on his daughter's dresser. In the matter of the lipstick, there had been a battle, but Marian knew when she was beaten. The inevitable "other girls" were arrayed against her; even her own artistic sense. In that red and white dress Betsy just *had* to have lipstick. And the right shade; no borrowing.

Following an especially long telephone conversation punctuated with more than the usual ecstatic "supers," Betsy confronted her reading parents. At least, reading was the general idea and they held forms of literature in front of them, but with Betsy burbling in the near vicinity, comprehension of the printed word was an intellectual impossibility.

"Flo and Shirl are going to get white fur jackets to wear to the dance," she announced impressively. "Isn't that super?" She eyed her transfixed parents speculatively. "Could I have a little white fur jacket?" she enquired.

"Now, look here!" Bert exploded. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard of! Fur coats for 14-year-old children! I'm sick and tired of this whole darn thing—the entire house turned upside down over a dance for a bunch of kids! No, certainly we're not going to get you any fur coat just to wear to one dance!" He subsided, muttering.

Betsy retained her calm. "Well," she remarked philosophically, "I didn't much think you'd let me have one, but it never hurts to ask." She left without rancor and they heard her untroubled young voice enquiring solicitously as to the health of the unresponsive and now plainly expectant Lilly.

She reappeared suddenly to announce, "I ought to put a little box or something in the cage for Lilly to keep her babies in. Look out for one for me, mother, will you?"

Marian, glad to substitute a nursery for a white fur jacket, promised fervently.

A FEW DAYS before the dance, Betsy came home from school looking oddly exultant. But contrary to her usual forthright fashion, she did not blurt the news out.

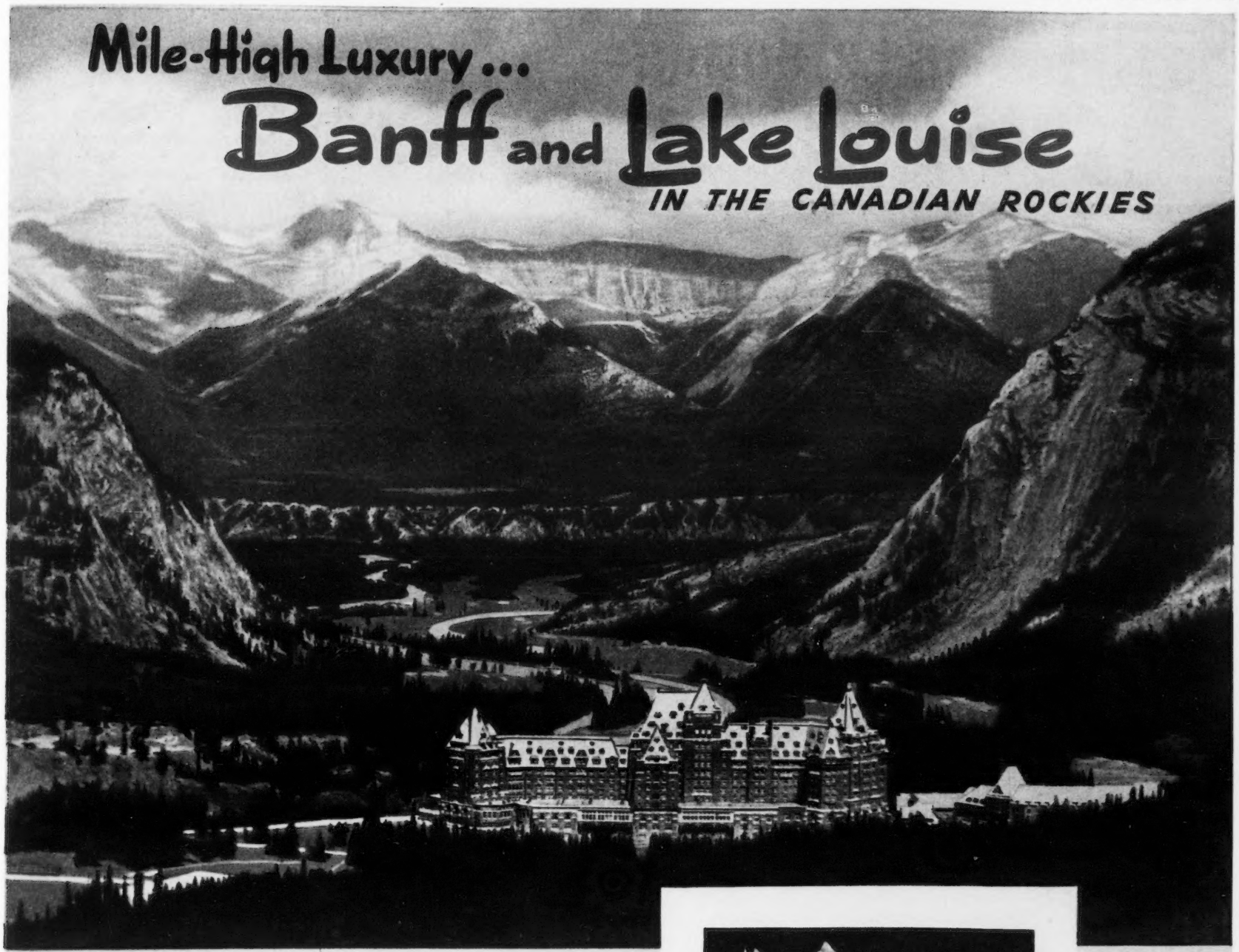
Later, over the inevitable peanut butter sandwich, she murmured in tones

✦ *Continued on page 50*

Mile-High Luxury...

Banff and Lake Louise

IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



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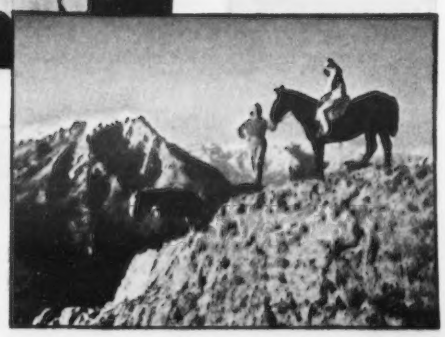

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In fighting infection in your own home, learn from the hospital. Modern science provides you with a powerful weapon against the germs that cause so many all-too-common infections. In the leading maternity hospitals in Canada, and in almost every hospital in the British Empire, doctors, surgeons and nurses protect their patients, and protect themselves, with 'Dettol'. And 'Dettol' is at your own drug store now!

Strange as it seems—here is a highly efficient germicide, tested and proved in literally millions of cases—and it is non-poisonous; it does not even stain linen.

Thus, 'Dettol', so deadly to germs, is kind to you. On the cut or scratch that may fester, in the room from which infection may spread, on your own hands when you act as nurse, use 'Dettol', as hospitals do.

When you are the Nurse

HANDS Before and after treating a wound or attending to an infectious case, wash your hands with a 5% solution of 'Dettol' in water (4 tablespoonsful to one quart of water).

LINEN Sterilize bed and other linen by soaking it in 2½% 'Dettol' (4 tablespoonsful to half a gallon of water).

UTENSILS Sickroom utensils and sanitary appliances should be sterilized by immersion in 2½% of 'Dettol' (2 tablespoonsful to 1 quart of water).

BATHING When washing the patient in bed, and when bathing yourself add 'Dettol' to the water.

MINOR INJURIES Clean the injury and surrounding skin with cotton wool or gauze dipped in a mixture of a tablespoonful of 'Dettol' with a tumblerful of water; then cover with dry gauze or lint.

DETTOL

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

RECKITT & COLMAN (CANADA) LIMITED, PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION, MONTREAL G.14

Beauty Brevities

★★

THERE'S NO DOUBT that a good foundation garment will make you look slenderer in all the right places. But here's a word of caution: don't depend on a girdle to do the work your own tummy muscles were intended for. A simple exercise which you can do dozens of times a day—whenever you happen to think of it—is to stand erect, pull in your midriff until your abdomen is taut and concave, then slowly relax; pull in once more and h-o-l-d! If you want to look your best, bosom, waistline and hips must all be well-proportioned by exercise and control.

Speaking of looking your best, we all know that birthdays are a time for best wishes. And best wishes to yourself means the knack of honest self-analysis. Your birthday should be a time for a personal inventory to find out just how much you've changed in the past 12 months. An inch or so added to your girth each year will eventually d up to alarming proportions. Nip those unflattering developments in the bud! Modern beauty aids will enhance your appearance—make you prettier than you'd otherwise be—but don't fool yourself on basic facts. Let each birthday add to rather than subtract from your good looks.

A bath mitt, soft as a kitten's paw and filled with delicately scented meal, is a very special treat. You can make a homemade bath mitt by sewing cheesecloth into a bag shape and filling it with oatmeal. As you bathe, rub yourself all over with this bag—it will not only give your skin a silky smoothness but it also has excellent cleansing properties.

One of the most ingenious gadgets to appear this year is a small metal perfume container about the size of a lipstick and completely spill-proof. It has a press button on one end which releases just exactly one drop of your favorite scent—and can be tucked away in your pocketbook with no danger of leakage.

You know how you feel about the type of girl who dresses very smartly on the outside but whose underthings are mussy and unattractive. She thinks she gets by just because they don't show. The same lack of fastidiousness applies to the girl who uses make-up expertly, but who neglects to cleanse her complexion thoroughly underneath. It's only a cover-up job. Each morning before you apply powder base, be sure your face is scrupulously clean by using soap and water, cleansing cream, and skin tonic.

It's snug and cosy to be warmly encased in a fur coat during blustery winter days. But the weight of the coat makes your shoulders droop, and the funny things you're doing to your chin and neck as you burrow down into the collar may even cause the beginnings of "dowager's hump." So—chin up! And hold that back line straight. Spring-suit weather is just a few weeks off, and you want to look straight as a daffodil, don't you? ✚

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It's a great day for lots of girls when they discover *Tampax*—that internally-worn protection for monthly sanitary use . . .

This one feature (its internal use) immediately reduces their feeling of embarrassment on "those days" because there is no possible bulking or wrinkling to suggest an edge-line under the clothing. With Tampax no belts or pins are required—and no external pads.

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Crack Down

Continued from page 32

waiting for Nix. It was too full of memories. She could almost smell the smoke from Quinn's pipe, hear his voice. "You've got to crack down—"

Crack down—how? Kennedy put down her hairbrush. She'd told Nix he had to be home by 11 tonight, and as she slipped between the cool sheets she knew that she had been wasting her breath. In these last few months he had become increasingly rebellious, developing a devil-may-care attitude that she couldn't understand—much less cope with.

And if he didn't come home by 11—what then? She lay staring at the ceiling while the sounds outside dwindled into nothingness. The moon came up, throwing a pale shaft across the room, lighting the clock for her to watch as the hands crept slowly to 10, to 11—to 12.

Was it for this that she had given up her happiness?

She must have drowsed, in spite of herself, because the click of the gate brought her up in bed in the sudden awareness that comes to the newly awakened. Her eyes flew to the clock and her mouth set. She was out of bed in an instant, throwing her robe around her.

What shall I do? What shall I say? Her thoughts raced with her feet as she went to the head of the stairs. Another useless, humiliating scene . . . her heart sickened.

She stood waiting as he came up the stairs. He came quietly, almost stealthily, then as he turned at the landing he looked up and saw her. Their eyes held in the dim light of the hall. Wordless, they looked at each other. Then slowly, silently, he came the rest of the way.

Kennedy spoke. Without volition. Without preparation. With shock, with horror, she heard her own words. "Take off your belt."

It stopped the ready words on his lips. He stood staring, his shock as great as her own. It hung between them, almost tangible.

Then she was conscious of something else. Fear! It scurried in the back of her mind like a cornered mouse. He's bigger than I am—stronger. He could refuse. If he does . . . If he does, I'm lost! Never again can I control him—and he's only 15! It's to soon . . . he needs—*what shall I do if he turns on me?*

She stood straighter, her face an impervious mask as she held out her hand.

He stirred, looking at her outstretched hand as if he'd never seen it before. Then his eyes came back to hers in a long steady look—that same odd, curious look that he had given Quinn. It was—she almost had it—almost as though she could see what burned behind those black eyes, when the moment was broken. Nix took a deep quivering breath and unfastened the buckle. He slipped off the belt and handed it to her, then turned and went to his room.

She followed, standing quietly while he took off his clothes and put on his pyjamas. Then his head came up proudly and he lay, face down, across the bed.

Kennedy, numb, driven, walked over to him, the strap in her icy fingers, imprisoned words crying and whimpering in her throat. *Nix—my little boy . . . Nix . . . my baby . . .*

She didn't hear the birds awake. She didn't see the sun come up. Her face was buried in the pillow, trying to muffle her sobs.

Nix had not cried. Even as she flung down the belt, her strength spent, and rushed from the room, he lay silent and unmoving.

But she had cried. All through the night her tears had sprung afresh, remembering.

Beaten and weary, she rose and went to the shower. She dressed and went downstairs. Let him sleep. School didn't matter—today.

She was sitting quietly in the living room when he came down. Still in his pyjamas, tousled and white-faced, he stood hesitantly in the doorway. She might have been a stranger, the way he looked at her. "Mom . . ."

She opened her mouth. "I'm sorry, Nix," she wanted to say. "Forgive me." But she couldn't say it. The words were stilled by the expression on his face. An expression of—shame.

"I'm sorry, Mom." The words were low. "Forgive me—please."

She couldn't believe it. This—this wasn't her debonair son with his imperious disregard! Where was his anger—his rebellion?

She couldn't speak and he shifted around uneasily. "I—I guess I asked for it."

"Yes," she said, drawing on a new unsuspected font of wisdom. "Yes."

He wet his lips. "Gosh. I never thought you'd—" he swallowed, looking down at his slippers. "I don't want to go through that again—and I won't. I promise."

"You've promised before, Nix."

"Yes, but"—he drew a long, shattering breath—"but now—well, I guess I know who's boss."

Her fingernails bit into the palms of her hands. Boss! That day in Quinn's office! "—he'd be sitting there yet if he hadn't discovered who was boss."

She stared at her son. And again she saw that odd, curious look behind his eyes, smoldering from within. Only now it wasn't inscrutable. In the light of his words, that look was easy to read. A look of—respect.

Respect—deep and cherished.

Her mouth was dry, her hands moist with discovery—with remembrance. Oh, Quinn, you tried to tell me! You tried to show me what he needed—asked for! You knew that he wanted the comfort—the *security* of discipline! He's only a boy and he needed it, expected it—*wanted* it! I never gave it to him, but he knew you would!

"Nix," she said softly, wonderingly, "Nix—you don't hate Quinn, do you?"

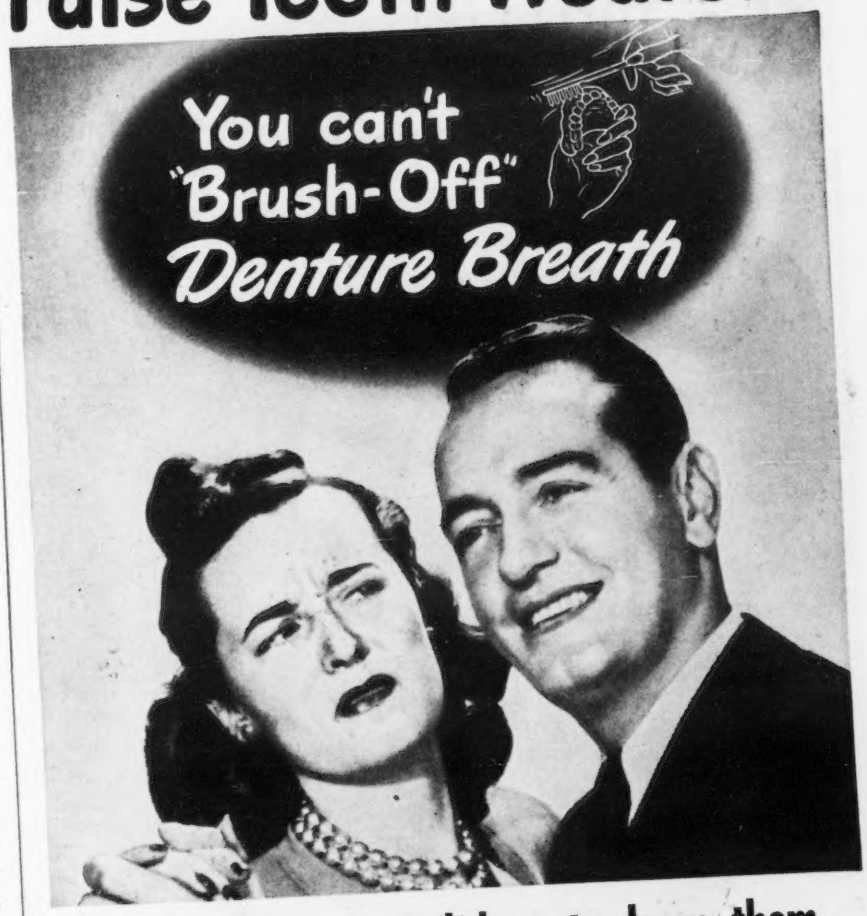
"Hate him?" Astounded, Nix looked at her. "Hate—Quinn?" Then he was coming across the room. He was on his knees, burying his face in her lap, crying in a torrent of pent-up grief. "Oh, Mom, why did you send him away? I—miss him so!"

She didn't answer. There was no answer—now.

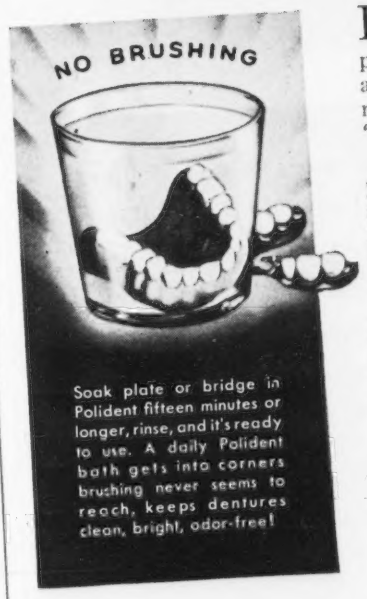
Her arms went about him, gathering him hungrily close. Never, never would she fail him again!

Through a blur of tears she looked over at the telephone, waiting in the corner. And she knew that on the other end of that wire Quinn would be waiting, too. Because, with his understanding, Quinn would have known that this day would surely come. ✚

False Teeth Wearers



Soak plates in Polident to keep them odor-free, hygienically clean!



DENTURE BREATH is a serious social problem. It may make your close presence distasteful to friends or family, and give you away to others who might never guess you wear false teeth. You can't "brush off" DENTURE BREATH!

Brushing dental plates with tooth pastes, powders or soap may scratch delicate plate material, *60 times softer than natural teeth.* Food particles and film collect in these unseen scratches—causing offensive DENTURE BREATH!

With Polident there's no brushing, no fear of DENTURE BREATH. Daily soaking keeps dentures sparkling clean, odor-free. Polident is recommended by more dentists than any other denture cleanser. Costs less than 1¢ a day to use. 40¢ and 75¢ at all drug stores.

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily*

TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

LOOSE PLATES?

Amazing NEW CREAM Holds Even Lowers Tight All Day

The makers of Polident have developed a new cream for holding false teeth tight. Its gripping power is so sensational that they guarantee you double your money back if it doesn't hold your plates tighter, longer than anything you ever tried before. If you have used old-fashioned holding powders and found that you had to apply them three or four times a day, didn't like their taste or messiness, then new Poli-Grip is for you.

Pleasant to use, dainty and economical. With Poli-Grip you can laugh, sing, eat what you want without fear of embarrassment.

Remember Poli-Grip holds plates tight, no matter how they fit.

40¢ and 75¢ tubes at all drug stores.

GUARANTEED BY POLIDENT

Stafford-Miller (of Canada), Limited, 172 John Street, Toronto 2, Canada

"Divided hearts at our house . . ."

Somehow, somewhere, we'd lost our lovely, thrilling *oneness*. I didn't realize that *I* was at fault. Sure, I knew about feminine hygiene . . . or so I thought. But finally I learned, from my doctor, that the careless, *now-and-then* care I'd trusted to, was a frequent cause of marriage failure. He said a wife can't afford such neglect . . . advised my using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

"Now it's one heart again"

"Two hearts that beat as one"—that's *us* again! I wouldn't have believed *careful* feminine hygiene was so important in married happiness. But my doctor was *right!* I always use "Lysol" for douching, now, and can recommend its thorough yet gentle cleansing. "Lysol" is thorough—far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. It's a proved *germ-killer*—it *works*—and it's so easy and economical to use.

More women use "Lysol" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 4: CLEAN ODOUR—"Lysol's" clean, antiseptic odour disappears quickly after use. Being an effective deodorant, "Lysol" helps to solve an important problem of personal daintiness.

Note: Douche *thoroughly* with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" every time!
Brand Disinfectant

For free booklet on Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. M.H., Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd., 37 Hanna Ave., Toronto 3, Canada.

Charm Check-up

Your Looks

Have you an habitually cheerful expression? If the corners of your mouth turn up, not down, if your face sparkles with animation, you'll look like a person who's fun to know, regardless of the size and shape of your features.

Do the small details of grooming seem important? No matter how ultrafashionable a costume may be, if hair is untidy, back of shoulders unbrushed, gloves even slightly soiled or heels run over at the sides, the effect of smartness will be ruined.

Can you say "not guilty" to these make-up errors? (a) Lipstick that runs over at the edges, or leaves red stains on a front tooth. (b) Powder base which stops dead at the chin leaving a high-water mark on underchin and neck. (c) Using same shade of powder base for both summer and winter when skin tone has changed its color. (d) Rouge in hard patches. (e) Too much eye shadow and mascara beading rather than just enough to emphasize the lashes. (f) Nail polish chipped or hands roughened by winter weathering.

Is your hair an asset? Regardless of color, hair is lovely only when it has plenty of gloss and shine. A healthy diet, plus vigorous work with a hairbrush, and a shampoo at least once a fortnight (once a week if hair is oily). Dust and oil will dim down even the most radiant topknot.

Do you change your hair style every so often? It's a treat for your family and your friends to see you with a brand-new hair-do—if only to assure you that they like the old way best. Don't be afraid to try something new—you've nothing to lose and the gain may be exhilarating.

Have you learned to carry yourself gracefully and with poise? Whether you're slender or plumpish you can improve your figure 90% by stretching upward with the top of your head . . . lifting your chest out of your ribs . . . and pulling in your tummy. It takes inches off your waistline and makes you seem taller.

Your Personality

Do you talk in a natural and unaffected way? Just think of the number of girls who spoil an otherwise charming personality by speech affectations, such as kittenish baby talk, or a superimposed accent. It's a temptation, sometimes, to vary your type by imitating the dulcet tones of a movie siren—but don't do it. You're *you*—a pretty important person, with no need to borrow tricks from someone else.

How attractive is the tone of your voice? If you'd like to hear yourself as others hear you, try to find a dictating machine you can talk into, and listen back to yourself. You may be surprised to hear your voice several tones higher than you imagine it to be. It's a fact that our voices strike our own ears in a lower key. If you're forced to admit your voice is naturally high, try pitching it lower and softening the volume. Can be done—honest!

Do you give an impression of lots of vitality? If you are vivacious and animated, your popularity will be unlimited. At any party you'll notice it's the interested, witty guest who attracts a group around her—while the proud, lethargic beauty is apt to sit alone. But some girls mistake bouncing around and making a lot of noise for animation. The sort of desperate vivacity which comes from nerves rather than gaiety is apt to be pretty exhausting.

Do you like other women? You and I have both heard girls say, quite proudly, that they get on better with men than with women. Just imagine some man tossing off a remark that he liked women but couldn't hit it off with

Are you making friends and having lots of fun? Your popularity should be unlimited if you can honestly answer "Yes" to these questions. But even if you can't, be of good cheer: you can always change your type — and no time like now!

by Adele White

other men!—What a raised-eyebrow situation that would be! Haven't you found that a woman who studiously avoids her own sex is putting on an act which won't go over with other females?

Are you as casual and friendly with men as you are with other girls? If you act naturally and are unself-conscious when men are part of the group, you'll enlarge your circle of masculine admirers much more than if you put on a special act for their benefit. Like everyone else, a man wants to feel relaxed and comfortable when he's talking to you.

Are your compliments always sincere? People who toss flattery about like confetti soon find their compliments lose value. If you don't admire another woman's hat or dress it's best to say nothing—or praise something else about her. Honest compliments, the kind which can be trusted, make friendships jell more firmly.

Your Party Style

Do you start off for a party with the full expectation of enjoying yourself? High spirits are contagious. If you arrive looking as though it were a special treat, you'll not only be a joy to your hostess, but you'll infect the other guests with the same spirit of gaiety. It just takes one or two guests with a zest for fun to give the whole party a lift.

Can you forget to worry about how you look? If you know your dress is becoming; if you've spent plenty of time on hair and make-up; if your nails are freshly manicured and your hands do you proud, there'll be no need for nervous peeks in mirrors or constant fussing with comb, lipstick and powder puff.

Can you talk on subjects of general interest? You know how dull it is to be trapped by someone with a special hobby-horse to ride—a diet faddist, a golf addict or a self-appointed settler of world affairs. Good conversation is a matter of give and take, and it's only sporting for the other fellow to give you a chance to express your opinion—and vice versa.

Do you fall in enthusiastically with the plans for the evening? Even if you don't like cards—or even if your pet aversion is guessing games—if that's the order of the evening, you'll be a good guest if you swallow your disappointment and go full out to make the game a success. Also, you may be surprised to find how much fun it turns out to be, once you get in the spirit of the thing.

Have you social assets? You may not be a pianist or a fine singer—but if you're good at dancing, card games, ping pong, table tennis, or some other indoor sport, you'll be a sought-after guest. One of the quickest ways to enlarge your circle of friends is to become an expert in some field—such as bridge, rummy, chess, or a sport such as skating or skiing; badminton or squash; tennis or golf. Special sport fans tend to band together. But when you're with other groups, go easy on your specialty.

Can you forget your own shyness by concentrating on other people? If you're the shy type who takes a bit of time to shed reserve and get into a party mood, you can speed the process by picking out another guest sitting alone in a corner, and coaxing him or her out of the same shell. Time yourself mentally at just how smart you are, in drawing people out and making them feel comfortably integrated. You'll please your hostess, probably make a friend for life, and that social diffidence you suffered from at the start will melt like snow in the sun.

Sweet vow exchange as exquisite Phyllis Bickell of Toronto becomes Mrs. Harry Bruce Clark of New York. Adorable Phyllis keeps her skin romance-smooth with famous Woodbury Facial Soap. Loved by debs for its *extra-mild* beauty care! Simply lovely for sensitive skin!

"I take thee, Phyllis..."

SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB

Love plot: Harry, then U.S.N. Lieut., spied creamy-dreamy Phyllis at an officers' dance ... cut in! "Yes, I reacted *positively* to that kissable Woodbury complexion!" tells Harry.

"My look-lovely date—a Woodbury Facial Cocktail!" says Phyllis. "*One*, smooth on creamy Woodbury lather. *Two*, rinse away! Skin, sm-ooth! Woodbury's so *mild!*"

For kiss-me skin, it's Woodbury Facial Soap! Different! Made with a rich *beauty-cream* ingredient for *extra-mildness*. Made so gentle, it brings out *your* smooth-skin-appeal!

A beautiful catch! Phyllis gets a ride. Oh, girls! . . . What men will do for Woodbury-skin beauty! So . . . take daily Woodbury Facial Cocktails for smooth sparkle. It's ***romantic!***

(Made in Canada)

Now... TRY THIS DOUBLE-ACTION CONSTIPATION RELIEF

Feel bright — with this LAXATIVE-ANTACID

When you feel the miserable discomforts of constipation and acid indigestion—get *double-action* relief with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Just take 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls with water at bedtime. By the time your head hits the pillow the miseries of stomach acidity begin to go. You sleep soundly—and wake up in the morning to real relief from sluggishness. Overnight Phillips' works these two ways:

1. As an antacid—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia quickly relieves heartburn, gas, sour stomach and other discomforts of acid indigestion. It is one of the *fastest, most effective* neutralizers of acidity.

2. As a laxative—Phillips' is gentle, yet thoroughly effective. It can be taken at any time without thought of embarrassing urgency.

Remember . . . there is only one genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Don't be satisfied with anything less. To feel *bright*—and be *right*—always keep Phillips' Milk of Magnesia on hand. Available at all drug stores. Remember . . . it costs as little as 25¢ to be sure of the best!

It costs as little as 25¢ TO BE SURE OF THE BEST
MADE IN CANADA

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
Liquid or Tablets

Give Yourself a Shampoo

by ADELE WHITE

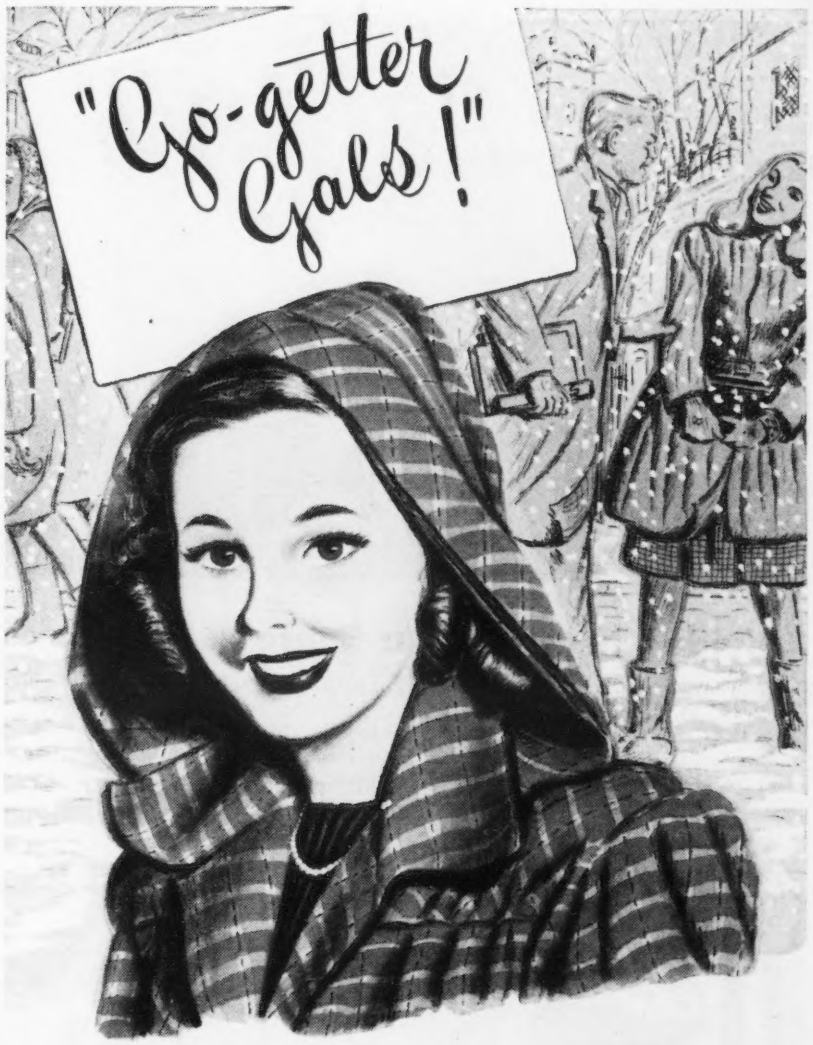
For extra lustre and sheen, spend at least five minutes in vigorous brushing before you start your shampoo. Brush right from the roots to the ends—until every hair of your head literally stands on end. Now dedicate the next five minutes to scalp manipulation. Work upward from the nape of your neck, rotating your scalp with the cushions of your fingers. This will loosen taut skin and bring nourishment to your hair by increasing the blood supply. Now you are all set for a thorough cleansing of your scalp and hair.

You can use ready-prepared shampoos—there are special types for dry and for oily hair—or you can make your own by shaving thin slices of pure castile soap, soaking them in a jar until they become a soap jelly. After thorough wetting, part your hair all over your head and, with a small nailbrush, *scrub* the scalp itself to remove dust and dandruff. It's a mistake to use too much soap as all of it must lather. If water is hard add a tablespoonful of washing soda. Change the water and lather your head at least twice before you rinse.

Healthy, glossy hair gets its start from a clean scalp. Next time you wash your tresses follow this step-by-step routine for a good shampoo

For best results from a home shampoo, you must be sure that all soap is washed out of your hair. Rinse in fresh water at least three times, with the strained juice of a lemon or a quarter cupful of vinegar added to the last water. Now run your fingers down a strand of hair —it will "squeak" if all soap has been rinsed out. The next step is treatment tonic to counteract a too-dry or too-oily scalp condition. Pour a little tonic in a saucer and rub it right into your scalp with a pad of absorbent cotton, as shown in photograph.

Have a bath towel warming on a radiator. Rub your hair briskly with it until most of the water has been absorbed but the hair is still damp enough to set. This will cut down on your drying time. To make setting easier, divide your hair into sections; pin up all these sections in knobs, out of your way—except the one you are working on. If your hair is the baby-fine type, make the pincurls thin so the wave will be more lasting. The coarser your hair, the looser and fatter the curl should be. Tie on a net and stay in a warm room until dry.



She Captivates the Campus

She's just a little freshman at a big Canadian college . . . but she's *got* something! She sparkles . . . she's interested . . . girls copy her clothes, men rush her at proms, her professors know she has brains.

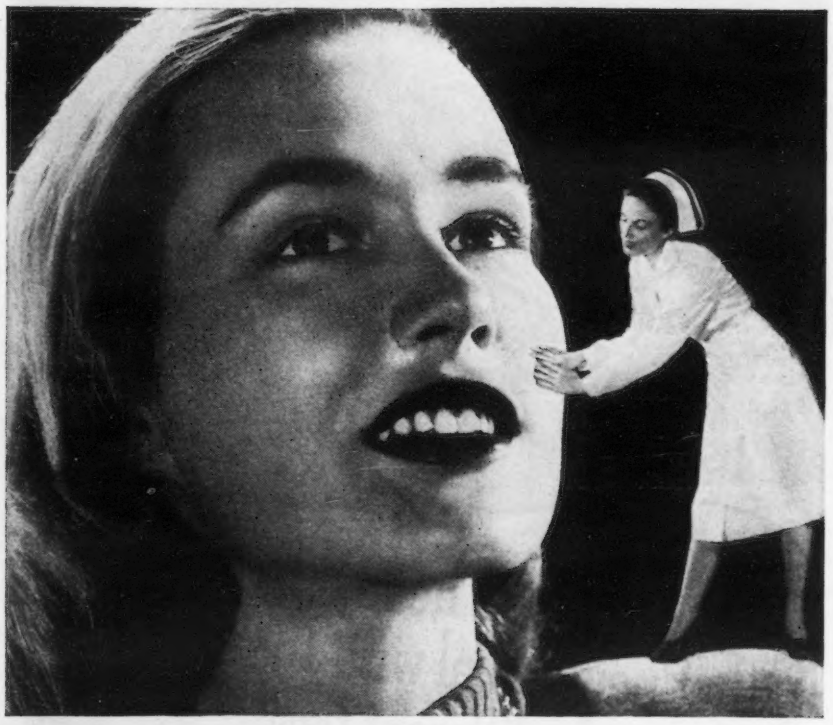
What's her secret? It's her lively interest in people and things, her glowing vitality.

Even on "don't feel like it" days, she stands out in the crowd. She relies on Modess, the first for softness, first for safety luxury napkin, to give her the security and comfort she needs.

Tests *prove* Modess more absorbent than any other leading napkin. Modess is more comfortable in the wearing, too. The full-length non-absorbent safety shield gives an *extra margin of safety.*

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

SMART GIRLS CHOOSE MODESS BECAUSE IT'S SOFTER, SAFER



... for a lovelier complexion

let Noxzema nurse Your Skin

YOU want a skin lovely to look at—smooth to touch. Every woman does! Do as thousands of nurses do. Use Noxzema Skin Cream regularly as an aid to lovelier skin. It's medicated, greaseless. Use it as a night cream and a long-lasting powder base. See for yourself if this popular beauty aid doesn't help make your skin look more attractive ... more beautiful ... more *alive!*

Discovered by Nurses. Nurses in Baltimore were among the first to find that Noxzema is a valuable beauty aid that helps to soften rough, dry skin. They discovered, too, that Noxzema helps heal unattractive blemishes and other skin irritations ... soothes and smooths. Today Noxzema is used by thousands and thousands of women.

Helps soothe, soften, heal chapped hands. Actual clinical tests by physicians on the painful cracks and other skin irritations of badly chapped hands demonstrate that Noxzema soothes, helps heal hands faster—helps make red, rough hands become softer, whiter, lovelier—often overnight!

Over 20,000,000 jars bought yearly. Get your jar of Noxzema today. Use it regularly for that softer, lovelier look. Start now to let Noxzema nurse your skin!

Noxzema is sold at all drug and dept. stores—17¢, 39¢, 59¢

sir," he said at last, and turned and left the room.

Kennedy listened to him going up the stairs and she was frightened. She had never seen Nix so quiet—so controlled. Not since—since that day in Quinn's office.

"I'm sorry, Kennedy," Quinn spoke softly.

Sorry?

She stood quite still, looking at him—and knowing that she had been a fool. Only a fool would have dreamed of bringing two separate, demanding loves into harmony beneath one roof.

Anyone but a fool would have realized that she had kept peace between these two only by keeping them apart.

Her eyes searched his face. She must remember every line, every dear familiar feature, because the memory was all she'd have to last her through all the years to come.

"I"—she tried to make her voice steady . . . sure—"I'm sorry, too."

KENNEDY WENT across the lawn and turned off the sprinkler. It was almost dark, the stars beginning to show through the deepening sky. She stood looking out across the shadowy garden. Spring. "The season of joy," someone had called it.

Joy!

She turned, sighing, and went into the empty house. It hadn't been so bad when darkness came early—when she could go to bed right after dinner. But these long evenings, fragrant with flowers, echoing with other people's laughter, were an agony of empty hours.

She stood uncertainly in the living room, looking at the low bowl of pansies on the coffee table. Their piquant faces smiled up at her engagingly, but she had no smile. She wandered to the window, staring unseeingly out, powerless against her lurking thoughts. They pounced on her, dragging her back to that phone call yesterday: "This is Harrison Davies, Mrs. Kilburn. Remember me? I have two tickets to the symphony and I thought—"

Kindly, but firmly, she had refused, but his call had shaken her. Because she saw with clear perception that Harrison Davies had acknowledged defeat. He'd thought that Kennedy and he could comfort each other. Two people cast adrift in the same boat . . .

She swung from the window, switching on a lamp, reaching for a magazine she would not read. She would simply sit here and remember Nix saying this morning, "I saw Quinn, Mom. He and Geneve sat two rows ahead of us in the show." His alert young face had watched her, and after a minute he added, "Geneve looked like a cat with a bowl of cream."

He had never mentioned Quinn—until now. Not since the time she'd told him that she had broken her engagement. She had expected relief—open satisfaction, but Nix had merely stared at her, his face settling into still composure.

He might have said something—anything! Surely he must have known, young as he was, how much she had loved Quinn. *Had* loved him? Suddenly her head went down on the arm of the chair. *Oh, Quinn—Quinn! Why can't I forget you? Why can't I stop wanting you?*

A long time later she went up to bed. She couldn't sit in that quiet room.

+ *Continued on page 39*

Are you in the know?

Will lip rouge linger longer if you—

- ☐ *Moisten the lips first*
- ☐ *Apply it over powder*
- ☐ *Repaint a previous job*

To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge *over powder*, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your *confidence* can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure you use Quest—the powder deodorant—with your sanitary pad. It's soft, soothing . . . absorbs moisture and helps prevent chafing. It will give you lasting confidence, for it destroys odour completely . . . safely. Large size 35c.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

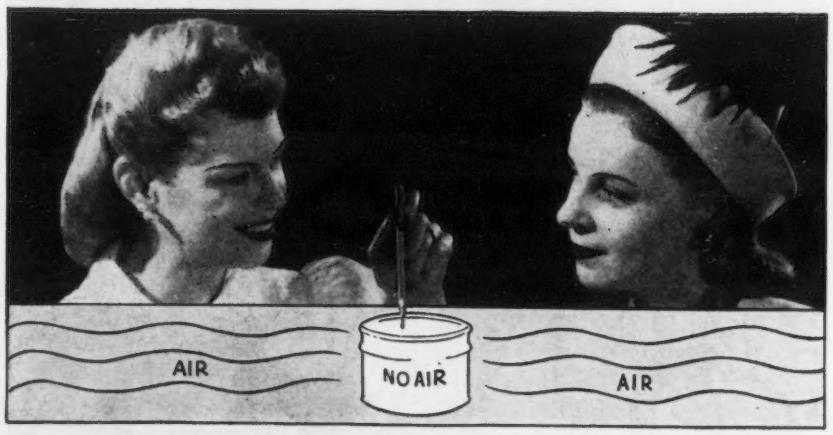
How do you get out of a car?

- ☐ *Step down gracefully*
- ☐ *Wriggle out like Grandma*
- ☐ *Jump out like Junior*

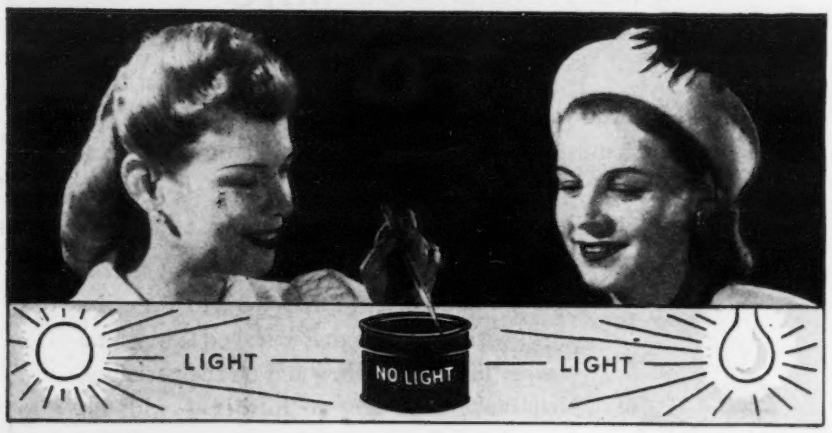
Let this sad Sal be a caution to you! *Step down gracefully*, keeping knees as close together as possible. True grace depends on good posture. On *comfort*, too, at "those" times. To make comfort complete, you can depend on the Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's dainty, adjustable, washable . . . and fits snugly without binding, so that you can feel completely at ease. Each 25c.

Photo by Pagano

Three facts worth knowing when buying coffee



fact 1 **Air steals aroma** and freshness from coffee. Therefore, the coffee you buy should be *protected completely* from the destructive action of air! Is it?—It is if it's packed in the *vacuum-packed can!*



fact 2 **The package you buy** should keep light out *at all times!* Does it? —It does if it's the *vacuum-packed can!*

fact 3 **The vacuum-packed can** captures and holds roaster-freshness completely *without a doubt!* When you buy vacuum-packed coffee in cans, you can always be sure it's as roaster-fresh as the day it was packed! That's because the *vacuum-packed can* keeps out *all air* and *all light!*

Roaster-fresh as the day it was packed } **VACUUM-PACKED COFFEE *in cans***

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

MONTREAL HAMILTON TORONTO VANCOUVER

"NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN!"

—the threats. And what good would they do? What good did they ever do? Her mind sought new words, a new solution to the old problem, and the night's heartbreak welled up in her, robbing her of courage.

He looked at her obliquely and she knew that he realized what she was thinking. He had known last night that once the reckoning was postponed, it would never be as drastic. And he had been right. She just wasn't up to another scene this morning. There wasn't time, anyway. Furthermore, she couldn't upset him before school by telling him about Quinn. That, too, would have to wait until they were both less on edge.

Nix drained his milk glass and pushed back his chair. "No toast. No time." He dashed up the stairs and she heard him rush to go over his teeth once again lightly, then he came thundering down, struggling into his coat, his books under his arm. Those books that he'd never opened! His hug was quick, but fervent. "Be a good girl, Glamour-Puss."

The door slammed and she sat still, her coffee cooling in her cup. Glamour-Puss! Those two light words were Nix's apology—his gratitude that she had let him off so easily.

SIGHING, SHE rose from the table, and for the first time she wished that she still had a job. She needed something to keep her mind busy as well as her hands. While Nix was small, there had been no question of her going to work. Nixon Kilburn had left no financial worries. But during the war years, with Nix no longer a baby, she couldn't sit idly by in a country struggling for victory. She took a job at a nearby aircraft plant, carefully putting the money into bonds for Nix's college fund.

With the end of the war—and the end of her job—there came the knowledge that the house had ceased to be a home for Nix without her in it. He had drifted away, seeking interests elsewhere, and that knowledge had frightened her. Her place was at home! So she bent all her energies into recreating what had slipped away. She prepared tempting, well-cooked meals. She made it a point always to be there when he came home, and the house was always open, cared-for and inviting, for his friends.

She picked up the butter and the cream—and stood with them in her hands. Would—would it be home for Nix—with Quinn here? Quinn, with his dearness, his gentleness. The feel of his arms around her—his mouth on hers. She drew a sharp breath, trembling with the surge of emotion that swept over her. To belong to Quinn . . .

It carried her on a swell of excitement for the rest of the day. It brought a sparkle to her eyes, a tenderness to her mouth that even she could see as she dressed to go to the Dental Association's dinner dance that evening. She had been silly to worry! It would all work out—it had to work out!

In a long black dinner gown, with only a splash of silver sequins over one shoulder to relieve its severity, she leaned over and smiled at herself in the mirror. "Hi, Mrs. Halliday!" she said softly, the delicious laughter bubbling behind the prophetic words.

She turned quickly as she heard Nix in the doorway. "Wow!" Admiration lighted his eyes. He nodded with satisfaction. "Well, I guess I showed 'em."

Don't be a Rubbit!

Hey! Don't attack a crusty baking pan with a lazy, wispy dishrag! Let Brillo slick it clean—*fast!*

Be BRILLO wise!

Quick as a flash—a square metal-fiber Brillo pad whisks pans spotless! Neat! Easy! Use Brillo every day. The special *shine* ingredient in Brillo soap keeps pans silver-bright!

GREEN box—soap & pads

RED box—soap pads

Shines aluminum fast!

'STRETCH That BUTTER!

with tasty, nourishing Paris Paté. Spreads like butter, inexpensive, just the thing for luncheons and picnics.

4-46

PARIS-PATÉ

PARIS MEAT PATTY

HP GIVES "Tempting Flavor"

Deep fried fish is extra savory with H P

"Showed who?" she asked, blotting her lipstick.

"Oh—them." He nodded heavenward. "When I was packing my diapers to come on down, they said, 'Now look here, bud—you've got to make up your mind. Cantor's yelling for a boy, and there's this guy Crosby who we think—' "

"Nix!" she protested, smiling in spite of herself, but he went right on.

"I just turned up my little button nose. 'No,' I says, 'I want that little curly-headed number down there. The one with the downbeat and the upswing—' "

"That will do," she said calmly. "Where is your filial respect?"

"Darned if I know." He felt in his pockets. "Not a thing here—not even a sou . . ." his voice trailed off persuasively.

She caught on. "You don't get your allowance until Monday. I told you last time—and what do you need money for?"

"What do I need money for, she asks!" he was outraged. "Tonight's the Sophomore Strut!"

She had forgotten. She looked at him in despair. Another late night! He'd have to go, of course. He couldn't break his date now. Helplessly she turned away, reaching for her bag, handing him a crumpled green bill. "But you come straight home—and I mean it."

"We gotta eat! What would she think? Jeeps, Mom!"

"All right, then—eat!" she cried, her patience at an end. "Eat your hamburger and be home by one, do you hear?"

"*One?* Listen, Mom, she lives clear out—"

"There's nothing more to say. And here's Quinn—" she caught up her wrap and swept past him, going down to Quinn, waiting in the hall. His face sobered.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing," she answered quickly—brightly, knowing very well that her flushed face betrayed her.

His lips tightened and he glanced up the stairs and as they went out to the car she knew that he was not fooled. And the happy glow that she'd felt all day was gone. This moment, that should have been tenderly their own, was not the time to tell Quinn what he wanted to hear.

THEY WENT into the big hotel and Doctor Henderson came across the lobby. "Wait a minute, you two!" He grasped Quinn by the arm. "There'll be a slight detour to the fifth floor. Room 509."

"We sink a little lower every year," Quinn groaned. "Last year we were on six."

"Yep—we'll end up in the gutter yet," Henderson agreed amiably. "There's Dodson—" he was off, spreading the word.

Room 509 was crowded, the air thick with smoke, and as they entered Kennedy looked straight into Geneve Bonner's golden eyes.

"Hello," Geneve languidly lifted her glass in greeting. She looked extraordinarily beautiful in green. Red-haired girls always wear green, Kennedy thought, and was promptly and properly ashamed of herself. She walked over to Geneve, who turned to the tall blond young man beside her. "This is Harrison Davies, Kennedy. His practice has been limited to the military, so don't go near him. He has all the gentle technique of a bulldozer."

Kennedy smiled at him and saw that he had eyes for no one but Geneve. And here we are, she thought, in a burst of insight; Doctor Davies wants Geneve. Geneve wants Quinn—and Quinn wants me . . .

Going down in the elevator later, she was conscious of the undercurrent between the four of them. And she saw, too, that Quinn was very fond of Geneve. It was in the way he smiled at her across the table; the way they danced in comfortable companionship. Quinn didn't love Geneve—*but he could!* Perhaps it wouldn't be the kind of love he had for Kennedy, but Quinn and Geneve could build a very nice life together.

The very thought sent panic racing through her, and after all the gay goodbys she snuggled close to Quinn in the car. His big hand left the wheel, closing over hers, and Kennedy was content. Geneve and young Doctor Davies could build a good life together too! When once Geneve knew that Quinn was really lost to her, she would find her happiness. It was right there, once she had the vision to see it.

"Two o'clock!" Kennedy opened the door—and stopped, looking into the dark living room. But—Nix always left the little lamp burning for her when he—she whirled. "Do you suppose—there might have been an accident—"

"We'd have heard," Quinn said quietly. He lit the lamps, stirred up the fire. "I'll stay until he comes."

At a quarter to three a car drew up in front. A taxi, Kennedy thought fleetingly, and the worry fell away as she braced herself.

Nix came in quietly, his eyes pleading. "Now wait, Mom—"

"Wait? What else do you think I've been doing?" She stood up, her eyes hard and angry. "I thought that this time you might obey me, but since you couldn't—or wouldn't, then—" She stopped, trying to think of a new, fitting punishment that would match her fury, but Nix's voice was as hard as hers; his face as white, his eyes as angry.

"I know it's late, and I'm sorry. I told you I couldn't—and before you tell me that I can't go out for another two weeks, remember that there's a basketball game next Friday—and I'm going."

Kennedy drew a sharp unbelieving breath. "Nix! Are you defying me?"

He shrugged. "Not unless I have to. Just take it easy—because I'm going to that game."

Quinn leaped to his feet. So suddenly that his pipe rolled across the tiled hearth; so unexpectedly that both Nix and Kennedy jumped, startled. "Why, you young rascal—talking to your mother like that! I ought to shake the daylights out of you!" Quinn's voice was thick with rage. "I've had about all of this I can take!"

"Quinn," Kennedy gasped protestingly, "Quinn—no!"

But Quinn took a purposeful step toward Nix. "If your mother says you're not going out, you're not going—understand?"

Nix stared stupefied at Quinn, and Kennedy saw his chest rise on a long, held-in breath; saw his mouth twitch, saw again that curious, inscrutable look flare and burn behind his eyes. "Yes,

"Sh--I want to hear the name of that new cereal with the gloriously different flavor!"

1. Mrs. Jones certainly got an earful. For that one-and-only new flavor everybody was talking about in the Nineties was the malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts flavor.

2. And today, folks are still talking about that same malty-rich, really different taste—but now they enjoy it in *two* grand cereals—curly, honey-golden POST'S GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES as well as crisp, chewy Post's Grape-Nuts.

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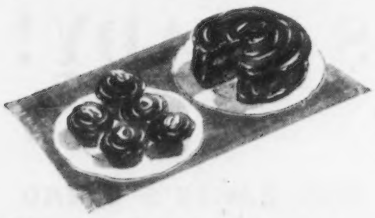

FRY'S RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE MOCHA ICING

1 cup icing sugar
2 tbsp. Fry's Cocoa
Hot coffee (about 2 tbsp.)
2 tbsp. melted butter or shortening
1 tsp. vanilla
1/8 tsp. salt

Mix sugar, Fry's Cocoa, salt and shortening. Add coffee, 1 tbsp. at a time till of consistency to spread. Add vanilla. Mix well. Moisten knife with coffee while spreading icing on cake. Makes enough icing for top of one 8-inch or 9-inch layer.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the richer chocolate flavor

It Takes Two

Continued from page 25

limp, unresponsive, as if all anger had been burned out of her. He wondered if she were sorry for all she'd said, and hope grew in his heart, and a desire to be magnanimous. "When we're alone—" he thought.

When he entered their room that night, however, he found it stripped of Virgie's possessions. Glancing into the spare room across the hall, he saw by the low glow of a lamp, a suitcase lying open on the bed, garments strewn in and around it. He hadn't expected her going to be so soon. Ice swept up into his veins. His heart stood still. He heard, then, her laughter in the children's room. Furious that she could be so gay with them, and so dour with him, stormily he banged shut the door between them.

But lying in the dark, with the soft air from the open window blowing over him, thoughts of the Virgie who had once lain contentedly here beside him came crowding in against his tortured mind and he wondered, desperately, how they'd got off the track.

The rain had ceased. Through the steady drip from the roof and the gentle brushing of the trees against the house, things his mother had said that afternoon came drifting back, as if in them he might find an answer: "A girl has to grow up to her new responsibilities. A man makes her feel important during courtship. When marriage comes, with its problems and disappointments, it seems little more than a cocoon into which she goes as a butterfly, and comes out a grub, instead of the other way around. I *know*, Sam. I've been *through* it."

Sam had always thought of his parents as pulling together like a good team. That they had ever had to *learn* to pull together like a pair of green horses, through infinite furrows of give and take, give and take, seemed impossible to believe. Yet his mother's own words had proved that, and as he watched a big yellow moon struggling up through the clouds outside his window, he began searching her words with fresh interest, seeking implications behind them. "Nothing's so disheartening to a woman as being taken for granted. Often when I'd be low enough in mind to take arsenic, here'd come your father bringing me a bunch of wild flowers, or a rosy apple picked just for me, and the world would be right again. Little things can be such big things sometimes."

Wives and mothers, Sam decided drowsily, were of a different species. A mother was a bank upon which a son could write almost any cheque and have it honored. A wife was a partner. From that partnership neither one could draw more than he had deposited.

Down by the barn a cow mooed in sleepy contentment. Far off a horse whinnied, the low lonesome sound cutting through the distance and vibrating as if it were within him, plucking at his own heartstrings. Remembering how Virgie loved all the common earthy things about the farm, he began looking at himself as the reason of her change. Well—maybe he had drawn more from that partnership than he'd deposited. Maybe he had put more and more on her slender shoulders, taken her more for granted, done less for her pleasure. But, heck! Help shortage had made them both work harder than they should. Still, there had been ways he could have made deposits. Candy—flowers—or just words. Little things, his mother had said.

HE AWAKENED in the night to sounds of sobbing. Low muffled sounds that struck against his heart rather than against his ears. He thought at first it must be part of the dream in which he had been holding Virgie close, but there was so much reality in it that he slid out of bed to listen at the guest room door. Hearing no sound, he turned the knob cautiously.

Moonlight, streaming in across the bed, revealed it storm-tossed but empty. Fearing she had already gone, his mouth grew dry. Then he saw the open suitcase on the floor, still incompletely packed, and thinking she might be in the children's room, he hurried there. They were in the big bed alone, sprawled out in childish slumber. With pounding heart he rushed downstairs, his terror mounting as he searched each room and found it empty.

In overalls and shoes again, he stood on the wet porch, wondering frantically where next to search. The buildings, spread out and silent, looked vague and mystical in the moonlight. The earth smelled fresh after the rain. But with mind inflamed by wild imaginings as he recalled Virgie's apathy at supper, that bitter twist to her mouth, he plunged down the porch steps, out across the grass, into the barnyard mud.

Barn, mow, garage! Swiftly, but with every sense alert, he explored each in turn. Climbing into the fragrant mow, crammed to its rafters with new-mown hay, urgently he called, "Virgie, *Virgie!*" over and over, as he groped about in the dark. In the garage, standing sick and shaken beside the blurred outlines of the car, he mopped his brow with a fervent "Thank God!" when he found it silent and empty.

Not until he turned back to the house, limp, desperate, every hope exhausted, did he see the corn across the road, glistening like silver in the moonlight, and instantly, as if it were a magnet to his feet, he started running down the drive. Lights of an oncoming car caught and held him, breathless and impatient, by the mailbox. He shot behind it as it passed. The rails of the cornfield gate felt hard and rough to his hands as he scrambled over it. As he dashed along the edge of the field, high wet weeds reached out to strangle his progress; razor-sharp blades of corn brushed against his face. But with fear and hope mingling like an intoxicant in his veins, recklessly he plunged on.

Then he saw her—her slim moon-washed figure so motionless it might have been part of the rock on which she sat. But it was *their* rock, where so often they had sat together in courtship days, and with a smothered, "Virgie!" he flung himself toward her.

She half rose, like quarry from ambush, when she saw him, but settled back again, eyes wary, just waiting. Sam flopped down beside her, panting, "Virgie, you—you frightened me. I—I've looked everywhere. I thought you might be hurt—or—"

She drew back, asking, "Would it have mattered?"

"Virgie—you know it would. I love you. I—"

He stopped, biting his lips, feeling an ache for her like pain go through him. She wore an old coat, worn and faded by day, now darkened by dampness and spread out like a fan on the rock around her. With her eyes softened by moonlight, and her soft hair stirring in the breeze, he thought he had never seen her so desirable. He wanted to gather her into his arms, smother her with kisses. Knowing, however, that this time he must woo her through reason, not through her senses, he pleaded huskily, "Don't go, Virgie! Give me another chance. Everything my mother said was true. I've been mean—unreasonable—"

She didn't answer at once. Just sat looking out over the corn as if she had forgotten him. Drenched in silver and blue-black shadows, the beauty around him was like a picture. The fragrance that rose from the soft moist earth was like a blessing. Yet there was something so still and remote about Virgie that fear tore at his throat, until she said, so low he had to bend his head to hear, "I guess your mother *was* right, Sam. Sitting here tonight, I've been thinking. It does take two to wreck a marriage. I've been wrong—terribly wrong—"

"But not as wrong as me. Listen, Virgie!" With her words, like wine, pouring new hope into his heart, he crowded closer, urging, "After threshing, let's you and me take a trip somewhere. Mother'll look after the kids. We could get someone to come 'n' stay on the farm. We'll go on a second honeymoon—begin again. You always did want to see Niagara—"

No sacrifice was greater than leaving his farm in summer when it so needed him, but Virgie drew back with a shocked, "Leave the farm now—when there's so much to do! Besides, the late peas are just coming on. I *do* want to get those canned. Sam! I'm sorry about those others."

"Oh, drat those peas! I was a fool—"

He had her hand now, holding it close, and Virgie, her head so near that her hair brushed his cheek, whispered ruefully, "I don't know what got into me. I—I hate to see things go to waste as much as you do. But sometimes, when you get to shovin' and shovin' me—as if I could work myself into the grave and you wouldn't care as long as you could get someone to take my place—well, I go all stubborn. Women are funny, I guess. We'll work our heads off for a little appreciation—but we hate to be driven. Seems like I don't care how hard I have to work when I know you're lovin' me, but—"

His mother's words! Hearing Virgie say them, her voice low, almost inaudible, brought tears to his throat and he laid his lips against her hand. When finally words did come, his voice was still shaken.

"I love you, Virgie. You're my whole life. Everything I do—or am—or ever will be—is for you. I want to build this farm up for you and the kids to be proud of. Only sometimes I guess I get to working so hard at what I'm doing that I forget who I'm doing it *for*. Sometimes—"

"I know!" Leaning her head against his, she slid down into his waiting arms, stayed there. "You don't have to explain, Sam. I understand. That's why I could hardly bear to go—leaving everything we've started here *together*. But, listening to the corn tonight, I got to seeing how there'd never been any real *big* troubles between us. Every difference we ever had was little in the beginning, like weeds—only we let them grow until they smothered out the good. We wouldn't do that with our corn, Sam. We'd destroy the weeds, before they could get a foothold and destroy the corn. Sam—we *do* love each other."

Sam knew that now. Knew all the beauties of the farm, all its labors, were bonds holding them together; keeping them plodding onward toward the home that would be for them a bulwark. Stopping her words with his lips, he held her close against his heart. Above them the moon, round, golden, beneficent, slid from behind a cloud. Behind them, a breeze rustled softly through the corn. *Their* corn—tall, tasselling, glistening in the moonlight. ✚

Crack Down

Continued from page 7

young, you're attractive—and you're new. What will he think of you?"

She had found out very soon what Doctor Halliday thought of Mrs. Kilburn, and she didn't like it. She didn't like it then and she didn't like it now, and Kennedy had often wondered how Quinn could be so blind.

But—was he? Kennedy straightened a knife beside Nix's plate. Hadn't he always known? Hadn't his apparent blindness been but a typical kindness? As long as Geneve thought he didn't know, she could walk in pride; could work with him without embarrassment. It had been she, Kennedy, who was blind! Of course Quinn had known! And now—"If I can't have you—"

Kennedy dropped the knife. She stooped to pick it up and her fingers shook. She'd—she'd tell Nix this morning that she was marrying Quinn immediately! She'd been foolish not to have told him five years ago. But Nix was older, now. He'd—

Nix? Her ears tuned to the unnatural silence upstairs. Her eyes went to the clock, then she rushed to the hall. "Nix—for heaven's sake—! You have to leave in half an hour!"

From above came a cross between a stricken groan and an enraged bellow. "Aw-w-w-w-u-u-u-u-ugh!"

"I know all that, but you get up!"

Feet padded across the upper hall and Nix's tousled head came into view. "Nuts. Couldn't we just consider me educated? I've decided not to be a doctor—I just want to be a mattress tester."

"You get in that shower and be down here in five minutes," she said sternly.

"Five minutes!" he yelped. "No brush teethed? No comb haired?"

"Five minutes," she repeated, and went back to the kitchen.

Her heart sank when he finally appeared. There were deep shadows under his eyes and his face was pale and weary. He caught her look and grinned feebly. "Just bury me deep and call me Bone," he said, in a brave attempt at jauntiness.

"Oh, Nix—" all the old arguments crowded behind her lips. The entreaties

"We heard you have some JELL-O"

UNLESS you want house-guests, keep it dark when you put your hands on a package of Jell-O! Those grand desserts have *magnetic* attraction — which makes it difficult since supplies are still limited.

Of course, when you get a package of Jell-O (or even scarcer Jell-O Pudding!) you may want to share the thrill with guests. In that case, you'll welcome recipes like those below and on the packages, that make each box go further — with no loss of deliciousness!

To Spread Jell-O's Goodness

Grape Whip: Make Lemon Jell-O, replacing ½ cup of the water with grape juice. When slightly thickened, whip frothy. Beat 2 egg whites stiff, add Jell-O, and blend with rotary beater.

What's found only in Jell-O? That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

To Spread Jell-O Pudding's Goodness

Tier Cake: Bake a two-layer light cake. Split each layer. Put together cake layers with cooled Jell-O Pudding between and on top. Chill. Gives you cake and dessert together.

Jell-O Puddings— Like Grandma's—only more so!

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Helen Campbell's Page

LAMB or Lion, I'm always glad to welcome the first of March. Not because it's March, but because spring is just around the snowdrift. The crocuses are having their last 40 winks and the robins are thinking of heading north. It won't be long now.

Up in the hardwood country they're tapping the maple trees. And for me the sights and sounds and smells of an old sugar bush are jumbled together in happy memory—bare branches in lacy patterns against the sky . . . weathered buckets hanging on maple trunks . . . dispirited little snow piles and patches of water in hollow ground . . . the caw of the crows . . . the crackle of twigs and the swish of brown wet leaves underfoot . . . the smell of smoke and sweet sap and hot syrup blended into a special unforgettable fragrance.

I know a lot about syrup making in an old-fashioned sort of way. You hang big iron pots on a cross-beam between two stout trees. You clear the ground and build the fire just so. You tend it carefully and constantly to keep the flame low but the heat strong. You keep the sap in the kettles on the boil, skim it with a wire strainer fixed on a long pole and ladle it with an extra-long-handled dipper. Then you strain the boiled-down sap through bags of blanket cloth or some such. It's getting dark now, so you scour the kettles, turn them over two poles to drain, douse the fire and carry the syrup to the house for the finishing off to e-x-a-c-t-l-y the right stage. But what good will all this do you? You'll make it in a modern evaporator or buy it in cans or bottles! But you'll miss something. You'll miss a lot.

A watched pot does boil—and if you're not careful it boils over. We used to keep lengths of bacon rind at hand to toss into the madly bubbling sweet stuff. That was the way I learned the calming effect of a little oil on troubled waters.

And if ever a bit of pork rind tasted scrumptious, it's the piece you fished out of the strainer the syrup went through.

Boiling-down times in the sugar bush were highlights of my youthful career. I never tired of helping (?) and the nicest days were when my father and I did the job ourselves with no one to spell us. And mother brought lunch to the camp and we had a picnic. There was always hot canned tomatoes poured over cubes of toast and floating a blob of butter. And eggs in the shell. We didn't pour boiling water on them, remove from the heat and let stand so many minutes; no sirree, we lowered them into the boiling sap and let nature take its course. And did that shell make good licking!

Sometimes we had a sugaring-off party with all the youngsters in the neighborhood and most of the grown-ups. It was great fun to fill a milk pan with clean snow, pour a thin stream of thick hot syrup (just before it reached the sugar stage) on it and write your initials. Or just doodle.

'Way back last Christmas (you haven't forgotten Christmas?) came this greeting from Hawaii—"Mele Kalikimaka." (I don't know what it means exactly—Merry Christmas, or how are you, or have a drink—but I know it's something nice because a nice person sent it.) And with it a map of Honolulu—against the day. And a recipe collection full of pineapples and bananas and fresh grated coconut. Makes your mouth water just to read 'em. Aloha to you, my friend Erma. And many thanks.

Shure an' it's a bit o' green your tables must be wearin', come the Sivinteenth. Green in the fixin's and green in the food.

A centrepiece that dances a jig—the very thing for St. Patrick's shenanagans. With a few drops of food coloring, tint cold water a pretty, light green. Measure into a deep clear glass rose bowl, then for each quart add a tablespoonful of citric acid and—slowly now, a bit at a time—two tablespoonfuls of baking soda. Now drop in a handful of mothballs and see what happens; you'll be surprised—and I think you'll be delighted! (Better do your mixing in the kitchen,—just in case the bowl fizzes over.) If the mothballs get lazy, try adding a nip more citric acid.

I hear these are pretty good: apples cored and filled, before baking, with a mixture of chopped nuts and sugar to which a little anise flavor has been added. Got any anise in the house?

You'll like a dark brown taste in the mouth if it's put there by a piece of gingerbread. Or a wedge of chocolate cake. Or a cuppa coffee.

Coconut Meringue Pie (folks in Hawaii are probably eating it right now): Cream a half cupful of butter with a cup of sugar. Add 3 egg yolks, 3 tablespoonfuls of milk and a touch of vanilla. Fold in 1 beaten egg white and 2½ cupfuls of fresh grated coconut. Bake in an uncooked pastry shell for 15 minutes at 400 deg. F., then another 15 minutes at 350 deg. Whip up the other 2 egg whites, add 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar and crown your pie.

Banana Bingos (Hula girls and others love 'em): Cut bananas crosswise into one-inch sections, then dip in melted, semisweet chocolate, turning to coat all over. Stick a toothpick in each and set on a waxed-paper-covered tray. Chill in the refrigerator a few minutes to harden the chocolate.

And here comes Cookie—from the Islands: Cream ½ cupful of shortening with 1 cupful of brown sugar, then add an egg, a little vanilla and ½ cupful of drained crushed pineapple. Sift together 2 cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of baking soda and a half teaspoonful of salt. Combine your two mixtures and add ½ cupful of raisins. Drop from spoon tip on an oiled cooky sheet, leaving some spreading space. Bake 10 to 12 minutes at 375 deg. F. That'll make you 3 dozen.

If you want to give a new flip to an old-fashioned flapjack add a little ready-cooked bran. Serve sandwich style with a filling between and a hot sauce or syrup over all.

A bowl of tart rosy rhubarb does as much for post-winter appetites as sulphur 'n' molasses ever did. But of course it hasn't the disciplinary value of the antique compound.

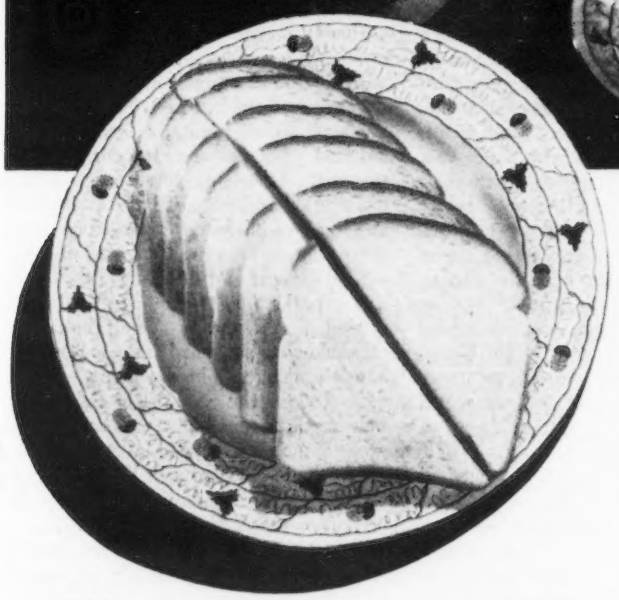
From an English cookbook—a seven-day line-up of breakfast main dishes: Calf's Kidney and Bacon, cold Gammon (whatever that is), potted Ham, Finnan Haddock, Poached Eggs, Fried Dabs (small flat fish—good), Chicken's Liver and Bacon. What, no Kippers!

Now you wouldn't drown a kipper in hot water—or would you? If you're asking me to partake of kippers—and I hope you do—heat them in the oven with a wee dab of butter. And be prepared to serve seconds.

Freda asks, "Can you tell me, pray, what is castor sugar?" I can and I will. It's white sugar of very fine granulation—fine enough to flow freely from a castor. We call it fruit (not confectioner's) sugar here.

Overmixing has muffed many a muffin. Don't let the beating of the batter be too energetic or too prolonged.

Mint meringue was something I never thought of till I had it in a smart restaurant atop a chocolate cream pie. Nice change from the eternal vanilla and an excellent flavor team.



Neatly sliced bread diamonds in the center of this supper table, set with Wedgwood's Strawberry Lustre china

Bread ON THE TABLE

....THE MEAL IS READY!

WHEN that plate of fine-textured, crisp-crusted baker's bread goes on your table—it's the sign that says "meal's ready"!

This bread that Canada's bakers make for you tastes every bit as good as it looks. And every slice a slice of energy of the kind that *stays with you!* It is an important source of protein, too—needed for tissue repair and muscle building.

Make sure there's a plate of good, wholesome baker's bread on your table *every* meal. Serve it sliced, as toast, cubed in soups, or to stretch-out other dishes!

Remember—*your meal isn't ready until the bread goes on the table!*

BUY BAKER'S BREAD

Thanks to your Baker—you can easily serve the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill, his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavor. Eat plenty of baker's bread—at least 3 slices every meal.

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lar architectural style. Regardless of their height—which may vary from one to one and a half, or even two stories—they possess an informal character which can be quite charming. Many of our urban residential areas consist entirely of this kind of dwelling.

Color authorities advise that the roof of a small cottage should be bright and the body light. The trim should be lighter than the body, except when the body is white, in which case the trim should match. Window sash should be painted the same as trim, but the front door may offer variation. Shutters should be darker than the other colors used and should contrast harmoniously with them.

Colors suggested for a small cottage are: Roof—variegated, dark grey, greenish grey, medium bright blue. Body—white, medium ivory, light ivory, light cream, buff. Trim—white, medium ivory, light cream, lemon yellow. Sash—white, medium ivory, light ivory, light cream. Shutters—medium blue-green, dark blue-green, bright blue, white, terra cotta, green, dark blue, dark blue-green, medium dark blue. Door—white, medium ivory, light ivory, dark blue, medium dark blue, lemon yellow, black.

In the case of a larger cottage style, a roof medium to dark in color and a body light in color are to be preferred. The trim should be lighter than the body in color, or the same as the body if the latter is white. The window sash may match the trim or differ from it, according to personal taste. Both front door and shutters should be different from the other colors used.

Colors currently in style for large cottages are: Roof—dark and medium greys, terra cotta, maroon, blue-green. Body—white, medium ivory, light ivory, light cream, light and medium brown, lemon yellow. Trim—white, medium ivory, light ivory, light cream, buff. Sash—white, light cream, medium ivory, lemon yellow, black, light ivory. Shutters—medium blue-green, dark blue-green, bright blue, white, terra cotta, light blue-green. Door—white, medium ivory, light cream, dark olive green, dark brown, medium brown.

The Spanish type of dwelling is also known as the Florida or California type. While not as widely employed an architectural style as it used to be, examples are to be found in many parts of Canada.

The roof of the Spanish house should be bright and the body light to medium in color. The trim should be darker than the body and the window sash should match the trim. Contrast to the other colors used should be provided by the front door and shutters.

Color suggestions are: Roof—terra cotta, variegated bright colors, dark grey. Body—white, buff, light ivory, medium ivory. Trim—medium yellow, light blue, dark brown, medium yellow-green, terra cotta. Sash—dark brown, light ivory, light blue, terra cotta. Shutters—light blue, bright blue, terra cotta, dark brown. Door—dark brown, terra cotta, light ivory, white, lemon yellow.

The Modern type of house with which most people are familiar is an angular, blocklike structure. It may or may not have a flat roof. The architects who design dwellings in this 20th-century style, concentrate on satisfying the functional requirements of residential living, rather than on symmetry and ornament.

The roof of this type, assuming it is sloping, should be dark in color whereas the body should be light. It is recommended that the trim be painted darker than the body and that the window sash be painted the same as the trim. The front door generally appears to best advantage when it is a color different from the body.

Colors suitable for use on this kind of house are: Roof—dark grey, black. Body—white, ivory, light grey, cream. Trim—white, ivory, medium brown, green-blue, medium blue, light brown. Sash—white, medium blue, brown or grey, light brown. Door—medium brown, light ivory, bright or medium blue. +

Entrance to a house creates that important first impression, calls for special care in color selection. Against red brick walls, a charming effect is achieved with green door and white woodwork.

It Takes Two

Continued from page 20

"Men don't have time to go round spouting love scenes after they're married. We're too darn busy. Why, all I do is for Virgie—and those kids—if she'd only have sense to see it."

His mother sighed. "That's nice talk. But you men could win your wives' co-operation a sight quicker sometimes by putting a few of your feelings into words. Nothing so oils the machinery of everyday living as a little well-spoken love or appreciation. I remember once—before you were born—"

She drifted off into a trail of reminiscences, one leading to another: The year of the drought—the depression, when every cent had to be pinched to save the farm—that hot dry summer when, with three babies underfoot and a fourth under her apron, she had fainted while cooking for threshers. Watching her as she talked, Sam saw her eyes darken and change, as if she were reliving, refeeling things she had almost forgotten, and he felt himself feeling them with her. He had always thought of his mother as aged with love and wisdom. Listening to her now made him see her as a young wife, struggling with the same problems that beset Virgie, and a new tenderness for Virgie surged up within him because of this.

His mother's own words destroyed that tenderness. As she dropped some cookies into a bag for the children, she said gently, "Give Virgie time, Sam. Go home—tell her some of the things you used to. *Do* something nice for her—take her—"

"Time!" Savagely Sam flung the cookies into the car and slid under the wheel. Give Virgie a hundred years and she wouldn't change. She was too darn stubborn! Buy her a new dress—take her on a trip, his mother had said. Not by a darn sight—when there wasn't time or money enough now to go round. Besides, he wouldn't buy any woman's favor. If Virgie wasn't satisfied—

Storm clouds had boiled up into the sky while he was in the house, but the heat was still there, like tension about to snap, and as Sam drove down the road in a cloud of churlish dust, he had the same feeling about the thoughts in his head. For the first time in his life when he'd gone to his mother for help, all he'd got was blame. He could hear her yet: "Good wives, or mothers either, Sam, aren't *born*. They're made—and often out of pretty raw material. It takes a lot of living—and loving—to whip them into shape. Part of that's a man's job . . ."

Sam laughed harshly. His mother didn't know Virgie. All the little mean things she did purposely to hurt him. All the slurs—the complaining.

Yet regardless of Virgie's faults, regardless of what he'd told his mother, Sam knew, deep in his heart, that he still wanted her. Wanted her with a desire so strong and uncontrolled that it was like an unending ache. Not as she was now! He wanted to force their life back into the channel from which it had escaped. Could that be done? Not if he were to believe his mother. *He* had to change! *He* had to be different. Well, he'd be darned if he would. He—

Rain came as he neared home, big splattering drops that flattened themselves noisily against the dusty windshield and grew swiftly into a driving downpour. As he raced up his own drive he saw Virgie and the children scurrying around, getting the baby chicks under cover. It had been so long since Virgie had touched a chicken! Emerging from the garage, he shrank back under shelter of a storm-tossed tree to watch. Timmie, in ragged coveralls, and Patsy, a too-long raincoat flapping about her childish legs, were laughing, and Virgie was lauging with them. Lovely with rain and laughter on her face, she was so like the girl he had married that impulsively he moved toward her, to thank her for her quick work.

But when she turned and saw him, her laughter died as if it had never been, and the bitterness that rose in her eyes made him forget what he would have said. She started running through the rain to the house and as the children flung themselves hilariously against Sam, he brushed them aside with a curt, "Gramma sent some cookies, they're in the car," and hurried after Virgie.

He found her in the kitchen, stirring something on the stove. Before he could speak she flung the spoon back into the kettle with such force that its contents spilled over, filling the room with a smoking stench, and as she whirled to face him, her lips curled over a contemptuous, "So! The little boy had to go tattle to mama!"

Sam saw nothing desirable in her now. She was wet and bedraggled. The hot crowded kitchen was made darker and dingier by the rain. He kicked a chair out of his way and stalked to the stove with a derisive, "Well, you won't have to fight *her*. *She* says it takes two to wreck a marriage—that kids belong to a mother."

Feeling betrayed by both wife and mother, he spoke out of the bitterness of frustration, but scarcely were the words said than he regretted them. For as if she watched a chasm that had been opening before her slowly closing, he saw hope grow in Virgie's eyes.

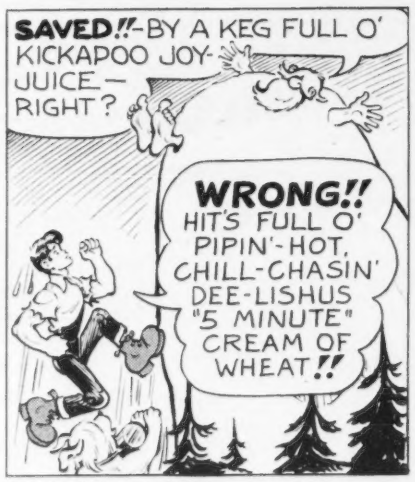
"You mean," she marvelled, "your mother takes *my* side?"

He shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "Well—not exactly. She just said she'd have no part in it. But no matter what she says—those kids are staying here." Giving her no further chance to speak, he yanked open the door and slammed it violently behind him. Plunging miserably into the cold unfriendly rain, he headed for the barn, wanting only warmth, comfort and peace, even if he had to go to his own animals to get it.

The evening meal passed without incident. The rain, still falling, had freshened the air. As if enlivened by it, the children, faces sparkling, talked volubly of the day's doings. Virgie, waiting on them, answered their questions, but said little to Sam. He ached to talk with the children as she did, easily, naturally, yet each time he tried, words stuck in his throat. Through the growing dusk he could see the corn bending and swaying under the impact of the rain. Feeling as if the same thing were happening to him, he slashed through the ham on his plate with a silent but wrathful, "Just wait till she's gone—"

But he knew that he could never again see corn growing without thinking of Virgie; his eyes kept going back to her, stealthily, hungrily. She seemed

✦ *Continued on page 28*



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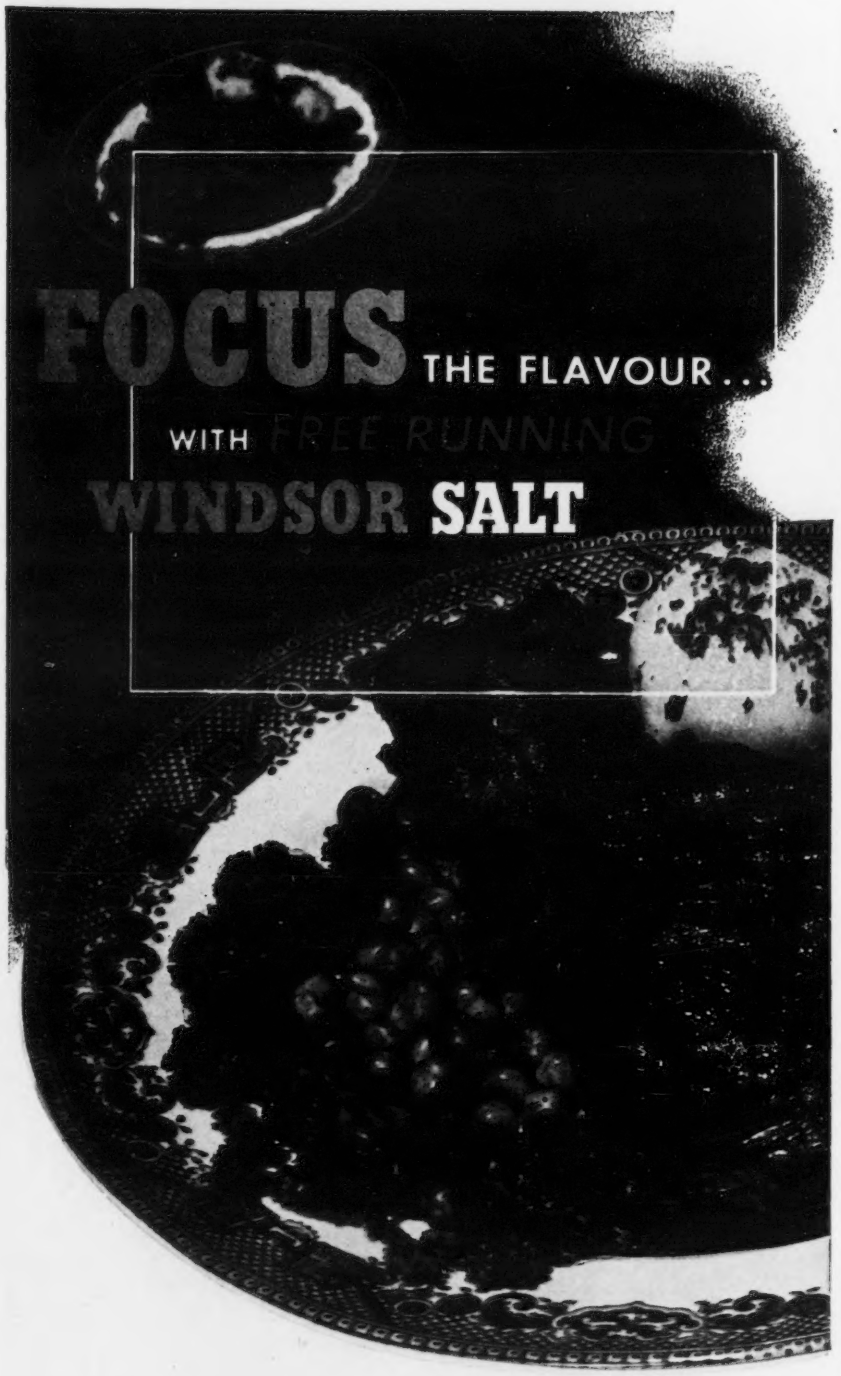

COULD anything be so dull as food without salt? Lacking that one small ingredient, even the flavour of a choice sizzling steak or steaming baked potatoes is indistinct and "blurry", like a picture out of focus. Then . . . the magic pinch of salt! And in a flash, every hidden particle of enticing flavour springs into focus, keen and tantalizing, to whet your appetite!

Salt makes all the difference in the world to *any* food. Realizing this, Canadian cooks for three generations have preferred WINDSOR salt, in the kitchen and on the table, for its crystal purity . . . its flavour-enhancing qualities.

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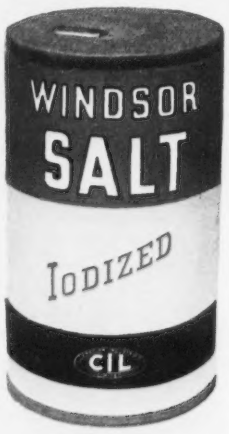

FOR FINER FOOD FLAVOURING

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES C-I-L LIMITED

Plan Your Painting Now

by JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH
Architectural Editor

Drawings by Hartley Boyes.

This stucco house is color conscious! Combining maroon with buff it observes the rule calling for use of a dark roof with a light body. This reduces apparent height of building. Eavestroughs and downpipes are made inconspicuous by being painted to match walls. Trim is white, door and shutters maroon.

PAINT beautifies while it protects. A coat of good paint dries to about the thickness of a sheet of newspaper. This thin, tough film is sufficient to guard against the ravages of time and weather. Simultaneously it freshens and renews the surface to which it is applied. Modern paint colors, with all their variety of tint and shade, make it possible for the home-owner to do these two specific jobs: give physical protection to his investment and enhance its decorative appeal.

Canadians are becoming more and more conscious of the dramatic possibilities of color, especially as regards the color styling of house exteriors. To secure the most attractive effect, it is worth studying the principles of how and where to use which colors. Such functional applications of color can to a large extent emphasize the good features of a building and detract attention from its bad ones.

Selection of colors for the exterior of your house calls for exercise of the same cautious, intelligent care you use in choosing colors for your clothing. Basic rules regarding color harmonies and contrasts have been formulated with scientific accuracy, and a more widespread observance of these rules will result in better - looking dwellings and neater, more livable communities.

IF A HOUSE appears too high, paint technicians advise employing a darker color on the roof than on the walls. This will reduce the apparent height.

In the case of a house having a number of gables and dormers they suggest painting these the same color as the walls. Avoid the use of contrasting colors, they say, and thus minimize the restless effect often produced by gables and dormers. At the same time, experts raise no objection to achieving interest by painting the front door or ground-floor shutters a different color from that chosen for walls, etc.

Dormers, of course, are really miniature gables. They usually occur on story-and-a-half Cape Cod Colonial and French Provincial houses. Painting them the same color as used for the body of the building will make a house appear larger and taller. If, on the other hand, the desire is to make a house look lower, the dormers should be painted a color that blends with the color of the roof, rather than in contrast with it.

When a house is built of brick or stone, the chimney—being of the same material—will be identical with the body of the building. But in the case of clapboard or stucco dwellings the chimney may appear too large or too small because the color of its brick or stone contrasts too sharply with the color of the body of the house. The obvious remedy is to paint the chimney to match the walls.

WINDOWS of various shapes and sizes can be distracting when their color differs from that of the over-all finish. In such cases paint trim and sash the same color as the walls, thus attention will be called to the building as a whole rather than to individual details. Painting the front door a color contrasting with the rest of the house is, however, quite in order.

LIGHT COLORS almost invariably make things appear larger while dark

Choose the colors for your house as carefully as you choose the colors for your spring wardrobe. Newly developed rules provide a quick, foolproof method of ensuring attractive results.

Shutters add interest to windows. This example shows diagonal pattern in two shades of green against white painted brickwork.

colors reduce their apparent size. In older houses, where the trim is the "gingerbread" type—very ornate and ostentatious—it is usually advisable to use the same color throughout. If emphasis is needed, window sash and doors can be done in a darker color.

Color scheme suggestions for five popular styles of houses were recently worked out by competent specialists. Their findings relate to the Colonial, English, Cottage, Spanish and Modern types of dwelling.

Colonial architecture is familiar to all of us. Houses in this style were adapted, to suit American conditions, from houses built in England during the Georgian period. Brought to Canada by United Empire Loyalists, these residences first appeared in the Maritimes and Ontario. The tradition has persisted, and the Colonial house, in stone, brick or wood, is one of our best-liked present-day styles.

The roof of a Colonial house should, as a general rule, be medium to dark in color. The body of the house should be light. The trim should be lighter than the body, with white painted brick or clapboard calling for white trim. The front door and window sash should be the same color as the trim, and the shutters different and darker than the other colors used.

For the Colonial style, colors now in vogue are: Roof—dark grey, medium yellow-green, greenish grey. Body—white, light ivory, light grey, medium ivory. Trim—white, light ivory, medium, ivory, light cream, light grey. Sash—light ivory, medium ivory, light cream, light grey. Shutters—dark blue-green, dark olive green, medium blue-green, dark green-blue. Door—white, light ivory, light cream, medium ivory.

THE ENGLISH type of house appears most frequently in this country as a reproduction of the rambling, half-timbered dwelling of Elizabethan times. Many have stuccoed walls. For this style, a roof medium to dark in color is suggested with a light-colored body. The trim should be darker in color than the body. The window sash may differ from or match the trim, just as desired. The color of the front door should contrast with the other colors of the house.

Colors popular for English houses are: Roof — medium yellow-green, greenish grey, medium blue-green, dark grey, dark brown. Body—white or off-white, medium ivory, light ivory, light cream. Trim—dark brown, medium brown, Vandyke brown, light blue-green. Sash—dark brown, white, medium brown, black, medium ivory. Door—dark blue-green, red, white.

Cottage-type houses are not usually recognizable as belonging to any particu-

A suburban cottage has a carefully chosen color scheme. Rules say roof should be bright, body light, trim lighter than body. Door may match trim, but shutters should be different. Accordingly, blue shingles are indicated for the roof, walls oyster grey, and trim and door white. Shutters are turquoise.

What a Breakfast Bonanza!

—this *one* delicious whole-grain cereal you can serve whole or crumbled . . . brightened with fruit or jam . . . *hot without cooking* (simply pour boiling salted water over biscuits in a strainer). You'll find "good mornings" *galore* in Nabisco Shredded Wheat—*love* its golden-good flavor! For Nabisco Shredded Wheat is the sun-ripened *natural* whole wheat. Just as *nourishing* as a "cooked" cereal—without the bother! Get Nabisco Shredded Wheat—the *original* Niagara Falls product.

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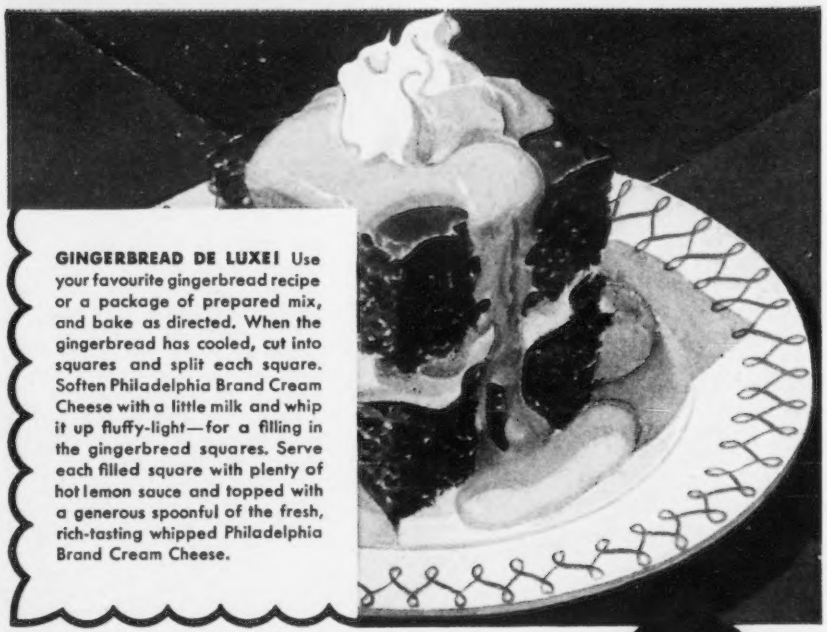

GINGERBREAD DE LUXE! Use your favourite gingerbread recipe or a package of prepared mix, and bake as directed. When the gingerbread has cooled, cut into squares and split each square. Soften Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk and whip it up fluffy-light—for a filling in the gingerbread squares. Serve each filled square with plenty of hot lemon sauce and topped with a generous spoonful of the fresh, rich-tasting whipped Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese.

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Guaranteed Fresh!

SUNBURST SALAD. For a salad be sure to choose cream cheese that's fresh as the lettuce itself: The brand marked "Philadelphia"—backed by Kraft's guarantee of freshness! Slightly soften Philadelphia Brand with milk and whip it fluffy-light with a spoon or fork. On crisp lettuce arrange, petal-fashion, alternating sections of orange and grapefruit. In the center of your "flower" place a generous amount of the whipped cream cheese. Garnish with sections of maraschino cherry and serve with French Dressing.

HURRY-UP HOSPITALITY tastes grand when you use smooth, spreadable Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese in sandwiches. Blend that fresh, delicate flavour with olives, relish, jelly or other delicious sandwich fillings. Philadelphia Brand puts real "working power" into he-man lunch-box meals, too. For it's a nutritious, high-quality *dairy food*. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese is made in Kraft's kitchen-clean Canadian plant, and *guaranteed fresh*.

The World's Favourite Cheeses are made by the Men and Women of KRAFT

and begging any woman to stay with me," he blurted with a jerk of his outraged shoulders. "If she wants to go, let her, and good riddance. But she's *not* going to take those kids. They're *my* kids, *too*."

His voice stopped, breaking the words in two, cutting the stolidity of his face to ribbons.

After a moment his mother asked, "Without Virgie, how could you take care of them?"

"You could . . ." he began stoutly.

With one vigorous shake of her white head Mrs. Coverly destroyed the hope in his eyes. "No, Sam! Children belong to a mother. I'll have no part in separating them."

"I'll get a man and wife, then," snapped Sam petulantly, dropping into a chair beside the table. "I'll show her I can run that farm as well without her as with her—maybe better. *She* needn't think she's going to find work so easy to get, either."

Mrs. Coverly returned to her cookies, dropping soft little balls of dough on the regreased tins. Watching her, apparently as unmoved, now, as if his world were not tumbling about him, Sam cried bitterly, "Virgie's not like you. Nothing I do satisfies her any more. It's yap, yap, yap every minute. Oh, we're all washed up, 'n' the sooner we quit the better. I'm sick to death of looking at her sour old face."

His lips trembled. He tried to firm them. His mother, lowering the refilled tin into the oven, mused aloud, "I remember that first Sunday you brought Virgie home. She had on a thin dress — lettuce color — remember? Her hair was so soft and curly. I thought I'd never seen anyone so pretty. If her face is sour now, I wonder how much you had to do with the souring of it."

"*Me?*" His broad astounded mouth dropped open.

Mrs. Coverly closed the oven door with a quiet, "One person alone seldom wrecks a marriage."

"I'm not wrecking anything," Sam refuted hotly, thrusting out one long overalled leg, staring moodily at his heavy brown workshoe. "*She's* cryin' quits. I'm willing to stick to *my* bargain."

"I should think you would be!" The words were edged with gentle derision. "You have a cook, dishwasher, housekeeper, mother for your children—*and* wife—all for the price of one."

"Mother!" His voice was shocked, but she drove back through his indignation with a condemning, "And what does she get out of it? Food, shelter, clothes! All things she could more easily earn some other way. No, Sam!" She leaned over, covering with her small white hand Sam's hard brown fist that lay on the table. "Virgie's life isn't easy. The only element that will cement the disagreeable chores of married life with the agreeable—is *love*. So, of course, if you don't love each other—"

"But, I *do!* That is," he corrected sheepishly, "I *could*—if she was like she used to be. You should know the things she *used* to do to please me! She used to think it fun to can stuff, but this year she let every darn pea rot on the vines, just because she knows I like them better than any other vegetable."

"Oh, come now, Sam," his mother chided fondly, smiling at his childish ill humor. "Virgie never was one to do things for spite. You must remember she can't do as much as she did before the children were born. I always did think you pushed her too hard—that she shouldn't pick corn—"

"But she likes to do that," Sam argued. "She says—"

HE DIDN'T say what she said, but his eyes softened, the stubborn line of his lips relaxed as he remembered Virgie, eager, youthful, a red bandanna confining her bright curls, as they set out for the field on those frosty starlit mornings. Hearing again the pound of the horses' hooves on the frozen ground, the creak of the harness, the rustle of the dried stalks as they pushed their way between them, he remembered how protectingly he had felt toward Virgie. She had liked doing things for him *then*.

His mother's voice drew him back from the past. "If you want her to help you, it's only fair to help her back."

"When I haven't time for my own work! What would be the sense of that? Look here!" His eyes, narrowing, searched hers accusingly, "Are you trying to lay the blame of this split on *me?*"

"No—only trying to divide it, since you seem to be laying it all on Virgie. The trouble with you men, you expect your wives to begin where your mothers leave off, not realizing that maybe your mothers weren't so hot in the beginning either. Goodness! When I think of some of the things I used to say—and *do*—to your father, I wonder how he ever lived with me."

"You!" Sam's lips quirked in quick disbelief. "Why—you 'n' dad always got along fine."

"That's what you think!" Amusement grew in her eyes, hung there. She reached for a big red jar, began dropping cookies into it. "If you could know how furious I used to get with that man sometimes! All he ever thought of was work. He'd cheerfully go to a farm meeting and stay half the night, but if I wanted him to take me someplace he was always too tired."

"That's just it!" Sam banged a triumphant fist down on the table.

✦ *Continued on page 25*

Magic Fingers

By FRANCES FROST

★

She is a girl with magic fingers
beneath whose touch green wildness lingers.
Give her a seed or give her a shoot,
and gold will tremble and blue take root.

She has asked the hills to come
and make her yard their village home.
Here pasture rose and mountain laurel
grow with the yellow small wood sorrel,

and where her slender brown foot passes
blow spikenard and blue-eyed grasses.
Give her the earth for her hands in spring,
and like a bird her heart will sing.

Beneath her spell wild beauty lingers:
she is a girl with magic fingers.

A cheery Cherry Snow Cake

Melty-rich, frosty-light...made with MAGIC

Here's one for the party recipe book—Magic's Cherry Snow Cake! Topped with satiny frosting, studded with plump cherries—bursting with juicy raisins, spicy citron—it's a vision of delight—and m-m *so* delicious!

"Delicious" is the word for all Magic-baked cakes. 3 generations of Canadian homemakers have found that Magic in the batter means a cake that's better—more delectable, finer-textured. Get Magic today—use it for everything you bake.

CHERRY SNOW CAKE

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon Magic Baking Soda
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup strained thick applesauce
2/3 cup seedless raisins
2/3 cup chopped pitted dates
Snow Frosting
Maraschino cherries
Citron

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs; beat well. Sift dry ingredients together. Add alternately with applesauce to creamed mixture. Add raisins and dates. Bake in 9" greased tube pan in 350° F. oven, 1 hour. Let stand until cold. Remove cake from pan. Spread frosting on top and side of cake. Decorate with cherries and citron.

SNOW FROSTING

Cream 2 tablespoons butter. Sift 2½ cups confectioner's sugar; gradually add, creaming constantly. Add about 3 tablespoons milk to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add a few grains of salt and ¾ teaspoon vanilla extract.

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THE MONTCALM PATTERN
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The rich color band and pure gold tracings combine with the exquisite floral center to achieve this unusually attractive *better dinnerware* design.
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Fine Earthen Dinnerware Since 1933

It Takes Two

Continued from page 9

the crust of a cranberry pie, and her joy in it had given him the first hope that she might marry him.

The next time she had seen the corn, the blades had widened and lengthened until they hid the black soil under a sea of billowing green, Sitting on a rock at the edge of the field they had watched the corn rippling in the moonlight, and Virgie, as warm and mysterious as the night to his touch, had pressed closer, whispering. "Our love is growing, too, Sam—like the corn." She had even pretended, with childish delight, that the corn had talked to her, advising her to marry him.

That fall she had loved to stand watching the corn, which he had picked and brought from the field in great heaping loads, climb the steep, narrow shaft of the elevator to the peak of the long red crib. Once, gripping his arm in excitement that was almost ecstasy, she had whispered, "It reminds me of gold, Sam, that you've dug out of the earth."

To announce the coming of their first child she had taken him to the field and shown him the tender unformed ears growing from the mother stalk. Since then, each fall, leaving the children with his mother, she had worked at his side during corn picking. Rising while stars still twinkled in the darkened sky, going to the field together, the ears Virgie picked, flying through the frosty air and striking the bangboards with the swift regularity of his own, had filled Sam with more pride than his own speed.

Thoughts of Virgie in their early marriage were as great rocks, catching and pulverizing his anger and resentment between them; but once the field had passed, and his parents' home loomed white and gleaming on the road ahead, he remembered, with bitter lips, the Virgie he had just left. Now she grumbled if she had to pick a handful of peas. Lord! She should know what his mother had done at her age! Never a thing had gone to waste in her garden. Can, can, *can!* And chickens! She had practically fed and clothed her family on her egg and chicken money, while the butter she made! Selling milk to the creamery, as Sam did, was a lot easier than the way his mother had had to take care of it.

Certainly *he* wasn't afraid of work! With 360 good western acres a man *had* to work, especially with help next to impossible to get. Corn—cattle—hogs! They were worth spending time on—and he spent it. Ask anyone! Everyone knew Sam Coverly to be a hard, unsparing worker, dependable, honest! Once he got the farm paid for, he and Virgie wouldn't have to work so hard. They could build a nice house. They had had to live pretty scrimpy so far. Draughty old shack! No money for nice things. Virgie had done pretty doggone well with what she'd had—and once they got going good—

But why think of what might have been! As he turned into the home drive a fresh flood of resentment poured over him. Some marriages turned out well, some didn't. His *badn't!* It depended on the girl a guy got. He'd been a rotten picker, that was all.

He found his mother in her large cheery kitchen, taking cookies from the oven. Against her crisp blue dress, the wide starched bow with which she tied her full white apron about her small plump figure stood out like a welcome. Her merry eyes, too, when she saw Sam standing, tall and slim in his overalls, just inside the door, sent him a quick greeting. "Well, you certainly know when to appear," she said brightly, as she slid a tin of cookies onto the white-topped table. "Have one?"

He accepted the cooky she extended to him on her shiny spatula, not because he wanted it, but because he had to make some ordinary movement to hide the storm within him. At his first bite into the warm spicy sweet, however, nausea struck at him. The quiet, the peace, the cool orderliness of his mother's home, as compared to the small stuffy and discordant house he had just left, filled him with angry resentment that Virgie couldn't be like his mother. He laid his unfinished cookie back on the table with a vehement, "You might's well know, *right now*, mother, that me 'n' Virgie are quittin'."

THE SPATULA, glittering for a moment in the sunlight that fell from the white-curtained window, dropped slowly to the table as Mrs. Coverly said in a stunned voice, "Quitting! Sam—you can't mean—"

Such dismay lay in her uplifted blue eyes that Sam burst out harshly, "Lord, mother! Don't take it so hard. I don't care."

"*You* don't care! Well—of all things to say."

"I'm not getting down on my knees

Poet's Fare

By DOROTHY M. BROWN

★

Frost on the pane
Like faerie lace,
Lends to his humble
Window grace.

Says old Mrs. Pry
To old man Peer,
"I should think so, indeed!
For it's mighty queer

The way 'e'll simply
Sit an' sit
In an' empty room
Wi' no blind to it!'

Says old man Peer
To old Mrs. Pry,
"It's 'cause 'e don't
Stir 'is stumps
Says I!

No wonder 'e ain't
Got wittles an' beer
H 'its all on account
Of 'is bein' so queer;

Asettin' an' settin'
Areadin' an' writin'
Won't bring beer for drinkin'
Nor bread for bitin'."

But little they guess
Old Peer and Pry
As they probe, and wonder,
And carp, and cry,

That behind his new curtain
Of filigree
Their neighbor sips
Immortality!

TOOKE

SHIRTMAKERS
SINCE
1869

The Revolving Door

by Ina Singleton Stovall

If you've a fourteener like Betsy in your house, you'll get a lot of hints from the Setons on how to send your child off on that world-shattering occasion: her very first dance

THE GATE slammed, and Marian heard the scurry of feet taking every other step up the front porch. She laid down her mending hastily and opened the door just in time. Betsy, dishevelled but beautiful, bounded in, tossed a casually filial kiss in the general direction of her mother's forehead and directed her purposeful way toward the kitchen.

" 'Lo, mother," she flung over her shoulder at the trailing Marian. "What's to eat? How're my guinea pigs? What's a caterer? Louise says she's going to have one for her dance. A caterer and boys and everything. Oh, I forgot—did I tell you Louise's going to give a dance? What's to eat?" she repeated, the kitchen now being reached.

Marian's orderly mind sorted and filed the questions chronologically.

"Peanut butter, orange marmalade, lettuce for sandwiches and I made ginger cookies—wash your hands first, dear." The last was mechanical. "The guinea pigs were fine when I looked a little while ago. A caterer brings and serves the refreshments at a party . . ." The full force of this now broke upon her.

"You say Louise is giving a *dance?*" Her voice sharpened with annoyance. What in the world was Martha Watts thinking of, letting Louise give a dance? Why, she was nothing but a child—Betsy was nothing but a child! A dance, forsooth, caterers and *boys!* She recoiled from the idea as if it rattled.

"Ummmmm," assented Betsy, mouth crammed to a distinctly unladylike bulge. She swallowed hastily in the interest of clearer articulation and added, "We're all going to wear long dresses—won't it be super? I told her I could come—you'll let me, mother." This was a statement, not a question. "It sounds so super—boys and everything." Her voice was muted, whether from emotion or peanut butter was debatable.

Another gulp pushed starvation farther from her robust young frame, and she continued happily.

"Louise is going to have blue net and Shirl wants a white skirt with a black velvet top—doesn't that sound super, mother? And I wondered about all black. That looks so—so—*you* know, mother!"

Marian did indeed know. At the mere thought of the black dress, Betsy's innocent young face had assumed what she probably thought to be a replica of Hollywood's version of sophistication. For a moment it endured. Then, catching sight of Pepper, the black Cocker, Betsy swooped on him, arms outstretched, face—14 years old.

"Was him a darlin' ole puppy then?" she crooned rhetorically. And suddenly losing interest in black dresses and parties complete with a caterer and boys, she caught Pepper up in her arms and catapulted out to the yard toward the guinea pigs' pen.

MARIAN TOOK a deep breath. One usually did after Betsy. She had a very upsetting quality, reflected Marian, which was probably good for her mature parents. This party, now. It boded no good, she thought with exasperation. It was the beginning of the end of childhood. She let her resentment toward Louise's mother kindle. What in the world was the use of *pushing* little girls into maturity? Heaven knows they grow up soon enough and why not let them have their childhood, their—their guinea pigs, as long as possible? Of course she could refuse to let Betsy go. She examined that thought. Yes, and then there would be that bugbear that confutes all conscientious mothers: "all the other girls." "All the other girls" would be allowed to go and Betsy would be that "odd Seton girl" whose mother is a "mean old thing" and won't let her go places.

Marian sighed and began devising a tactful way to substitute for the black dress something that would satisfy her idea of a suitable costume for a 14-year-old and still look sufficiently convincing as to sophistication.

She could hear Betsy's voice from the yard. Sophistication might be just around the corner, but no hint of it had as yet curbed the carrying quality of her daughter's utterances.

She looked out. Betsy was sitting on the ground, her lap cradling guinea pigs. She was—no, crooning was not the proper word for the loud and lavish vocal endearments that they were receiving with complacent apathy. Pepper, accepting his relegation to second place with the philosophy born of repetition, lay spread out at her side like a silky black rug.

The guinea pigs were Betsy's latest enthusiasm in pets. She adored them and when departing for school, gave them into Marian's care with all the reluctance of a young mother relinquishing her first-born to the supervision of its grandmother, and with as many admonitions. On cold nights (Marian guarded this from fastidious friends) the cage of guinea pigs had even been brought into the hall. Betsy's frequent boast was: "Nothing is too good for my guinea pigs."

There had been times when Marian had regarded this intense espousal of pets with something akin to irritation, but now, threatened as Betsy was with the shadows of the adult world, Marian clung to this trait of childhood. Betsy without pets—Betsy not caring about guinea pigs—Betsy thinking of, oh, horrors! *Boys!*

"Don't be an utter fool! Of course she had to grow up," Marian told herself crossly. But not so soon, her heart pleaded. Not so soon! And her eyes misted as they had when Betsy took her first independent step; when Betsy disappeared for ✦ *Continued on page 40*

"My wrap, please, Robbie." With a regal motion of her head, she indicated her mother's gold jacket lying on the couch.

Illustrated by Stricker

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Whew! Did I Marry an Appetite!"

"He's my kind of man and pretty swell . . . but he can be quite a problem come meal-time. Luckily, it didn't take me long to discover how much he goes for a fine, hearty dish like Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Most men do, I guess. And I don't blame them. Why, with all those wonderful garden vegetables and that grand beef stock, it's not only delicious—it's . . . it's almost a meal in itself! Yes, Jim says Campbell's Vegetable Soup is 'just our dish'. Naturally I serve it lots. Wouldn't you?"

Campbell's
VEGETABLE SOUP
Made by Campbell's in Canada

Sailor's Pride

by S. Casey Wood, Jr.

WHEN I got to the doors of the Town Chambers they were just turning Penny away. I suppose, if you were a play writer, you'd have found a lot of drama in that—although what came after was better. The pretty girl all steamed up to attend a meeting in which—even though she was a Bennett—she had a real interest, getting the brush-off on instructions of Gilroy Stratton, the man she'd have married long ago if he hadn't been rotten proud.

I could see she didn't like it—Penny Bennett always let anyone know when she didn't like something. But she should have expected it. The Cross-Creek Sailing Club meeting belonged to the people from over the tracks, what's called "the wrong side."

It was a warm evening for May, but I could feel the familiar ache in my bones which said I had to get sitting down soon. Times it feels like my bones accumulated all the stiffness there is from years of being doused with spray and most blown apart while I was a full-time skipper. Still I know men has it worse than me, and they never been on a yacht in their lives. But I was plenty crippled up when I finally went on the beach and became the old man in the marine yard of the big club, who talked about the old days.

"How many times you been from here to Toronto, Skipper Bill?" the youngsters would ask. From our port on the north shore of Lake Ontario to Toronto is a nice day's sail to the west, which was why we made it our run so often. "I wish I had a dollar for each," I'd say, and then tell them about some of the trips.

As I went inside the Town Chambers and sat down at the back, my mind went back to the first time I saw Gil standing docksides watching us bend canvas on the cutter-rigged Lady. His eyes most tripped anyone who passed in front of him then, they was out so far with longing.

I mind the first time I took him along, letting him stand with his head out the forehatch so he could see, an afternoon we were running with guests. I used to hate those guest days, when we'd have to drive her dry, keeping the men and women in their yachting clothes nice and comfortable in the cockpit. 'Course I'm talking about long-ago days, before they started putting open cockpits in the sweet new racing jobs you see now.

Those cutter-rig days you worked on deck, your backside higher than your head most of the time, and you pulled—no nice powerful winches to do the work for you, while you turn a crank like a hurdy-gurdy man. Still nowadays they work a ship faster and you don't need a regiment of men to take a vessel out.

It was a gay party, and I knew Mr. Bennett and his wife were enjoying themselves. They'd brought young Penny along, and she was wedged into one corner of the cockpit, quiet except for brown eyes which even then were looking wise and not missing anything.

Seemed she knew where to look on a ship, instinctively, for her eyes would hit up aloft, then catch the rigging-streamers in their corners, as they sort of ran over the deck checking on everything, and everybody. It was what I call a "skipper-look," an unconscious "round-the-check-marks" look.

I can't rightly recollect how old Gil and Penny was that day, but I figure there was four years between them as now, and that they were both just getting to the age where they could do most anything without a nurse. Penny was the one had a nurse—Gil'd been running under his own helm some time. The Widow Stratton didn't have much time left over from doing laundry to look after her brood. Gil was the eldest, and I found out later he did a right smart job of handling the crew of kids when his mother'd turn them over to him.

Mr. Bennett saw Gil first and said, "That a new cabin boy we got, Bill?"

"Yes," I said. The kid's eyes had been haunting me plenty. Once I'd known what it was like to stand on shore watching sail made, and then have to make the trip in imagination. It takes plenty of imagination. "His name's Stratton—Gil Stratton. Looks like a likely kid."

"He does for a fact," said Mr. Bennett.

Then he forgot about him, and when I raised the payroll by the amount of Gil's pay—just enough so he'd take home what he'd been earning cutting lawns—he never made no mention.

About then Mr. Bennett took over the wheel as we'd cleared the harbor and had the whole lake ahead, so I went up to check on the jibs. Sometimes the boys didn't sweat them up tight enough. But they were all right that day.

Penny must'a gone below and went forward to climb the companionway, because I noticed two young heads side by side in the forehatch. She was asking questions, which was one of the best things she did.

"Do you like being a cabin boy?" she asked.

Gil, even then, took time to think out any of his answers—seems Penny and I have spent hours waiting for him to figure out what he's going to say. Not that he's slow, just that he likes to think all round things before letting go.

"I'm Gil Stratton," he said finally.

"I know," she said, and tossed her hair out of her eyes. "Why do you want to be a cabin boy?"

Gil must have sensed me standing behind them, he's awfully quick to feel something, which is what makes him such a fine racing skipper, for he turned and saw my nod telling him he was on the crew.

"I like sailing," he said.

"So do I," she said. "But I wouldn't like to be a cabin boy."

"Why?" asked Gil.

"Because a cabin boy spends his time in the cabin," she said triumphantly.

"It's better than being ashore," he said. Then he gave her his first order, and she obeyed him then as she has ever since—with an angry toss of her head, but doing what she was told just the same. "Be quiet," he said. "I want to listen to her go."

It's only a born sailor that listens to a ship going, and I knew that Gil had the makings of a driver, same as me.

MRS. BENNETT died the next year and Mr. Bennett sold the Lady. The new owners loved sailing, but they didn't know much about it, and I stayed on as skipper. They were fine men to work with, but we laid alongside more than we sailed, which I didn't like too well, but I put in a lot of time teaching Gil how to splice, tie knots and the rules of the road. He learned fast, and when we got to the Racing Rules, he was like a young doctor the way he puzzled over the situations which can arise and, what's more important, ways to make them happen in your favor.

We used to race miles on the dock with the models I'd made, and it got so's he'd have me packed away more times than I liked, but it was nice to see he could do it.

Once in a while when we'd go out he'd get a chance to sail her. Of course, a wheel isn't like a tiller for passing the feel to your brain, but Gil could listen and know she wasn't going. When we raced, it wasn't just beating the other boats that kept me pushing her. If she slowed, Gil's eyes would be waiting to give me the business.

The cutter-rigged yachts were bowing out about then, and there weren't many left to make the first class. I still miss the triple headsails, club-topsails and long bowsprits when the classes go out now, although I know these new International Designs are sweet little ships, and make some of our old records look pretty slow. But I can't get used to their lines, with the heel of the keel carrying weight and the profile like the jut of an aristocrat's nose.

The Annual Regatta where the Eight-Meter boats made their first appearance was the year the Lady went to her grave. I've always

A moment later Penny came down the companionway. "You're a glum-looking bunch," she said. "I just had to come and see the Lady."

Illustrated by Machtey

been glad she wasn't sold down the river as so many of the old girls were, but was given a decent grave with plenty of water over her; and that she headed her class at the regatta and took the cup for the last time.

It blew the shingles off the pavilion on the beach, and the waves built up the night long until, when we headed out for the starting line in the morning, we were dipping the point of the bowsprit and the deck was green with water most of the time.

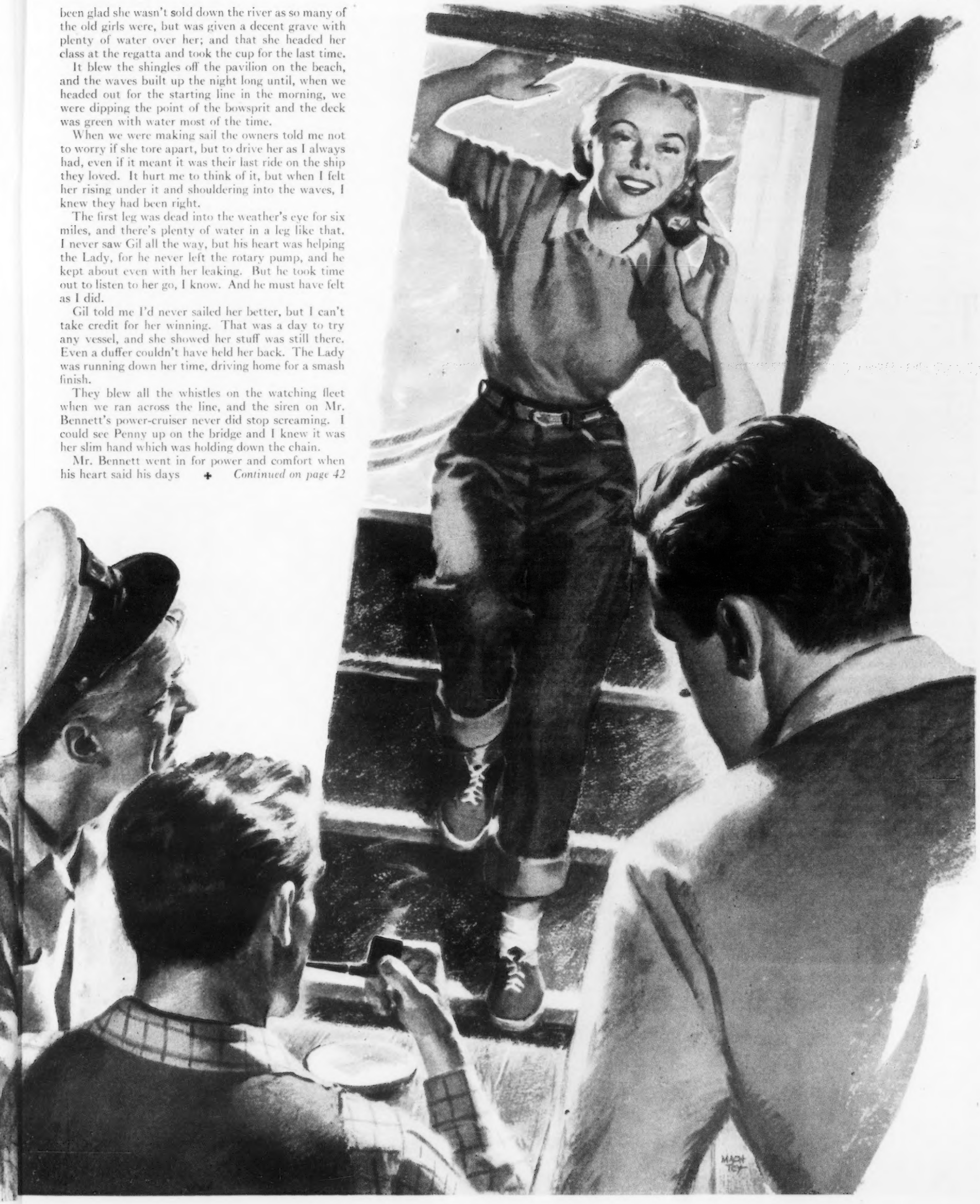
When we were making sail the owners told me not to worry if she tore apart, but to drive her as I always had, even if it meant it was their last ride on the ship they loved. It hurt me to think of it, but when I felt her rising under it and shouldering into the waves, I knew they had been right.

The first leg was dead into the weather's eye for six miles, and there's plenty of water in a leg like that. I never saw Gil all the way, but his heart was helping the Lady, for he never left the rotary pump, and he kept about even with her leaking. But he took time out to listen to her go, I know. And he must have felt as I did.

Gil told me I'd never sailed her better, but I can't take credit for her winning. That was a day to try any vessel, and she showed her stuff was still there. Even a duffer couldn't have held her back. The Lady was running down her time, driving home for a smash finish.

They blew all the whistles on the watching fleet when we ran across the line, and the siren on Mr. Bennett's power-cruiser never did stop screaming. I could see Penny up on the bridge and I knew it was her slim hand which was holding down the chain.

Mr. Bennett went in for power and comfort when his heart said his days ✦ *Continued on page 42*

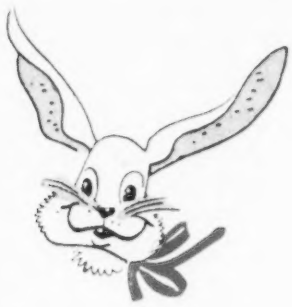


TOGS for Tots—

By EVELYN KELLY
Fashion Editor

All clothes and accessories courtesy The T. Eaton Co., Toronto

The Easter parade forms up soon! It's time now to plan the youngest set's spring wardrobe . . . time to prepare for that exciting emergence from snowsuits and overshoes. Here's a practical forecast of enchanting new styles in zestful colors for small fry!



DAD'S AROUND the corner backing the car out of the garage, but won't he be proud to drive this foursome anywhere, any time! There's Mother, first—so smart, so young, so at ease in spite of all the practical concerns that revolve constantly in her mind. Her outfit is beige—a welcome release from dark winter colors. The suit is a fine, lightweight wool, with individual dressmaker details in shoulders and sleeves and softer lines generally. The hat, fashioned on the new profile trend, is of matching felt, with darker beige defining its scooped-up brim. The same deep touch repeats in the simple blouse and the stone marten fur which provides its special accent of new-season elegance.

Her charming brood of three represents a typical age group: Big Sister, seven; brother, five and a half; and the Littlest one, three. The girls have sunk their personality differences—for once—and settled for a double-take: pale blue wool coats with a tailored air, yet having lots of freedom for active young figures; the shirred backs take care of that and also give a high rate of fitability! Rever banding and pert bows in navy velveteen are the only trim—and nothing more is needed to set off those bright morning faces under their pale blue halo bonnets!

And Brother doesn't really mind leaving his marbles and puppy behind, so long as he can step out in this good grown-up, no-frills-about-it, double-breasted coat, in light brown tweed mixture, and a matching peak cap.

Hurry up, Dad! We're all set.

LITTLE MAN, what now? Well anyway, he hasn't got the clothes problem on his mind, for this blue tweed suit has the businesslike look of Big Guys' outfits, and that's a natural for Junior. Its strong resistance to soil and crinkling gets mother's blessing too.

And, finally, (below) we give you close harmony in brown, deep yellow and pale rose. Each outfit is a complete ensemble. Brother is a true brown study in his raglan-sleeve coat—a fine velourlike wool, with buttons of simulated leather. His peaked cap matches . . . but natch!

The panda-carrier wears a coat of deep yellow wool, double-breasted, with scalloped pocket flaps, and a line of darker velvet trim on the collar. Big yellow bonnet ties under the chin. Little sister's turnout is pale rose wool, accented by scalloped flanges in darker velvet.

Let's race each other to the next bus stop!

HOW ABOUT an Easter party? With a pramful of huggable animals and the dolls done up in their best? That calls for party frocks as well as ice cream and favors! So sisters get together again in their choice of pale pink rayon silk dresses, puff-sleeved and smocked—the younger one's having smocking of lesser depth to allow for three-year-old chubbiness! Or how about getting right down to earth with some new cotton wearables for everyday? Like those below—so fresh and practical in their washability, so crisp and smart after every ironing. Big Sister wears black-and-white check—something new for her age group—enlivened with lines of white and a red velvet bow with streamers. Little Sister appears in pale blue, sprigged with white flowers, smocked and edged with rickrack. *Let's see what that bunny's made of!*

Our 42,000 *Overseas Brides*

Are They Making a Success

SO THE BRIDE went home to mother. (1) She was homesick. (2) She couldn't find a decent place to live. (3) She didn't get on with her in-laws.

You've heard that story dozens of times in your own town about girls you grew up with. Maybe it happened to you, once or twice, the first year or so.

But instead of neighborhood gossip; this is Department of National Defense record. And mother—or back home—in this case means London or Edinburgh or Amsterdam—3,000 and more miles away.

Those three reasons, listed most often in official repatriation circles as "home busters" of Canada's wartime overseas marriages, are as old as the institution of matrimony itself.

It's true that some of our British and European brides have turned their backs on Canada and taken the long voyage home in the much-publicized "heartbreak ships." It's true that a few more are waiting to go. It's true that there have been divorces, separations and irreparable family cleavages.

It is also true that the facts of the greatest and most carefully organized overseas movement of women and children in this or any other country's military history have become distorted and colored almost beyond recognition—especially abroad.

So disturbing had the adverse publicity grown in British and European centres by the beginning of 1947, that a special SOS from Canadian Information Services abroad was sent to Ottawa for statistical and case-history facts.

Today it is possible to clear the air with a general summing up. On June 30 next, the free transportation of overseas dependents to this country ceases. The last of some 62,000 B. B. U.'s (Brides and Babies Unlimited, as the Red Cross unofficially dubs them) will have arrived at their destinations here. They will have been escorted (often from supervised hostels in European centres and the British Isles) by doctors, nurses and personal advisers; met, cared for, and directed to husbands and relatives advised in advance of their arrival. This mass migration, spread over the last two years, has been undertaken by the Department of National Defense, with the co-operation of the Canadian Red Cross.

An additional 4,800 wives and children of armed forces personnel have remained abroad, in a good many cases with their Canadian men who chose to be demobilized overseas.

Divorces? Yes, there have been to date between four and five thousand. But here's an interesting fact: few of those divorced ever had a chance to start their life together in Canada. Most of the divorces so far on the record happened on the other side of the Atlantic. Against this record let us remember that close to 12,000 American G. I. overseas marriages in the same area have ended in divorce. Yet *more* Canadians took brides in that territory during wartime or shortly after.

As to all those girls and women presumably fleeing the rigors of Canadian existence for their homeland: Ottawa officials estimate (as of January) that between 200 and 300 of the 42,000 brides have returned—or slightly over one half of one per cent. And already feminine communications are beginning to arrive in Canada—in the ancient tradition of newlyweds the world over, who, when they quarrel and separate, wish they hadn't—asking for a return engagement and a fresh start. Only this time the urge is "*back home to Canada.*"

BUT YOU can't investigate marriage in terms of statistics. You can point out the few failures. You can be aware of the thousands and thousands of happy and successful Canadian-overseas unions from the farthest corners to the biggest cities of this country. Such successes have been chalked up in spite of the difficulties of language, new customs, loneliness and the shocking problem of postwar housing with its tragic repercussions on the families of veterans. ("How can anyone say whether an overseas bride does or doesn't like her new home?" angrily suggests a Red Cross welfare worker who is in contact with hundreds of them, "when she has never remotely had a home of her own since her marriage—and for the immediate future, at least, appears to see small hope of obtaining one?")

The in-law trouble, welfare workers will also tell you, is usually a direct corollary of the housing situation and, like housing, not the exclusive problem of overseas marriages. The necessity of sharing close quarters with husband's relatives makes for special strain. Particularly if the boy's parents (usually mother) have decided beforehand they won't like Johnny's "foreign" wife.

Homesickness? It's a universal ailment, but self-corrective under normal conditions. Its most virulent effect is on the under-twenty age group. The early twenties are best for quick adjustment. After that the newcomer may find it more difficult to change her ways to meet the different customs. Background, environment, social status appear to make less difference than one would imagine.

SO MUCH for the statistics and the sideline observations. Marriage—as the novelist says—is a private affair. How is it working from the *inside out?* How about the wealthy English girl whose husband is starting a humble business on the prairies? What is happening to the city girl who married a Canadian Indian and has gone to live on the Reserve? Why is the foothill rancher's wife going back home for good? What is it about Canadian life that delights . . . and shocks . . . and baffles . . . and exults . . . the Australian, the Dutch and the British bride?

These are deep, important things about the marriages of our Canadian men to women from abroad that can be told by no one except the brides themselves.

Here, then, we bring you a group of widely diversified, yet typical case histories obtained in personal and confidential interviews of scores of overseas brides in different parts of Canada. Each story is an authentic document in our editorial files. You will understand as you read why they are presented anonymously.

From Mayfair to Prairie Bake Shop

Sheila's marriage led her out of a Mayfair drawing-room into a prairie town bakeshop, but she says in her clipped accents: "I just love it over here. I'm so glad and so proud to have a Canadian husband. They are so different from Englishmen. They have more concern for you. They worry if you're sick, they notice if you look nice. In England, in almost any class, a wife is simply an unpaid housekeeper. Here she's a companion and partner. That's why I get such a thrill out of our shop."

Sheila is tall, slim and dark, and looks a bit like

Following an extended cross-country canvass, Chatelaine staff writers select eight typical case histories that tell their own story of success or failure, heartbreak or happiness, after the greatest transatlantic migration of its kind in history

# of Marriage?

Merle Oberon. She might be the type of English war bride voted least likely to succeed. Her "roughing it," until she came to Canada, had been done in a posh apartment near Buckingham Palace, and she had concentrated pretty much on enjoying herself, with a bit of dabbling in theatre arts for spice. She was studying to be an actress (after being invalided out of the WAAF following a bad blitz experience) when she met her husband. They waited six months before they took the final step. "I think the war marriages that fail are ones where two people met, fell in love and were married almost immediately. They didn't have a chance to weigh the matter."

She loves to talk about the shop. "I won't deny it's hard work," she says, spreading out slim well-shaped hands. "But it is interesting, and we're together." She smiled. "I decorate birthday cakes. I hadn't the faintest notion how it was done when I started, but I'm getting quite good now. Later when we get more help, I'll work in the front of the store."

Sheila took her mother's advice—to become as much of a Canadian as possible, and to appreciate life here. She has little sympathy for the type of girl who won't try to adjust.

"Some of the girls who came over here had the idea that since they were British war brides it was everyone's job to make them happy," she says. "They refuse to put themselves out at all. Consequently they're unhappy and lonely.

"What they won't admit to themselves is that most of them are much better off in Canada than they were in England. They should be grateful to the country; instead, they refuse to work out their problems. Some of their husbands haven't very much money, but even then they can live better and can dress better than they could on even more money at home.

"Look at the average Englishwoman. She's badly dressed, she's poorly made up. A woman in the same income group in Canada would be smartly dressed. She'd know how to use make-up, almost as cleverly as an actress would in England. She'd have her hair attractively arranged by a good hairdresser."

She paused and finished sharply, "The trouble is that the husbands are too good to some of these girls. They arrange things so they have no work to do, and too much time for feeling sorry for themselves."

"If This Is Canada, I've Had It!"

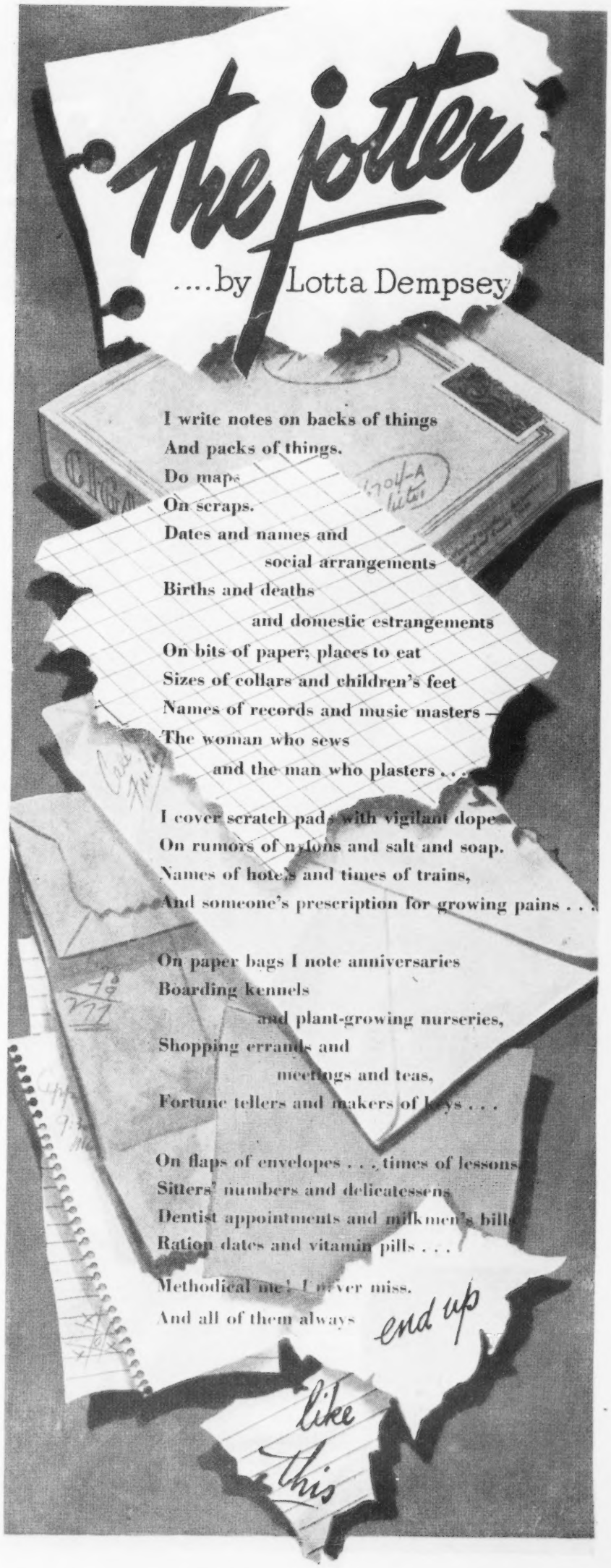
"If this is Canada, I've had it, chum!" The small vivacious Englishwoman in her late twenties gazed with hostile eyes at the hills stretching away from her large log ranch house and down to the corral where a half dozen horses stood in a patch of shade, out of the August sun.

"I've met Canadians of all types and I confess I don't understand most of them, and they don't understand me. I don't even understand John since we've come back to Canada.

"That's the trouble with a marriage like ours," she went on thoughtfully. "You meet somebody, fall in love with them and get married under one set of circumstances. Then you find you have to live with them under completely different circumstances."

She shook her head, puzzled. "In London we used to go to the theatres. Or some little restaurant in Soho. Or sometimes we'd do a pub crawl. Sometimes we'd just walk along the Thames embankment and talk—we found we had so much to say to each other. We were married after we'd known each other a couple of months.

"Gradually—since we came back—John seems to have changed. In Canada men and women appear to be ✚ *Continued on page 52*



It takes two

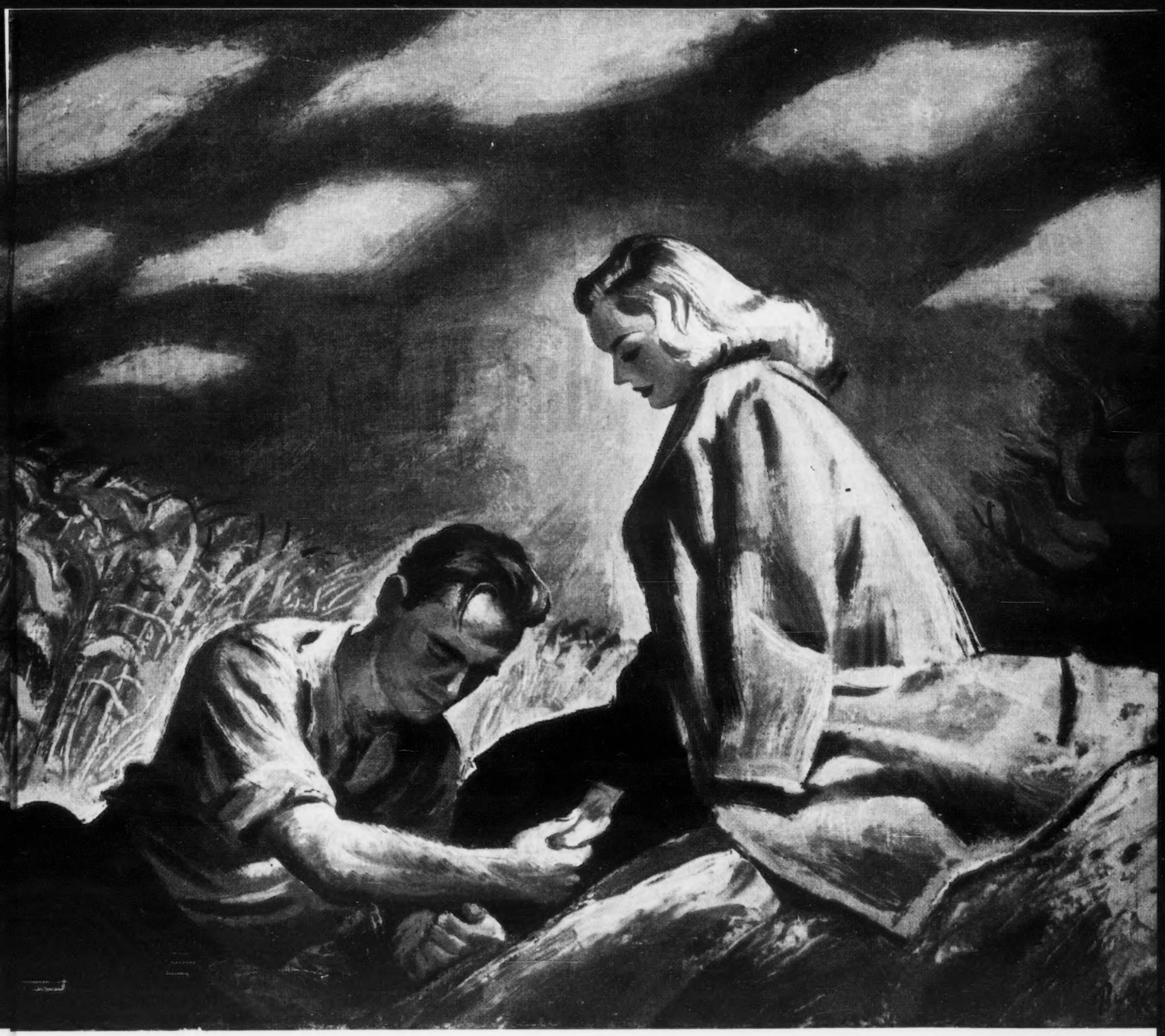
If they had cherished their marriage as carefully as the fields of corn they both loved, there would never have come that day when Virgie said, "I'm leaving you," and Sam shouted, "Go ahead . . ."

Illustrated by Jack Bush.

by Irene Merrill Mason

SAM GLOWERED at Virgie across the cluttered table, then closed his lips without speaking. There was something so still and unexploded about her slim taut figure that he felt his own fury die and swift apprehension rise to take its place. She had threatened before, this summer, to leave him, but all previous threats had burst from wild uncontrollable anger. Frightened by the whiteness of her small furious face, its pallor accentuated by its frame of untidy hair, Sam swallowed his wrath and leaned forward with a conciliatory, "I'm sorry, Virgie! I didn't mean all I said. It's this heat, I guess. It's got us all down."

He clutched at the weather in relief, his frowning deep-set eyes moving beyond her, through the open door, to the tasselling corn across the road where the long curling blades hung limp and sullen in the midday sun. This same sultry heat had hung over the farm for days, pressing in through the open doors and windows of the small cheerless house, riling disposi-



tions, and constantly plunging him and Virgie into a quarrel about something. Today it had been those darn peas . . .

"I guess I do shoot off my mouth too much sometimes," he admitted grudgingly, running exasperated fingers around the frayed and wilted collar of his faded workshirt. "But, heck! You get so darn mad at everything I say—"

Hope had gleamed for a moment in Virgie's eyes, but at his final words she rose and with quick sharp movements began gathering up the dishes. "It's no use talking, Sam. This time I'm going—no matter what you say. I can get a job—and with something for pay besides complaints about what I *don't* do. Lord!" Her hand, striking out, toppled the shaker and sent salt spilling. "When I think of all I *do* do—and then to have you gripe about a handful of peas! You *used* to pick 'em for me, if you remember. I could get stuff canned then."

Not passionately, but with finality, she spoke, as if each word surged up from some deep centre of hatred, immovable as a rock. Sam, reading anguish and bewilderment beneath the anger in her eyes, remembered when their work had been a bond, rather than a contention, between them, and nothing had been too much for one to do for the other. Stung now by what he considered her unreasonableness, he shoved long brown fingers back through his unruly blond hair with a sharp, "Good lord! With help so short I can't even get my hay in without paying twice—"

"You're always short-handed when I want something done," Virgie snapped, turning, marching defiantly toward the kitchen. "But from here in you're going to be a lot shorter. No matter what you say, I'm going to take my kids and get out."

Take the children! Never before had she mentioned, or had he considered, that. As he stared at her retreating back, his long jaw tightened. Then, aghast at thought of what their going would mean, he leaped to his feet.

"Okay!" he said bitterly. "If you're not satisfied here, there's not one thing I can do about it. I can't live up to your high and mighty ideas, and *never could*. All the farm women *I* know, work, including my mother. But when you talk of takin' the kids, you're clean nuts. Before I'll let you do that—"

But it was hard to yell at empty air. From the kitchen, above the derisive rattle of dishes, Virgie's voice rose contemptuously. "You try and stop me! You can't say I'm not a good mother to them."

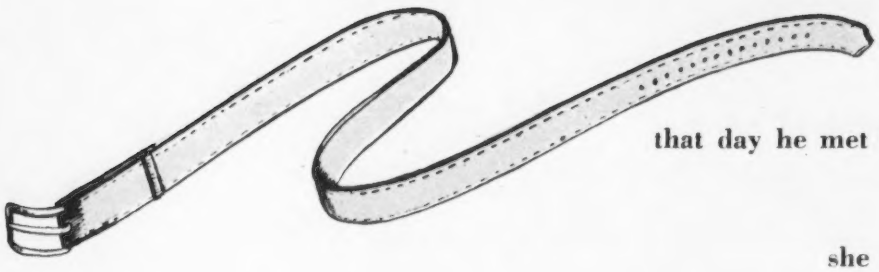
That he couldn't do, Sam knew. Whatever kind of wife she made, Virgie was tender with the children, finding time to read, to laugh, to play with them. But as he bumped along the hard, gravelled road to his mother's, with dust swirling up around his shabby car, he kept his lips tight, as if not to let one resentment against Virgie escape. How could *she* support those kids? A while back, maybe! She'd worked in a bank before he married her. But she couldn't go back to that now.

A SUDDEN, sullen breeze, rippling through the wide cornfield that edged the road, sent his mind back to the first time he had seen Virgie in that bank, and a sense of loss acute as pain rose to replace his anger. Small, fair, with quiet eyes, right away he had known she was the girl for him, but he hadn't known how she'd feel about it. It had been the corn, more than he, that had won her. She had fallen in love with it on her first visit to his parents' farm. Scarcely a foot high, then, the tender shoots crisscrossing the black earth had reminded her of ✦ *Continued on page 18*

CRACK DOWN

by Dorothy Curnow Handley

Illustrated by Machtey



There had been a strange look in her son's eyes that day he met Doctor Quinn Halliday . . . Kennedy thought it was fear. If she had had more understanding she would have saved them all long years of anguish

QUINN, comfortably slouched in the deep chair by the fireplace, held a match to his pipe. "And furthermore, dillepsis catermixed the filladew."

"Yes, of course," Kennedy smiled brightly, her gaze on the glowing coals.

Quinn looked at her quizzically. "They do say that illitwixit bumpsibah the woolacraw."

"Really?" Kennedy's face never changed expression.

Quinn sighed. The pipe forgotten, he said gently, "I give up. I can't compete with the maternal instinct, can I?"

Startled, Kennedy's brown eyes met his. "You what?"

"I nothing." He got up and came over to her, lifting her chin in his hand. "You haven't heard a word I've said, darling. All you could hear was the clock—striking 12."

She flushed, quick contrition in her eyes, because he was right. She hadn't heard him. She'd been hearing Nix's voice, early this evening. "No foolin', Mom—I'll be home early."

And her own voice, pleading. "You said that last time, Nix." Then she'd added desperately, "A boy of 15 has no business being out so late! If you're not home at ten-thirty I'll cut your allowance again."

He'd bent and kissed her. "I'll be home, Small-Fry."

He'd meant it—just as he always meant it. But ten-thirty had come and gone and the clock had just struck 12, and Quinn was looking down at her. "Why won't you marry me, Kennedy, and let me help? He needs a father, darling."

Kennedy closed her eyes, leaning against him. Yes, Nix needed a father. But not—Quinn. No matter how much she loved Quinn, she couldn't do that to Nix. Because Nix didn't like Quinn; had not liked him since that day she'd taken him, nine years old and pain-wracked, up to Quinn's office. "My own dentist is out of town, Doctor Halliday, but he's in such pain—"

She'd stood by in an agony of mother love and helplessness, watching the big man in the white coat. She saw the sympathy in his grey eyes, the gentleness of his huge hands—heard the understanding kindness in his voice. "Now, now—we'll fix it, young man. Just let me see it, son. I can't fix it if you don't open your mouth."

But Nix, terrified, only howled harder. She argued patiently while Doctor Halliday stood waiting, and at last he stepped forward. "Come, now, that's enough, I think." His voice was firm and commanding. "Open your mouth, I say!"

Dumfounded, Nix stared at him. No one had ever spoken to him like that before. He stared at the tall man a long time, then he said clearly and succinctly, "I don't like you."

"I expect not. Open your mouth."

Nix opened his mouth. He never howled again, even when his small face whitened and his fists clenched the arms of the chair. Then he walked out into the waiting room, his face grim and unforgiving.

"How not to win friends and influence patients," Quinn Halliday turned ruefully to Kennedy. "I'm sorry, but it was the only way."

"I—suppose so," she said doubtfully. After all, Nix's tooth had hurt! "I'm sorry he behaved so badly, doctor."

"I ought to shake the daylights out of you!" Quinn's voice was thick with rage. "I've had about all of this I can take!"

"Badly?" The heavy brows climbed. "No such thing. He was scared stiff, poor mite. But he'd have been sitting there yet if he hadn't discovered who was boss."

Boss . . . she hadn't liked the word.

"WHEN, KENNEDY?" Quinn asked again, bringing her back. "When are you going to marry me?"

She hated herself for having to say it. Saying it lightly, brightly, to take away a little of the sting. "When the time comes, Quinn. You know that. When Nix is—well . . ." When Nix was safely at college. When she knew she'd done the best she could for him. "It won't be so long, Quinn," she added, smiling up at him.

There was no answering smile on his face. "You're spoiling him, Kennedy. That kid gets away with murder—and you let him."

"Spoiling him?" She choked back the protests that rose to her lips. What was the use? They'd been over this so many times before! No one, she supposed, could understand. Nix had never known his father. He'd been only six months old when Nixon Kilburn had come home from that deer hunt, exhausted and chilled from dragging the heavy carcass up the rugged hillside, with no resistance left to combat the heavy cold that developed so quickly into pneumonia . . . "I'm all he has, Quinn," she said quietly.

"That's just the trouble. And you're only 18 years older than he is, Kennedy. No wonder you can't handle him."

Kennedy's eyes took fire. "I think I've done pretty well. Nix is a—"

"Nix is a fine boy," Quinn agreed gravely, "too fine to—" He broke off as footsteps came pounding up the walk and a cheery whistle shattered the night.

"Hi!" Nix came into the room, flashing an uneasy, rather questioning look at Quinn; a curious, inscrutable look. But when Quinn said nothing, he turned airily to Kennedy. "I'm sorry, Mom. We got to playing records and—"

"I don't want any excuses, Nix." Kennedy spoke sharply. "I told you to be home at ten-thirty and it's after 12."

"Gosh, is it that late?" Nix's black eyes were honestly surprised. "I thought—"

"You didn't think. That's the whole trouble!" Kennedy looked at her tall son and a sudden despair filled her. It was such a short time since those black curls were but a wild tangle, suffering brief and unwilling encounters with a comb; when that straight nose had been bridged with freckles, his long slender hands grubby and chapped. And look at him now! Already four inches taller than she, with that well-scrubbed look of impeccable cleanliness, his hair trained to precise waves, and incredibly fastidious about his clothes. Such a short time!

And what was she going to do? He was still only a youngster. How was she to make him understand that he must obey—that he needed his sleep? She had to do something!

But not tonight. Not with Quinn sitting there, impassive behind the smoke screen of his pipe, thinking the thoughts she knew he was thinking. She ought to—he'd told her often enough. "Why do you let him get away with it, Kennedy? He breezes in and you scold him and there's a big scene that ends with both of you near tears—and nothing accomplished. You've got to crack down!"

Crack down. And what did he think she was doing? When reasoning with Nix didn't work, she'd tried everything. She'd taken away his allowance. She'd deprived him of his privileges, but nothing worked. He accepted her dictums after stormy protests, suffered through them with outraged resignation, and when the period of punishment was over—promptly forgot them.

She'd have to try again. But not tonight. In the morning, when they were alone . . . "Go to bed, Nix," she said wearily. "We'll discuss this tomorrow."

The tight wary look on Nix's face gave way to one of relief. He came over to her and she could feel the honest repentance in his hug. "I'm sorry, Mom. Honest I am. I'll try, next time." He turned to Quinn. "Good night, sir."

"Good night, Nix." Quinn nodded pleasantly, and after Nix had bounded noisily upstairs, he looked sadly at Kennedy. "That goes for you, too, darling. You're all in." And at the door, he kissed her gently. "It's pretty tough to sit there and not have the right to say anything."

She stiffened. Thank heaven she had postponed the reckoning with Nix, or Quinn might have interfered! Since that day in the office, Nix had never flared out at Quinn. That day might never have been—except that she remembered. And remembering, she was taking no chances. "Things will work out, darling," she said soothingly.

There was an expression in his eyes that she had never seen before. He hesitated, then shook his head. "We—we can't go on like this forever, sweet. Kennedy, nothing stands still! Not even—love."

Startled, she held herself away from him, but he reached out and pulled her back, holding her with an intensity that was frightening, in arms that were hard—and hungry. "I love you beyond all reason," he said hoarsely, "but if I can't have you, I want to know it—now! I want to try to—to forget you . . ." He let her go suddenly, wrenching open the door and going swiftly out.

Kennedy stood alone in the hall. Alone—and bewildered. "Quinn—" the sharp little cry mocked her, even as it left her lips, reminding her that she couldn't call him back—not until she was ready to tell him what he wanted to hear.

She moved back into the living room, mechanically checking the screen in front of the fireplace; turning out the lights. She locked the door and started up the stairs, and halfway up she stopped, clinging to the banister. *He meant what he said!* He loved her—wanted her, but he meant it. If he couldn't have her, he wanted to forget her; to find somebody else—

"Geneve," she whispered, and it sounded like a warning bell in the darkness. "Geneve Bonner . . ."

"NIX!" Kennedy shook the inert figure under the blankets. "Nix—it's ten after eight! Hurry!" Scarcely waiting to see if he had roused, she hurried down to the kitchen. The alarm clock had run itself down and still she had slept, exhausted after lying awake until almost dawn. She put water on for cereal, started the coffee-maker, squeezed oranges. She set the table with a gay flowered cloth and pastel pottery dishes—and suddenly it was upon her again.

Geneve Bonner.

She stood motionless, her eyes fixed on the begonias in the window, not seeing them. If Quinn wanted to forget her, Geneve Bonner would help him. Geneve, with her flaming red hair above her white uniform. Geneve hadn't been very subtle about her feeling for Quinn. Kennedy had sensed it that first day when she'd taken Nix up there. It was in the tone of her voice when she spoke to him. It was in the way she handed him the burr for the drill—the way she looked at Kennedy, with a measuring, calculating look that said as plain as words: "You're ✦ *Continued on page 29*

4 GREAT TASKS

face the Red Cross in Canada

$5,000,000 is needed now

● Again the Red Cross stands at the cross-roads. Looking back, we see the record of a monumental work done during the war years; of thousands of lives saved by the Red Cross Blood Donor Service; of comfort, happiness and relief from pain brought to thousands of service men and civilians; of the spontaneous support of this great work by Canadians everywhere.

And since war ended Red Cross has made an immense contribution to the relief of war-stricken people throughout the world. Into this work have been poured immense effort and all available resources. In doing this Red Cross feels it has kept faith with Canadians, since the funds contributed for war purposes have all been spent or are now being spent in helping to heal war's wounds.

Looking forward, there are a number of clear-cut problems which have to be tackled now:

1. A Civilian Blood Transfusion Service is being established from coast to coast by the Canadian Red Cross. Soon, we hope, any hospital patient in need of a transfusion will receive one free of charge.
2. Everyone owes a great debt to the sick and disabled returned men who still remain under medical care. Red Cross lodges have been erected, or are now being built, adjoining veterans' hospitals, where convalescent patients may relax, enjoy happy visits with their relatives and friends.
3. A great work has to be done in building and maintaining Outpost Hospitals and Nursing Stations which save lives and bring health and security to Canada's remote frontiers.

4. The Red Cross work in helping to restore crippled children to normal health and strength must be continued and expanded.

In addition, Red Cross must be equipped to meet emergencies and disasters, and there are a score of other activities to be maintained and extended.

This is the program which the Red Cross has laid down for the immediate future. It is estimated that five million dollars will be required to carry it through. We know you will stand behind the Red Cross now as you have in the past, and give your generous support to this great work.

CANADIAN ✚ RED CROSS

The work of mercy never ends—Give

You've read about his kind in the newspapers, the millionaire playboy who never grew up . . . an easy mark for cobra females. Can such a history be changed?

Illustrated by Gwen Fremlin.

Wedding of a Faun

by Anne Wormser

THE TELEPHONES kept ringing and so did the buzzer. There were crashes and bangs from the men in the bedroom, city street sounds from 15 floors below, and a steady humming of song from the colored houseman. There were questions, a steady stream of questions, from the people in the living room. Miss Melissa Spain, a cool imperturbable rock in a storm-tossed sea, answered the questions.

"Yellow roses, delphinium, stock . . . The velvet negligee with the train, the chiffon with the front drapery . . . The men here at seven on the dot . . . Four violins, cello and piano . . . Five hundred messages, all the same . . . Story in the morning. In the meantime, you may say—"

It took a great many people, all hurrying, to put on a Bunny Denton wedding. The Madison Tower suite was a turmoil. In the bedroom there were four men in overalls carrying furniture, three men in spotted white scraping paint, and the colored man to roam around picking up trash. In the living room there were the headwaiter, the wine steward, a neat young man from the florist, a scared-looking girl from Millie Rosanszky, a poised-looking girl from Parfum Dijon, a mousy-looking girl from Chapeaux Bill Hennessey, and a man from the City News Bureau looking quietly pleased. There were a telegraph boy chewing gum and two bellhops in little round hats.

There was Miss Melissa Spain.

She was small and slim and 34 years old. She had cool little hands and a still little face and a clipped beautiful voice. She wore a tailored suit and a very crisp blouse and pearl buttons in her ears. You probably wouldn't look twice at anything about her, unless it was the ribbon of white across her smooth dark hair—to which she herself paid no attention whatever.

She was the last of the Spains, which gives you an idea, and she had been for 12 years secretary to what was so far the last of the Dentons.

Now the door surged open and a shortish, plumpish man ran in. His stiff sandy hair stood on end and his round blue eyes shone. "I wangled the plane, folks," he cried. "She'll be here before breakfast." He had red freckles and a sweet, oddly shy smile, and ten millions. His name was really Soames Herring Denton, Junior, but he was known to several thousand intimate friends and the tabloid newspapers as Bunny.

The crowd swept toward him. Miss Melissa headed them off, easing them out one by one. Bunny said, happily, "Come back later, folks, see Miss Spain. Take care of everything, see you later."

The room was cleared. Miss Melissa said: "There's not the choice you'd ✦ *Continued on page 69*

She didn't look silly at all. She looked beautiful, a woman to create excitement, turmoil, all about her.

IT'S all too easy for a cold, once it starts, to spread from one member of the family to another... with troublesome results. That's why it's so sensible to enlist the aid of the Listerine Antiseptic gargle *early* and *often!*

This pleasant antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of threatening germs called the "secondary invaders."

Although many colds may be started by a virus, it is these "secondary invaders," say many authorities, that are responsible for much of the misery you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic, if used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, can often help forestall the mass invasion of these germs and so head off trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable germ-killing action has been demonstrated time and again. Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour later.

This germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable clinical test record against colds. Tests made over a period of 12 years showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually had milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, whenever there's a cold in your family, prescribe Listerine Antiseptic for everyone. It's a wise thing to do.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *Toronto, Ont.*

Threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

Listerine Antiseptic reduced germs as much as 96.7% in tests

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword and Footnotes

Take some yards of pale pink hair braid; sew and steam and sculpture it into a scoop bonnet that rests lightly but firmly on the head; wreathe and mound with the most exquisite silky lilacs—and be sure to have them in all the tender subtleties of heliotrope and pink; then, with daring tongue-in-cheek, cut a length of smiting aqua blue taffeta ribbon, make a piquant topknot of it and streamers to tie in a bow under one ear . . . But even then, that essential ingredient, the touch of the true artist, might be missing, and you would despair of ever coming close to the sum-total effect of our Cover Hat. Better settle to enjoy it here and now, and recognize it for what it is: an enchanting spring hat, bearing the signature of one of the world's great designers, Sally Victor of New York, who fashioned it exclusively for Chatelaine's cover.

Every day, every week, there's a parade of readers' problems across our editors' desks. How do you mix paint for an off-white tone? Got a good recipe for bitter-orange marmalade? What is the approved weaning method? And so on. The most challenging question of recent weeks, however, is reported by Adele White, beauty editor. A young woman of Italian birth, writing from Windsor, Ont., described her problem thus: She was returning to Italy soon to marry her childhood playmate who had managed to survive both the Fascist regime and war; she was sure she could never find good Canadian cosmetics over there; so, please, would we list the proper supply she should take with her—enough, say, to last for the next 15 years? (After that, she guessed she wouldn't care much.)

Quite an order, but we filled it, working it out on the basis of how much cleansing cream, lotion, foundation, nail polish, rouge, lipstick, powder, an average woman uses every six months, multiplying that by approximately 30, and arriving at an estimate that would fill half a trunk nicely. They'll be okay for a long time if kept in a cool place, and Adele White's only worry is, how good is Italian refrigeration? ✚

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To Our Readers: An Explanation

Continuing world shortages have greatly affected deliveries of the type of paper this publication normally uses.

The mills are doing their best, but are unable to supply us with enough paper of uniformly high grade.

We, too, are doing our best.

Should your copy of Chatelaine contain paper not as good as usual it is because that is the only way in which the publishers can maintain full service to the largest possible number of readers.

And if for the same reason your copy is late in reaching you, we ask your indulgence.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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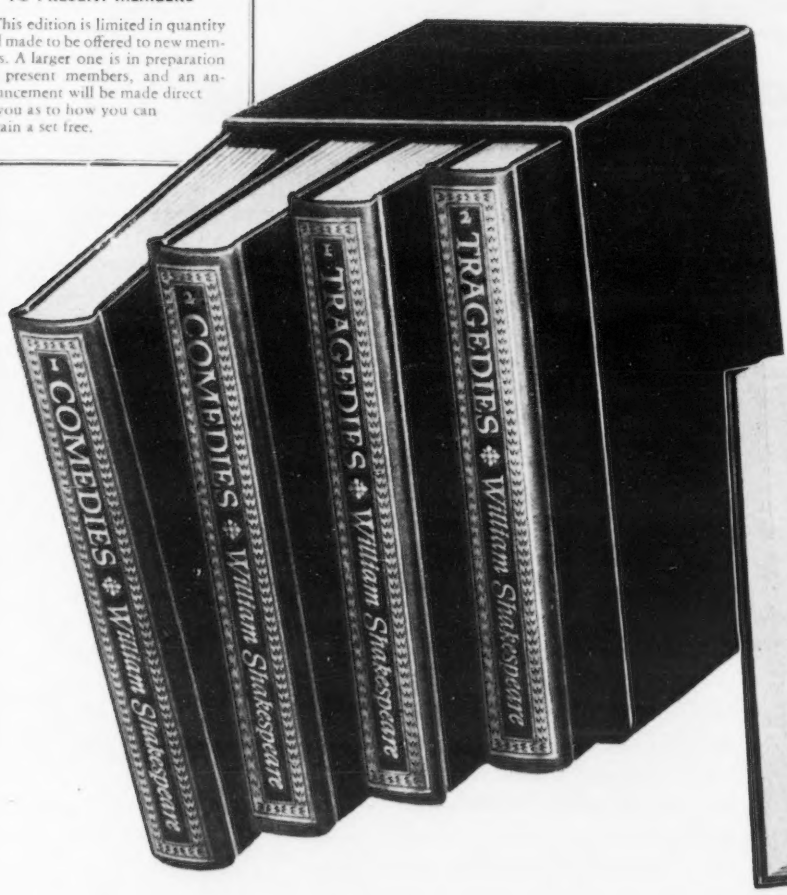

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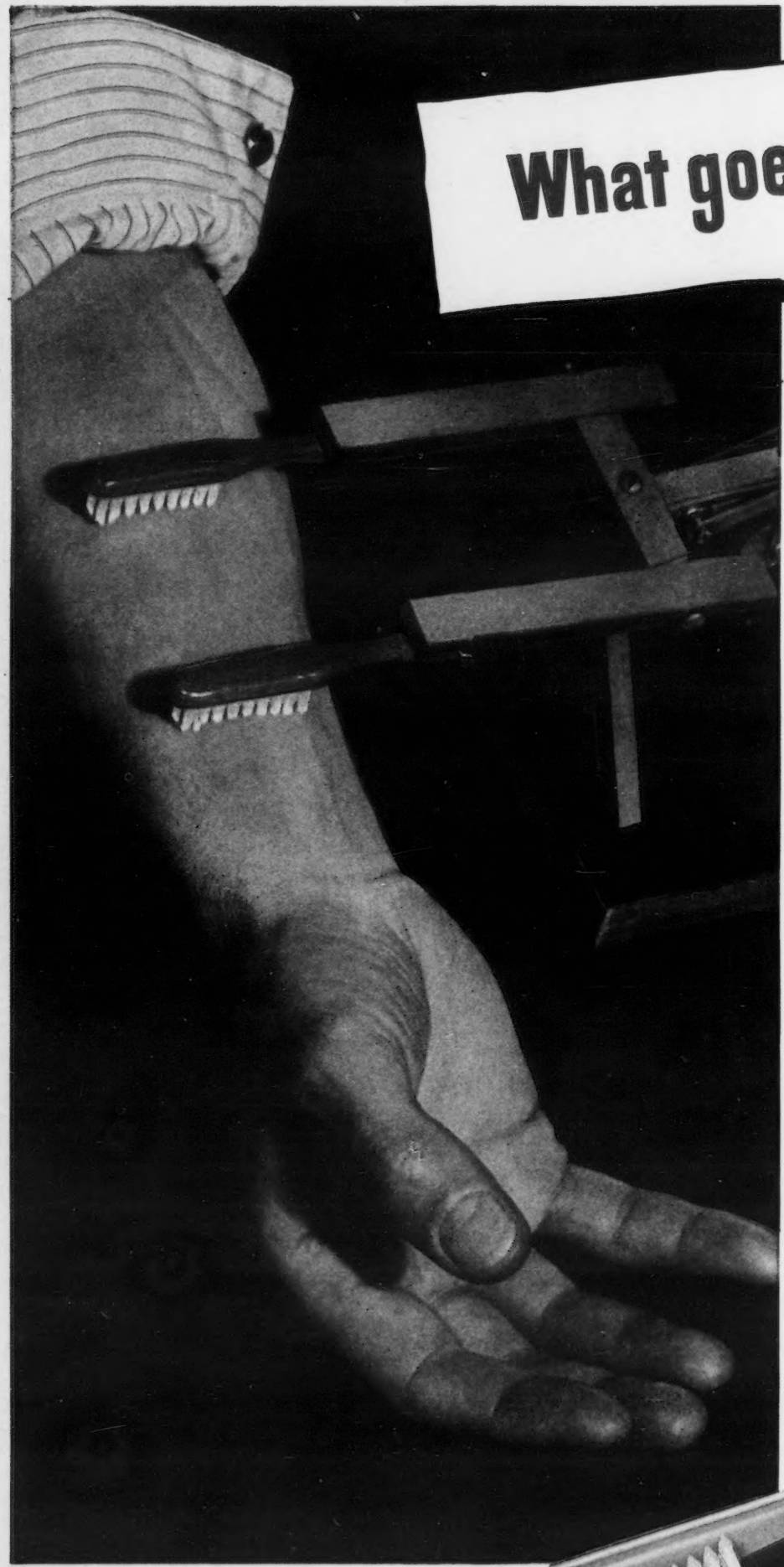

What goes on here?

What you see here may be important to you. It's a test of tooth brush bristle.

The red brush is made with ordinary bristle. The green brush—a Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush—is made with bristle that is *rounded* at the ends. It's the *only* tooth brush in the world that gives you round-end bristle.

Tests Showed This Result:

The two brushes were rubbed across the forearm until the scratching effect of the *unrounded* bristle resulted in an actual rupturing of the skin surface. In *no case*, when such a rupture occurred, was there any break in the skin under the *round-end* Prolon bristle.

Of course, this test was made on the arm—not on the gums. Yet we believe it demonstrates an important refinement in tooth brush design. Many authorities say that, with your dentist's advice, you should use your tooth brush to *massage your gums* as well as to *clean your teeth*. Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon round-end bristle is *designed* for massage . . . to permit healthful, *gentle* gum stimulation.

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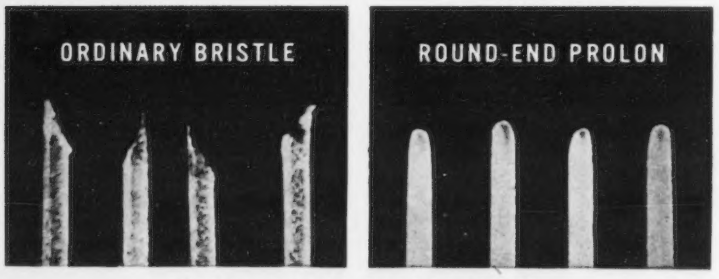
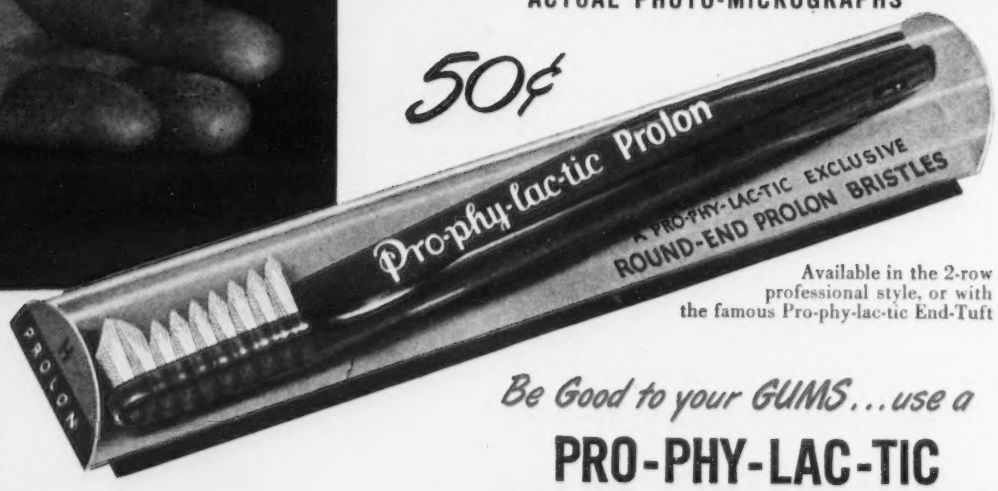
In these days of widespread gum disorders, it's just good common sense to follow your dentist's advice about massage . . . and to use a tooth brush especially designed to be gentler to your gums.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brushes are available with the famous end-tuft, or in the 2-row professional style preferred by many dentists. In either type you get Prolon, our name for the finest grade of synthetic bristle, *plus* scientific grouping of the bristle tufts to permit easy cleansing after use; *and* you get a 12-month guarantee.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. (*Canada*) LTD., *Toronto, Ont.*



ACTUAL PHOTO-MICROGRAPHS



Available in the 2-row professional style, or with the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic End-Tuft

WANT BIG VALUE IN A LOW-PRICED TOOTH BRUSH?

Then ask for the popular Pro-phy-lac-tic Nylon. Made with bristles of Du Pont nylon, it has the famous end-tuft to help reach those hard-to-get-at cracks and crevices in back teeth.

Be Good to your GUMS . . . use a

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PROLON TOOTH BRUSH

MADE IN CANADA

Captivating new beauty for your hands

Your hands soft and lovely in spite of doing laundry, dishes and harsh housework! Yes, it can be so, thanks to Trushay's wonderful *beforehand* protection. Just smooth a few drops of rich, creamy Trushay onto your hands *before* coarsening, roughening chores . . . you'll find Trushay guards the beauty of your skin — keeps it soft and lovely — protects your hands, even from the effects of hot, soapy water.

There's romance in your hands, when they're soft, fragrant Trushay-tended hands. Remember, too, that Trushay makes a delightfully smooth powder-base, and used as a beauty rub, Trushay gives you all-over flower loveliness . . . skin like petal-scented velvet. Roughness on elbows and knees soon vanishes at Trushay's soothing touch. You'll find Trushay really different, really helpful in many ways.

So many uses — so little cost. Yes, you can enjoy Trushay's *beforehand* protection in many ways at little cost, because Trushay is rich in softening ingredients — a highly concentrated lotion. Of course you can use Trushay afterwards, too — just like any other lotion. But Trushay gives you the valuable extra of *beforehand* protection. Begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY

A Product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada

The beforehand Lotion — Guards hands even in hot soapy water